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Whisky still, probably in Kintyre about 1890

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Political and Protest Songs in Eighteenth-Century Scotland I

Jacobite and Anti-Jacobite

THOMAS CRAWFORD

In Scotland as in England, Jacobite and anti-Jacobite attitudes developed and transformed the cavalier and anti-cavalier sentiment of the Commonwealth and Restoration periods, and it is these emotions—the feelings and prejudices of ordinary partisans on both 'Right' and 'Left'—that underlie the songs which have come down to us from this time. Following the proclamation of William and Mary as King and Queen of Scotland in April 1689, traditional Scottish Presbyterianism was in the ascendant after nearly thirty years' attempt to graft an episcopal system upon the Kirk. Episcopacy was abolished in July, and in 1690 the system of Church Government originally set up in 1592 was re-introduced, while the General Assembly met for the first time since 1653. In Ayrshire and the south-west there occurred the 'rabblement of the curates'—the molestation of the episcopalian clergy appointed by Charles II and James VII—and a number of clergymen who refused to say public prayers for the new sovereign were driven out. 'You're welcome whigs, from Bothwell Brigs!' is a typical Tory satire that refers to this time (Hogg 1874 1:18–20, Chambers 1829 II:500–2). The theme is the hypocrisy of the new masters:

But if one drink, or shrewdly think,
A bishop e'er was saved
No charitie from presbytrie,
For that need once be craved.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
And act all kinds of evil;
Your covenant makes you a saint,
Although you live a devil.
From murders too, as soldiers true,
You are advanced well, boys;
You fought like devils, your only rivals,
When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,
You killed more than you saw boys;
At Pentland hills you got your fills,
And now you seem to craw, boys.
Let Websters preach, and ladies teach
The art of cuckoldrie, boys;
When cruel zeal comes in their tail,
Then welcome presbytrie, boys.

(St. IV lines 5–8, sts. V–VI)

The Webster mentioned in the last stanza quoted was a popular preacher in the Edinburgh of 1690–1700, and the incident at Dunkeld—the Cameronians' routing of the clansmen a month after the battle of Killiecrankie (27 July 1689)—also helps to date the piece. With its reference to Pentland Hills, the scene of the Presbyterian rising of 1666, the song harks back to the conflicts of the previous generation, while continuity of satiric tradition is maintained by the stock allusion to Puritan ('Whig') hypocrisy in matters of sex.

A much more vigorous expression of the episcopalian and Jacobite outlook is to be found in these flyting Skeltonics (Jac. Frag. Fol. 7, *verso*):

Belial's sons,
Who with your tones
And your groans
Cheate the people.

And lyk a mouse,
Still the pouse
Of every house
That hes a steeple.

Damned sprites,
Lyk hypocrites,
On the streets
Disappointed . . .

Ill wishers,
Stipend fishers,
Kirk pishers
At the wall.

Whig beasties,
Sathones questies,
From your nesties
Soon be your fall.

Back byters,
Pulpit flyters,
Kirk shyters
At the altar.

The deil send you,
But God mend you,
Or else end you
In a halter.

(Sts. III–V, VII–X)

Such, one presumes, was the hatred which actuated Claverhouse's troops at Killiecrankie, where he and his 3,000 Highlanders defeated General Mackay, though the death of 'Bonny Dundee' meant that, politically speaking, the battle was a reverse for the insurgents.

The song on this battle—Killiecrankie—is written in a measure and to a tune which became traditional for Scottish political songs during the century (Herd 1869 1:102–3). The singer describes the battle—or addresses his political commentary—to someone he calls 'man'; at the same time, the tone is strongly ironical, the point of view—that of the *persona*, one of Claverhouse's Highlanders—being qualified by his humorous Highland-Lallans:

The solemn League and Covenant
Came whigging up the hills, man,
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bills then.
In WILLIE'S name they thought nae ane
Durst stop their course at a', man,
But hur nane sell, wi' mony a knock,
Cryd, Furich-Whiggs awa', man . . .

Oh' on a ri, Oh' on a ri,
Why should she lose King SHAMES, man?
Oh' rig in di, Oh' rig in di,
She shall break a' her banes then;
With *furichinish*, an' stay a while,
And speak a word or twa, man,
She's gi a straike, out o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
Hur nane-sell's won the day, man.
King SHAMES' red-coats should be hung up,
Because they ran awa', then;

Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,
And made as lang a stay, man,
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
And WILLIE'd ran awa' then.

(Sts. IV, VI–VII)

The 'Killiecrankie' sung by folksingers in Scotland today is substantially that edited by Burns (S.M.M. 1790:292) and printed by Hogg in the *Jacobite Relics* (Hogg 1874 II:32–3) of which, according to Stenhouse, only the chorus ('An ye had been' . . .) is old:

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad!
Whare hae ye been sae brankie O?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen
I' the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my Auntie, O;
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr
An' Claverse gat a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole Gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

(Kinsley 1968: 541)

In the first of the stanzas by Burns the poetry arises from the simple opposition between the finely dressed peacetime gallant and the singer, appalled by the slaughter in the pass. Laconic hints, repeated with a difference ('been . . . seen') convey far more than would any hyperbolical account of the slain; and to a Scot, the mere mention of the place is enough to convey an impression of darkness and horror, since the name is as evocative as Glencoe itself. In the next stanza, the singer is definitely identified as a Whig, but the song's point of view is really Tory, as is seen from the statement that it was only the death of the Jacobite leaders that saved his flesh from being devoured by kites. Such ambiguity is characteristic, not just of Burns, but of many earlier Jacobite songs.

A Whig answer to 'Killiecrankie', apparently recovered from oral tradition, was transcribed in the early nineteenth century (Pitcairn 1817–25 II:55–61):

You highlandmen with tongue & pen
What need you so to boast then
At Killichrankie what you wan
It was unto your loss then.
My Lord Dundee the best of ye
Into the fields did fa' then
And great Pitcur, fell in a furr
Wha could not win awa then.

And at Dunkell, right fast you fell,
Tho' you thought well to win then
But fy for shame I scarce can tell
How to the hills you ran then.
Offurenish, but stay a while
To speak a word or twa then
With caket trews, and heavy news
Unto the hills you draw then.

(Sts. I–II)

This answer jubilantly recounts the subsequent events, from Cleland's victory at Dunkeld to the Highlanders' last defeat at Cromdale (not to be confused with the earlier battle of Montrose's time); the failure of the Buchan lairds, contemptuously likened to 'cairds' (tinkers and gipsies), to enter Aberdeen or capture Dunottar castle; and the final collapse of the rebellion.

The next historical event to be reflected in song was the unsuccessful attempt to found a colony on the isthmus of Darien, which foundered because of mismanagement, sickness and the opposition of both England and Spain. The mood of the country before the *débâcle* is expressed in the somewhat McGonagalesque *Trade's Release: or Courage to the Scotch-Indian-Company. Being an Excellent New Ballad; To the Tune of, the Turks are all Confounded* (O.S.B: 83). The Scots, prophesies the balladeer, are about to emulate Solomon, who sent afar for gold and Indian treasures, and they will shortly display the Cross of St Andrew in every part of the world. The geographical situation of Scotland makes her peculiarly adapted to be a world trading power, and

We'll make both the Indies pay tribute to Clyde,
From whence we'll diffuse it upon our Forth's side,
And many more things which never were try'd,
May at home to our trading be fitted.

In order to achieve this economic end, we must unite our purses and our strength. 'We must never remember the Distinction / Of *Papist*, *Whig*, or *Tory*,' but 'Let *Liberty*, *Property*, *Religion* and *Fame* / Be mainly the Scope of our Actions.' Indeed, the outlook is so rosy that the trade of all Europe will shortly be attracted to Scotland—

Then adieu to the blust'ring Grandeur of *FRANCE*
Or any imperious Nation.

There is even a 'bliss was it in that dawn to be alive' flavour about the broadside. Scotland, under the leadership of her economic genius Paterson (the founder of the Bank of England), will spread the bourgeois revolution to every corner of the globe:

> To Scotland's just and never-dying Fame,
> We'll in ASIA, AFRICA and AMERICA proclame
> *Liberty! Liberty!* nay, to the shame
> of all that went before us;
> Wherever we plant, TRADE shall be free,
> In three years time, I plainly foresee,
> GOD BLESS THE SCOTTISH-COMPANY
> Shall be the *Indian-Chorus*.

'Patersonian Government' will be free government, without such instruments of torture as 'thummikin' or 'booting'. Scotland, indeed, can lead the world by the force of her example, so that the Muscovite, Tartar, Turk, Pope, Sophi, Mogul, and Morocco will give up absolutism for Scottish democracy—not to speak of the Spaniards, French, Portuguese, Venetians, Dutch, Genoese:

> And th' *English* themselves perhaps may please
> To alter their narrow Opinions.

Nor will religion be forgotten. The Gospel of Christ will be propagated in the Indies, not by Jesuit guile, as it has been heretofore in the Spanish settlements, but by the infallible trinity of abstracts—'Peace, Love and Contrition.' Unfortunately, and most ominously for the future, the verse-journalist feels certain presentiments which he tries to hide under a brave front of optimism:

> Now *Malice* and *Envy* are rampant with Rage,
> To see us so frankly our Purses engage,
> Beyond expectation from which they presage,
> In TRADE some strange Revolution:
> Since by LAW to suppress us none well dare move,
> Gross *Lyes* and new *Stories* they dayly improve,
> As hoping by such to make our Minds rove,
> But we'll show them a firm Resolution.
>
> Should our Neighbours still offer, instead of their Aid
> To crush our Adventurers (as it is said)
> Or send us more *Cox-combs* in grave Masquerade
> To sow and nourish *Sedition*:
> May they never thereafter taste *Pudding* or *Beef*,
> May Poverty seize their *Traders* in Chief,
> May they labour in Streights, and beg our Relief
> Till we pity at last their Condition.

Let any unnatural Scots who intrigue against the scheme swing in a halter; may their offspring beg for their bread at home and abroad; and may all opponents of the Darien plan be afflicted with plagues, pox, gravel and gout:

> If *JEHOVAH* be for Us, tho' but he alone,
> Who is't that can annoy Us?

Doggerel is as prone to irony as more 'poetical' satire and, as in so many of these poems on affairs of state, one is in the end uncertain what the verse is saying. Although he begins by rendering the optimism of the Scots, the balladeer finally presents it as ridiculous.

During the Darien episode, according to current historical orthodoxy, 'Scottish and English commercial interests had clashed head-on, and the merchants in each country had full support from their respective parliaments. . . . The weakness of a personal union between what were now "parliamentary states" was self-evident. North and south of the border wiser heads were giving thought to the need for a more workable device than the regal union. . . . Their very enmities were driving Scotland and England towards a closer union, and the material results of Darien had a similar effect' (Pryde 1962: 49). Scotland had sacrificed her separate parliament to secure equality of trading rights with England; it was the Scottish, not the English, merchants who were threatened with poverty, who saw themselves 'labouring in Streights' and forced to 'beg relief' of the English. But such relief was not initially evident in the years that followed 1707; a motion that the Union be dissolved was almost passed by the House of Lords in 1713; and affronts to Scottish national pride were as much a cause of the Jacobite rising of 1715 as the ambition of the Earl of Mar or the social oppositions among the Highland 'gentry'. The mood of the anti-Union forces in Scotland at this time is well expressed in two parodies on Old Lang Syne, in which Scotland's liberties and her ancient laws are identified with the possible future victory of the Stewart cause. Burns's mention of 'Scotland's King and Law' in 'Scots Wha Hae' is often seen as an anachronism, and quite inapplicable to the days of the Scottish War of Independence. But the concept, it is possible, came to Burns from such some Jacobite source as the parodies under discussion. In the first parody the speaker, or rather singer, is St Andrew, who informs Scotland that formerly she maintained her ancient rights, defended her liberties and refused to be dependent on England. But now, alas, independence is 'meanly' and willingly 'sold and given up'. Scotsmen are 'poor contented slaves' who do not even realise what has happened to them, who exist in a kind of national limbo that is heaven's punishment for their abjuration of the house of Stuart. The song ends with a passionate wish for the reversal of this historic process and the restoration of the 'ancient Liberties' along with the Stuart dynasty.

In the second parody of Old Lang Syne, the emphasis is less on Rights and Laws than on economics and the political consequences of sell-out (O.S.B: 117). Shall Scotsmen sell their own Crown for tobacco, and allow it to be stolen away by English influence

and bribes? England's aim is the total ruination of Scotland, economic and political; failing a Stuart restoration:

> The Name of *Britain* shortly will
> thy Body hence possess,
> *England* thy Head will flourish great
> thy Body will decrease . . .
> The Union will thy Ruine be,
> thou'll know in future Time.

There follows an appeal to the memory of the great events of Scottish history, to Royal Bruce, the theft of the Stone of Destiny, the Wallace and the Black Douglas. It is up to the heirs of such a tradition to fight for the national interest:

> Now mark and see what is the Cause
> of this so great a Fall:
> Contempt of Faith, Falshood, Deceit,
> and Villany withal;
> But rouse your selves like *Scotish* Lads,
> and quit your selves as Men:
> And more and more strive to maintain
> good old long sine.

Jacobite feelings throughout the whole interval between the Fifteen and the Forty-five, and after the Forty-five too, are summed up in a parody of 'To daunton me' that has greater intrinsic merit than most of these songs (C.L.S. 1750:70–1):

> To daunton me, to daunton me,
> Do you ken the Thing that would daunton me?
> Eighty-eight, and eighty-nine,
> And a' the dreary Years since Syne,
> With Sess and Press, and Presbytry,
> Good Faith, this had liken till a daunton me.
>
> But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
> Do you ken the Thing that would wanton me?
> To see gude Corn upon the Rigs,
> And Banishment to a' the Whigs,
> And Right restor'd where Right should be,
> O! these are the Things wa'd wanton me!
>
> But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
> And ken ye what maist would wanton me?
> To see K——*J*——at *Edinb'rough* Cross,
> With fifty thousand Foot and Horse,
> And the U——r forc'd to flee,
> O this is what maist would wanton me.

In the first Jacobite attempt to free Caledon from her chains the spearhead was Mar's force of 12,000 West and Central Highlanders, while the opposition consisted of a small number of government troops under the Duke of Argyll and a few companies of urban volunteers. It was a case of some clansmen and gentry versus other clansmen and gentry and the bourgeoisie of the lowlands. A Highland force, with the addition of Dumfriesshire Jacobites under Lords Carnwath, Nithsdale, Winton and Kenmure (Burns's 'Kenmure's on and awa, Willie') and joined by a detachment from socially backward Northumberland, moved south to Preston, where they were routed; and on 10 November Mar fought a drawn battle at Sheriffmuir against the numerically inferior Argyll, which was in effect a defeat, since he was forced to retreat. It was this event which was the occasion of the best-known of all the songs of the Fifteen, stated by Burns to have been written by Murdoch McLennan, minister of Crathie on Deeside (Cromek 1813:245):

There's some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
and some say that nane wan at a', man;
But ae thing I'm sure, that at Sherriff-muir
A battle there was, that I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran; and they ran, and we ran;
And we ran, and they ran awa', man.

Although most of its twenty-one stanzas are concerned with a muster-roll of names and a statement about the behaviour of the principals on either side, the underlying attitude remains satirical, being counterpointed by the associations of the tune to which the song was sung—'John Paterson's Mare gaes foremost'. The 'John Paterson' song described the horse race that was formerly held at country weddings, on a course stretching between the bride's father's house and the bridegroom's (Chambers 1862:60):

The black and the brown
Cam nearest the town,
But Paterson's mare she cam foremost . . .
Fy, whip her in, whip her out,
Six shillings in a clout,
O'er the kirk-style and away wi' her.

The implication of this ironical counterpoint is that the activities of the military on both sides were as confused and as comical as those of the horse race. The satirical tone is especially noticeable in the stanza on Rob Roy:

Rob Roy stood watch on a hill, for to catch
The booty, for ought that I saw, man;
For he ne'er advanced from the place he was stanced,
Till no more to do there at a', man.

(St. XVIII)

The other well-known song on Sheriffmuir 'Up and waur them a', Willie', is, like 'Killiecrankie', written from the point of view of a generalised Highlander, Donald. The best stanza is the second, with its superstitious incident (Charmer 1752:61):

But when our standard was set up,
Sae fierce the wind did bla', Willie,
The Royal nit upon the tap
Down to the ground did fa', Willie.
Then second-sichted Sandy said,
We'd do nae guid at a', Willie

and the general verdict:

We baith did fight, and baith did beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.

Although the technique is the same as that of 'Killiecrankie'—narration to a crony—the song lacks the full satirical dimension of the earlier piece. There is, however, a notable detachment in the way the 'braw' lairds are described at the weaponshaw, and a wry grimace in the contrast between the upshot of the battle and the expectations aroused by:

But when the army joined at Perth,
The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
Restore our king and a', Willie.
Pipers played frae richt to left,
'Fy, furich, Whigs, awa'! Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

The relative detachment, the delight in pageantry and colour, the implicit condemnation of civil war—all these, at the popular level, are anticipatory of the Waverley Novels and a precursor of Walter Scott's sentiments and view of history.

To Alexander Robertson of Struan, however, Sheriffmuir was a Jacobite victory, and the following song is noteworthy for its aggressively humorous pro-Highland and anti-Dutch bias (Robertson:48):

Can poor Low-Country Water-Rats,
Withstand our furious Mountain-Cats,
The Dint of whose well-armed Patts,
So fatally confoundeth,
When many Hundred warlike Men,
Were so well cut and so well slain,
That they can scarce get up again,
When the Last Trumpet soundeth.

Come, here's to the victorious MAR,
Who bravely first conceiv'd the War,

And to all those who went so far,
To shake off UNION'S Slav'ry;
Whose fighting, for so noble a Cause,
Must from their Foes ev'n force Applause,
In Spight of their own Knav'ry.

(Sts. III–IV)

In the years subsequent to 1715, a projected expedition with Swedish and Spanish support came to nothing. A handful of Spaniards landed; a small band of West Highlanders rose, and their combined forces were routed at Glenshiel on 11 June 1719. It is to these events that the following broadside refers. The Huntly mentioned is Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, who submitted and received pardon after having brought 2,300 men to James VIII at Perth; the Seaforth is William MacKenzie, the fifth Earl, who escaped to France in 1716 and was with the Earl Marischal at Glenshiel; and the imagined singer is a Jacobite exile (Jac. Frag: Fol. 88):

Hard fate that I should banish't be
and Rebel term'd with scorn,
For serving of the bravest Prince
that ever yet was Born.
O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
the Broom of Colding-knows,
O had I back my King again,
then would my Heart rejoyce. . . .

Most cheerfully our King came or'e
sent **Ecklins* to the North, [*? tacklings]
But *Judas* like he was betray'd
By *Huntly*, not *Seaforth.*
O the Broom, &c.

O Wretched Huntly vail thy Face
our K——g and Countries gone,
And many a Valiant Scot thou hast
By Treachery undone.
O the Broom, &c.

But since the French doth take our Part
my Fears dispelled be,
I hope few Months will end our smart
and we our King shall see.
O the Broom, &c.

The noble Swede our Friend appears,
the Christian King also,

The King of *Spain* all *Britain* fears,
that he will them or'throw.
O the Broom, &c.

Already this broadside looks forward to the nostalgia, the 'lost cause' flavour, of post 1745 Jacobitism. The copy quoted prints, on the same sheet, an 'answer to the above lines' in which 'George' replaces the expected 'James' and we find 'Romish' instead of 'Whiggish'. The whole effect is ironical:

We'll fix King George upon the throne
of his Ancestors old,
And banish still that Romish Prince,
that would us sore down-hold.
O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom, &c.

Then happy Days and Peace well have
content in every Place
Ashamed all the Roges shall be,
and honest men have Peace.
O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
the Broom of Colding-Knows
O if I were at home again
amongst my Country Hows.

In the quarter of a century between 1719 and the Forty-five, Jacobites were often in despair or engulfed by the 'plague on both your houses' mood humorously expressed much later by Skinner's 'Tullochgorum' (S.M.M. 1790:298–9). This attitude colours an otherwise light-hearted bacchanalian song by Robertson of Struan (Robertson: 240):

Come, let us toss one round in Brimmers,
and banish Grief,
To mention Tories, Whigs, or Trimmers
Brings no Relief...

His 'Plague on the Race of Politicians' to the tune of 'Ne parlez plus de politique' is even more explicit (Robertson: 236):

...Tho' they be call'd the State's Physicians,
They poison all:
Let them be fraudfully espousing
Or GEORGE or JAMES;
We'll here, in Peace of Mind carousing,
Dismiss their claims.

But there were also songs that kept alive the Jacobites' spirits during the period of waiting, such as the following bacchanal (Hogg 1874 1:210):

Here's to the King o' Swedes,
Fresh laurels crown his head!
Pox on every sneaking blade
That winna do't again!

And there were allegoricals, too, like 'The Blackbird', long popular in Ireland (Ramsay 1740:104):

Upon a fair morning, for soft recreation,
I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
Saying, my blackbird most royal is flown.

Once in fair England her blackbird flourished, nourished by 'prime ladies of honour' because he was a king's son; but since false fortune has separated them, she will advance his name in Spain and in France, seeking her blackbird everywhere. He is highly esteemed in Scotland, but regarded in England as a stranger:

The birds of the forest all met together
The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;
And I resolv'd, in foul or fair weather,
Once in the spring to seek out my love . . .

What if the fowler my blackbird has taken,
Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune,
But if he is false, I'll not be forsaken,
And hope yet to see him in May or in June.

In each of these songs, the poetical quality comes from the sexual reference—from bawdry in the first ('that will' or 'winna' do it again), from love-melancholy in the second. The Chevalier de St George, swarthy and dark haired, was known as 'the Black Bird', and Chambers tells us that in the early nineteenth century a Forfarshire family owned a ring with 'a small parcel of his raven locks' and the inscription 'The black man's the bravest' (Chambers 1829:473). From now on, melancholy and erotic parting are inseparable from the Jacobite lyric, and are indeed present in an early broadside of 'Old Long Sine' which may date from before the Fifteen rising itself (O.S.B:70):

Though thou wert Rebell to the King
and beat with Wind and Rain,
Assure thyself of welcome Love,
for Old long sine.

A number of the very best of Burns's love songs—'Somebody', 'It was a' for our rightfu' king', 'Gae fetch to me a pint o' wine', and even 'The Lass that made the Bed', owe their romantic dimension to the association of erotic Jacobitism and Stuart loyalism (Crawford:316–19). An early instance, purporting to refer to the beginning of the

Forty-five itself, is 'The White Cockade' (Kinsley: 532), 'But now he makes our hearts fu' sad, / He takes the field wi' his White Cockade'. But in Burns's source, he is merely the lad with the tartan plaid (Herd 1869 II: 179):

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
O he is forced frae me to gae,
Over the hills and far away.

O he's a ranting roving laddie;
O he's a brisk and bonny laddie;
Betide what will, I'll get me ready,
And follow the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude grey mare and hacket cow,
To buy my love a tartan plaid,
Because he is a roving blade.

The Jacobite love songs exist on two levels, on one of which the girl stands for Scotland, and the lover—often called Jamie—for the exiled King. This is no mere fabrication of twentieth-century criticism, but was recognised in the early nineteenth century; for example, the ballad-collector Robert Pitcairn made the following comment on 'I hae courted a lassie a twelve month or more', a fragment which appears to be a reply to 'Jamie the Rover' (Pitcairn II: 5–7):

> It seems to allude to the miscarriage of the affair of 1715 in a sort of allegorical Language.—It is however on a par with the rest of the songs on this occasion, which would be composed in a hurried manner—immediately on the success or failure of the army, &c.

The year 1719 was one of the lowest points of Jacobite fortunes. 1720 saw a moment of exultation, the birth of Prince Charles:

Hail, royal Infant! hail! divinely Great!
Kind Heavn's best gift, and last Reserve of Fate!
See, see *Britannia*, what majestic Grace
Dwells on each Infant-feature of his Face!
Here all the *Stuart* mercifully shines,
And *Sobieski* fills the stronger Lines.

These lines are from an *Ode, compos'd in the Year 1720, on the Birth of a great Prince*, which goes on to say that just as Vienna owes its liberation to Jan Sobieski, King of Poland, so Britain will in time come to owe her freedom to the 'conquering sword' of the infant Charles (C.L.S. 1750: 3–5). In the 1740s France and Britain were again at war. A formidable French expedition was planned for 1744, but God blew again as in 1588, and—as so often in British history—winds and the navy frustrated the invasion.

Charles proceeded without effective French help, and though the clans were slow to rise at first, the incompetence of Sir John Cope made it possible for Charles to take Perth and Edinburgh with little resistance. On 22 September Cope was routed at Prestonpans.

Adam Skirving, who farmed Garleton, between Haddington and Gosford, and died in Edinburgh in 1803 at the age of eighty-four, wrote a broadside in the Killiecrankie measure which exhibits an irony at once more detached and more comical than its predecessors (Herd 1869 1:109 ff.):

The CHEVALIER, being void of fear,
Did march up Brisle brae, man,
And thro' Trannent, ere he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man:
While General COPE did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard another craw, man . . .

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man.
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man:
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
They were not worth a louse, man;
Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!
They'd better staid awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man . . .

The ballad tells of the behaviour of individuals, each named and particularised: how the Rev. Menteith, the Rev. Simson, a certain Campbell and an Irish lieutenant called Smith either fled the field or behaved disgracefully in other ways; how Colonel Gardiner died heroically; how some of his wounded brother officers fought well, crying 'God save the king!' with their last breath. Skirving ends with a grimly humorous report of the plundering:

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,

About they fac'd, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they as gain, for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;
Fow bauld can tell how her nainsell
Was ne'er sae pra pefore, man . . .

That afternoon when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man:
On Seaton Sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.

(Sts. I, III–IV, XIII, XV)

The better-known 'Johnie Cope', which Stenhouse claims was also composed by Skirving, has a more obviously partisan and pro-Jacobite flavour: the emotion aroused by words and tune together is a vigorous delight in the discomfiture of the powers that be (S.M.M. III 1790:242–3).

The pro-Highland sentiments of those around the Prince during Charles's six-weeks' occupation of the capital can be judged from *A Full Collection of all Poems upon Charles Prince of Wales, Regent of the Kingdoms of Scotland, England, France and Ireland, and Dominions thereunto belonging Published since his Arrival in Edinburgh the 17th Day of September, till the 1st of November 1745*. The opening Ode begins 'Hail Glorious Youth the Wonder of the Age, the future Subject of the Historian's Page', and glorifies 'the select Few', the hardy and loyal Highlanders (F.C. 1745:5–6), prophesying that they alone will restore the Stewarts (F.C. 1745:5–6).

The pieces are poems, rather than songs, and the nearest they come to lyric are in formal odes, like that 'To his Royal Highness Charles, Prince Regent, &c. after the Battle of Gladsmuir', an interesting reflection of the initial heady confidence of his supporters (F.C. 1745:18–19):

Heav'n paves the Way, the *Just* approve,
An Offer of such tender Love,
By Thee to Duty fir'd;
That fifteen hundred durst engage
Four thousand Foes, with *Skill* and *Rage*,
And zealous Wrong, inspir'd:
Scarce thy raw *Soldiers* had the Fight begun,
But all their Foes are *routed* and *undone*.

(St. III)

Though psalms are properly lyrics, 'The 20th Psalm, imitated from Buchannan' is in non-lyrical couplets, and its informing emotion is given inflated rhetorical expression. The ungodly senate (the British Parliament) has decreed that Jacob's Righteous Heir (James III and VIII) shall never ascend the throne, but God has determined otherwise. Christ appears in the opening Heavens to address James. He is an angry saviour, a most militant Jesus (F.C. 1745:29):

Lo! thus He spoke, ——"Tho' Seas and earth combine
"T'oppose thy Right, thy Title is Divine;
"Thou'rt Mine Anointed, Vengeance shall be Mine.
"Tho' sinful Tribes, confederate with thy Foes,
"Prosper a while, yet certain are their Woes.
"Let them rejoice to hear their Terrors fly,
"And, rattling through the Clouds, invade the Sky;
"Let them confide in those, and vainly boast
"Their well-capparison'd and warlick Host,
"Thou art the genuine Offspring of the Just,
"In Me alone, thy GOD, repose thy Trust."
O Heavens! let not this Vision be in vain,
But aid Thy Servant in his toilsome Reign;
That when, through Thee, he's settled on the Throne,
He'll hear our Plaints, as Thou hast heard his own.

For the real lyrical impulse in the year of '45 itself one has to go to the pieces on Prestonpans already discussed; to the Gaelic songs; or to an anti-Jacobite source like Mrs Alison Cockburn's 'Pretender's Manifesto' (Mansfield MS: 113–5). Beautifully fitted as parody to the original 'Clout the Cauldron', her song directs its satire against both parties—and this despite its author's known Whig sympathies. Its irony is similar to that of the songs in the Killiecrankie measure and its ambivalence resembles Walter Scott's in *Waverley*:

Have you any laws to mend
Or have you any Grievance
I am a Hero to my trade
And truely a most Leal prince
Would you have war would you have peace
Would you be free of Taxes
Come chaping at my fathers door
You need not doubt of access.

Religion laws & Liberty
Ye ken are bonny words sirs
They shall be all made sure to you
If ye'll fight wi' your swords sirs
The nations debt we soon shall pay

If ye'll support our right Boys
No sooner we are brought in play
Than all things shall be tight Boys.

Ye ken that by an union Base
Your ancient Kingdoms undone
That all yr Ladys Lords & Lairds
Gangs up & lives at London
Nae longer that we will allow
For crack—it goes asunder
What took sic time & pains to do
And let the warld wonder.

I'm sure for seven years & mair
Ye've heard of sad oppression
And this is all the good ye got
O' the Hanover succession.
For absolute power & popery
Ye ken its a' but nonsence
I here swear to secure to you
Your liberty of Conscience.

And for your mair encouragement
Ye shall be pardon'd byganes
Nae mair fight on the continent
And leave behind your Dry banes
Then come away & Dinnae Stay
What gars ye look sae lawndart
I'd have ye run & not delay
To join my father's standard.

The Jacobites left Edinburgh for England with some six thousand men only, about half the forces available to Mar in 1715. The Highlanders tended to desert as soon as they felt they were too far from their tribal base; the English Jacobites contributed only a single regiment (in Lancashire); and, after reaching Derby, the Prince was persuaded that it was folly to continue in face of the superior armies of Wade and Cumberland. Back in Scotland, there was a minor victory at Falkirk on 17 January 1746 which enabled the Jacobites to retreat to the north, before their utter discomfiture on 16 April at Culloden. For five months after the battle the Prince wandered in the Highlands with a price on his head, until he set sail for France on 20 September; meanwhile, 'Butcher' Cumberland's troops raped and plundered at will.

The earliest source for the songs about the advance into England, the retreat, Culloden and its aftermath seems to be the privately produced *Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c. printed in the year 1750*. A song to the tune of 'The Campbells are coming' wishes a

health to all brave English lads who will help the advancing clansmen to 'pull the vile Usurper down', and states that the army's aim is not to overthrow Church and State as the 'canting crew' of 'wicked Preachers' maintain, but to put down Corruption and Breach of Law. A parody on 'Rule Britannia' beginning 'When Royal Charles by Heaven's Command' expresses the Jacobite feeling after Falkirk and, perhaps before Culloden, despite its reference to Charles's banishment (C.L.S. 1750:23–4):

At *F . . . . k's* fam'd victorious Field,
Where H . . . *y* proud was forc'd to yield,
Where, *&c.*
Let the applauding, the applauding World be taught,
How well brave *C . . . . s's* Heroes fought.
Go on brave Youth, &c.
Tho' thou art banish'd for awhile,
Yet Fortune still on thee shall smile,
Yet Fortune, *&c.*
Thou shalt return triumphant o'er thy Foes,
And ruling *Britain* end our Woes:
Then G . . . . be gone, be gone with all thy Race,
And to our rightful K . . g give Place.

Another song, written after the *débâcle* to the tune of 'From scourging rebellion', hopes bravely for future victories and blames the defeat on incompetence and betrayal (C.L.S. 1750:64):

Tho' by C . . . . . 's Army at *Culloden* surpriz'd,
He boldly did fight, but was falsely advis'd;
Had he not been betray'd, he'd have then gain'd the Day,
The Sun had shone bright, and all Nature look'd gay.
Your Glasses, &c.

(St. II)

And the following piece reflects the detestation in which the Jacobites not unnaturally held Cumberland, Culloden's victor (C.L.S. 1750:47–8):

Thou Butcher of the Northern Clime,
Thy Fame descends to future Time;
Your Massacres, your Murders more,
Than ere were known in Days of Yore;
The little Babes for Mercy cry'd,
Their bleeding Mothers were deny'd
The lives of Husbands and their own;
Does such a Brood deserve a T . . . . e?

Must then our P . . . . a Wand'rer be,
And all this *Britons* tamely see;

Unite, unite ye out of Hand,
And drive those Blood-hounds from the Land:
Bring home, bring home, the r . . . l Race,
Oppression they shall quite deface:
Then Trade will flourish, Money grow,
And Milk and Honey overflow.

'Freedom's Farewell' (C.L.S. 1750:50–1) blames the Jacobite defeat on the pusillanimity of Britons; Freedom is about to quit these shores forever, unless there is divine intervention—unless, that is to say, God stretches out not his loving but his 'vindictive' hand. 'You're welcome Charly Stuart' manages to combine regret at the defeat with a dogged refusal to believe in the inevitable: the singer still trusts in man's spirit and courage, and is not willing to leave it *all* to God (C.L.S. 1750:48–50, Hogg 1874 II:183–4):

You're welcome *C . . . y S . . .*,
You're welcome *C . . . y S . . .*,
You're welcome *C . . . y S . . .*,
There's none so right as thou art. . . .

Hadst thou *C . . . . . n* Battle won,
Poor *Scotland* had not been undone,
Nor butcher'd been, with Sword and Gun,
By *Lockhart* and such Cowards.
You're welcome, &c.

Kind Providence, to Thee a Friend,
A lovely Maid did timely send,
To save Thee from a fearful End,
Thou charming *C . . . . y S . . . . t*,
You're welcome, &c. . . .

When ere I take a Glass of Wine,
I drink Confusion to the Swine;
But Health to him that will combine
To fight for *C . . . . y S . . . . t.*
You're welcome, &c.

The Ministry may *Scotland* maul,
But our brave Hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;
We'll fight, like *Britons*, one and all,
For Liberty and *S . . . . t.*
You're welcome, &c.

Then haste, ye *Britons*, and set on
Your lawful K . . g upon the T . . . e;

To *H . . . . r* we'll drive each one,
Who will not fight for *S . . . . t.*
You're welcome, &c.

(Sts. III, IV, VII–IX)

The Jacobite parody of the bawdy 'For a' that' is surely, in its jocund adaptation of the words to the tune and its apt use of the symbolism of dress and uniform, one of the best of all Scottish political songs (C.L.S. 1750: 41–3, Hogg 1874 II: 55–7):

Tho' Geordie reigns in Jamie's Stead,
I'm grieved yet scorn to shaw that,
I'll ne'er look down nor hang my Head
On rebel Whig for a' that;

For still I trust that Providence
Will us relieve from a' that,
Our royal Prince is weal in Health,
And will be here for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that
And thrice as muckle's a' that:
He's far beyond the Seas the Night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.

He's far beyond *Dumblain* the Night,
Whom I love weel for a' that;
He wears a Pistol by his Side
That makes me blyth for a' that,
And tho' he's o'er the Seas the Night,
He'll soon be here for a' that.
And a' that, &c.

He wears a Broadsword by his Side,
And weel he kens to draw that,
The Target and the Highland Plaid,
The Shoulder-belt and a' that;
A Bonnet bound with Ribbons blue,
The white Cockade, and a' that,
And tho' beyond the Seas the Night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.
And a' that, &c.

The Whigs think a that *Weal* is won,
But Faith they ma'na' fa' that;
They think our loyal Hearts dung down,
But we'll be blyth for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

But O what will the Whigs say syne,
When they're mista'en in a' that;
When Geordie mun fling by the Crown,
His Hat and Wig, and a' that;
The Flames will get baith Hat and Wig,
As often they've done a' that;
Our highland Lad will get the Crown,
And we'll be blyth for a' that,
And a' that, &c.

O! then your bra' militia Lads
Will be rewarded duly,
When they fling by their black Cockades,
A hellish Colour truly.
As Night is banish'd by the Day,
The White shall drive awa that;
The Sun shall then his Beams display,
And we'll be blyth for a' that.
And a' that, &c.

Increasingly after 1750, and especially with Burns at the end of the century, and Scott, Lady Nairne, Hogg and Tannahill, at the beginning of the next, the Chevalier grew into a figure of romantic legend. The nostalgic love-melancholy noticeable in *some* quite early songs became inseparable from the whole complex of Jacobite song and literary allusion. Anti-Jacobite song, in contrast, did not breed sentimental imitations and pastiches, except as antiquarian exercises; and it was generally satirical, polemical, bacchanalian or patriotic in theme. The satirical 'O Brother Sandie' (to the tune of *Lillibullero*) is just as singable—and as contemptuous—as any of the Jacobite songs of abuse (C.L.S. 1748:13–14; Hogg 1874 II:457):

O Brother Sandie, hear ye the news?
Lillibulero, bullen a la,
An army's just coming without any shoes,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms;
A true British cause for your courage doth ca';
Court, country, and city, against a banditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

The Pope sends us over a bonnie young lad, &c.,
Who, to court British favour, wears a Highland plaid, &c.
To arms, &c.

A Protestant Church from Rome doth advance,
And, what is more rare, brings freedom from France.
To arms, &c.

If this shall surprise you, there's news stranger yet,
He brings Highland money to pay British debt.
To arms, &c.

You must take it in coin which the country affords,
Instead of broad pieces, he pays with broad-swords.
To arms, &c.

And sure this is paying you in the best ore,
Lillibulero, bullen a la,
For who once is thus paid will never want more,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms;
A true British cause for your courage doth ca';
Court, country, and city, against a banditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

The satirical antitheses within this song underline every point of the Unionist case. The shoeless army represents a partial, not a national, interest, and the most backward part of the country to boot; their leaders are Romish hypocrites; they offer war, not commercial profit.

If the songs in praise of Charlie use the plaid, tartan, and white cockade as symbols of the Cause, those in praise of Butcher Cumberland, in exactly parallel fashion, flaunt the trappings of the Hanoverian uniform (C.L.S. 1748: 26–7):

His coat is of the scarlet red,
And O but Willie he looks bra',
And at his side he wears a sword,
And briskly wields it best of a'.

And is not WILLIE well worth gow'd,
For coming down to save us a'?
The nation's praise is right bestow'd,
When WILLIE he enjoys it a':
He frec'd us from a foreign yoke,
And rebel clans has chas'd awa',
Where *Charlie* thought to win a crown,
He's gi'en him a cald coal to bla' . . . .

As lang as *Scottish* bards draw breath,
The *British* HERO they shall sing;
As lang as fame her trump can bla',
His praise through distant lands shall ring.

The accusation is made—and it has been repeated ever since by both English and

Scottish historians—that the 'Rebel Clans' were actuated only by the desire for plunder:

O'er the hills and far away,
O'er the hills and far away,
The Rebel Clans in search of prey,
Come o'er the hills and far away.

Regardless whether wrong or right,
For booty, not for fame they fight:
Banditti-like they storm, they stay.
They plunder, rob and run away.
O'er the hills, &c.

The anti-Jacobites wrote parodies set to some of the more popular of the Jacobite airs, such as the following version of 'Highland Laddie', in which Jacobitism is equated with real treason to fundamental national interests, and Hanoverianism and the Union are identified with true *Scottish* patriotism (C.L.S. 1748:56–7):

Your partners that came o'er frae *France*,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
They understood not a *Scots* dance,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
Therefore, their complaisance to shew,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Unto our duke they bow'd right low,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

(St. III)

The satirical savagery of this song comes from the idea that a genuinely national dance, though vigorous and energetic, is something that the pleasure-loving Stuarts and Gaels cannot really comprehend. If he comes to dance again, Charles will have to bring fresh performers from Spain, and:

I think insurance you shou'd make,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
Lest dancing you should break your neck,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
For he that dances on the rope,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
Shou'd not trust all unto the Pope,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

(St. V)

Just as the Jacobites had bacchanalian songs pledging Charlie and James, so the Whigs had their drinking songs, toasting the British Constitution and Cumberland (C.L.S. 1748:31). And a song called 'Plaid Hunting' (line 1, 'When *Charly* of late, in a

damnable fright') makes vivid references to the pacification of the defeated Jacobites (C.L.S. 1748:16–17). The occasion is the Jacobite habit of wearing plaid waistcoats, which are stigmatised as the garb of those 'Apes of the clan' who mimic the dress of genuine Highlanders. The song's rough-and-tumble satire at the expense of the defeated is shot through with a characteristic sexual coarseness; it is felt that the defeated must be either homosexual or impotent:

What *Briton* can wish that his country should bleed,
For a wretch that no merit has shown but his speed?
When danger was near,
He ne'er would appear,
But like true *Italian* stuck snug in the rear;
And surely the ladies will ne'er be affected
To him who not else but his standard erected.

(St. v, lines 5–9)

Now they are beaten they can do nothing but take refuge in liquor:

No courage they've left—drink must courage supply.
To drinking they go,
To stifle their woe,
No hopes they have left, if drinking won't do;
For liquor alone gives a *Jacobite* spirit,
Religion or courage, wit, cunning or merit.

(St. II, lines 4–9)

In the period after the Forty-five, there developed on the one hand the tradition of 'sentimental Jacobitism' already noted and, on the other, a satirical treatment of the representative figure of the episode—Hernainsel himself, the ungrammatical stage-Highlander as seen in the fantasies of the Lowlander's comic revenge. 'Hernainsel' was already well established by the poems of the Killiecrankie tradition, which were written by persons not entirely unsympathetic to the Stuart cause. He is at his funniest in 'The Turnimspike', generally attributed to Dougal Graham, a chapman who apparently marched with the Pretender through all his campaigns, including Culloden. The song treats of the archetypal Highlander's bewilderment at the social changes which transformed the Highlands after the rising—the new turnpike roads, the banning of highland dress, anglicisation, the irruption of the wandering trader ('cadger') into the Highlands (Herd 1869 II:186):

Her sel pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man;
And many alterations seen
Amang the Lawland whig, man.
Fal lal, &c.

First when her to the Lowlands came,
Nain sell was driving cows, man:
There was nae laws about hims narse,
About the preeks or trouse, man.
Fal lal, &c.

Nain sell did wear the philapeg,
The plaid prik't on her shouder;
The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol sharg'd wi' pouder.
Fal lal, &c.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith mans narse be lockit,
O hon, that ere she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prokit.
Fal lal, &c.

Every thing in the Highlands now,
Pe turn't to alteration;
The sodger dwal at our door cheek,
And that's ta great vexation.
Fal lal, &c.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
And laws pring on the cadger:
Nain sell wad durk him for hur deeds,
But oh she fears de sodger.
Fal lal, &c.

Another law came after that,
Me never saw the like, man;
They mak a lang road on the crund,
And ca' him turnimspike, man.
Fal lal, &c.

And wow she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn rigs, man;
Whare twa carts may gang on her,
And no break others legs, man.
Fal lal, &c.

They sharge a penny for ilka hors,
In troth they'l be nae sheaper,
For nought but gaen upo' the crund,
And they gie me a paper.
Fal lal, &c.

They take the hors than pe the head,
And there they mak them stand, man.
I tell'd them that I seen the day
They had na sic command, man.
Fal lal, &c.

Nae doubts nain-sell maun draw his purs,
And pay them what him's like, man:
I'll see a shudgement on his store,
That filthy turnimspike, man.
Fal lal, &c.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
Whare nere a ane sall turn her;
And no come near your turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.
Fal lal, &c.

Though an ex-Jacobite himself, the Lowlander Graham saw the funny side of the Highlander's indignation at the oppressor's trousers and black coat. Although his point of view is fundamentally sympathetic, it is sympathy for an inferior being that he feels; the underlying assumption is that Lowlanders and Sassenachs belong to a superior civilisation. One has to go to the Gaelic poetry of this time to find the full venom of the Highlander's original reaction to these humiliations, for example to Rob Doun Mackay's 'The Song of the Black Coats', *Oran nan casagan dubha* (Campbell 1933:236–45):

God be with us, my friends,
Why have you changed fashions,
Have you not e'en the freedom
To wear your own clothing? . . .

But if you agree truly,
To your growing decadence,
Though you once were so regal,
Your tributes have increasèd;
Well such cowards do merit
To be seen a-lamenting,
Casting off your plaids from you
And to black coats a-taking.

(St. 1)

There is one rather extraordinary Lowland Scottish song which seems in place here, although its conscious point of view is Jacobite rather than Whig. Set to the tune of 'The Haughs of Cromdale', it begins in the manner of a dialogue between a comic

Highlander and a comic Lowlander, only to move in the third stanza into an awe-inspiring humorous equivalent of 'the terrible Sublime' (T.L. 1779:54):

As I be ga'n up the street,
I met a bra' man in te rear,
Who speer'd at me, who's man I be
And wha's cockade I wear.
I wear the Royal C——lie's,
And he's our lawful P——ce;
And soon I hope to see him crown'd
Without the help of Fr—nce;

And gin ye'd no be angry,
Ae Question I wad spier,
And that is, Fa's man ye be,
And fa's cockade ye wear;
I wear the Royal G——die's,
And he's come frae Hannover,
For to support the covenant,
The W——gs did bring him over.

It's a' for that same story,
I wadna' think it much,
For to cut out baith your lugs,
And put them in your pouch;
And then go tell Duke W——lie,
For he canno' speak Erse;
That highland-man's cut baith your lugs,
And throw them in his face.

The location of this piece appears to be urban, and it is imbued with the popular realism of the best nineteenth-century city brawls, such as the Glaswegian 'The Battle on the Stair', or 'Kinghorn Ferry', which Gavin Greig took down from the singing of Bell Robertson (Greig 1909:CLXIX). This last song tells how the women of Kinghorn, a Fife seaport, rescue a packman pressed by 'oor commanders' for service in Flanders. From a reference to 'King William', Greig thought that the events referred to took place towards the end of the seventeenth century; if so, the song must have been in oral circulation, in one form or another, from the early eighteenth century onwards. These urban brawls are no doubt in part a development of the 'rustic brawls' of the older vernacular poetry in the 'Christ's Kirk on the Green' tradition, and it is worth noting that the urban brawls at least seem genuinely popular in character; there is no trace of the 'aristocratic' tone often postulated for the rustic poems (Kinsley 1960:13–34). But to return to 'As I be ga'n up the street'. There are only two antagonists; by being confined to the verbal level, the brawl partakes to a certain extent of the

nature of a 'flyting', but the Highlander's threat is so violent as to convey the immediacy of actual physical force.

The Scottish song collections of the later eighteenth century printed a fairly large number of all-British patriotic songs, ballads on naval victories, and pieces like Thomson's 'Rule Britannia' or like 'Hearts of Oak'. The Whig patriotic songs as a rule carry the implication that Scotland is 'North Britain', a mere province of the new nation. End-of-the-century songs with a distinctively pro-Scottish (as distinct from North British) flavour generally manage to preserve a Jacobite twist, like the following parody of Fielding's 'The Roast Beef of Old England' entitled 'The Broad Swords of Scotland', which is surely in the direct line of ancestry of Burns's 'Scots Wha Hae' (NG. 1776:199; Hogg 1874 1:78):

When our valiant ancestors did land in this Isle,
Brave Fergus commanded, and vic'try did smile;
With their broad-swords in hand they well clear'd the soil.
O the broad-swords of Old Scotland,
And O the Old Scottish broad-swords.

The Romans, the Picts, and the Old Britons too,
Us, by fraud and by guile, did attempt to subdue;
But their schemes proved abortive, while we did prove true.
O the broad-swords, &c.

Tho' some factious nobles, to serve their own end,
Would join with the English, themselves to befriend,
And we lost at first, they did lose in the end.
O the broad-swords, &c.

Remember Brave Wallace, who boldly did play;
Bruce at Bannockburn—what a glorious day!
The flowers of Old England our Heroes did slay.
O the broad-swords, &c.

See *Edward their king take his heels in a fright, [*Henry, in NG. 1776]
Nor e'er look behind, but in Berwick alight;
In an old fishing-boat he bade Scotland good-night.
O the broad-swords, &c.

Our Scottish ancestors were valiant and bold,
In learning ne'er beat, nor in battle contrould;
But now—shall I name it?—alas,—we're all sold.
O the broad-swords, &c.

The message of this intensely nationalistic song is the essence of much Jacobite 'art'

lyric—that, at the union of 1707 and after, Scotland was 'sold' by the Whigs. But its first appearance in a song book was over thirty years after the Forty-five and nearly seventy years after the Union.

The 'final solution of the Gaelic question' involved the levying of special Highland regiments, and the pugnacity and collective spirit of clansmen was mobilised in order to establish dominion over clan and tribal societies all over the world through the defeat of the French in the Seven Years war and in later campaigns. As G. S. Pryde puts it from the modern unionist point of view, 'by the close of George II's reign (1760), Scotland had fully accepted the Union and was ready to play her part in the Empire' (Pryde 1962:66). Inevitably, this acceptance was enshrined in a song—Sir Harry Erskine's 'The Highland Character', which, though the sheerest doggerel, remained vastly popular right into the next century. According to tradition, the words are translated from a Gaelic composition by a soldier of the 42nd Highlanders (Stewart 1822 1:347). With unbearable effrontery and complacency it documents the transformation, or rather prostitution, of the older Highland values into those which dominated the Anglo-Scottish military and bureaucratic establishment throughout the imperialist age (Herd 1869 1:116):

In the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

CHORUS

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our ancestors of old, we stand by Freedom's cause;
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews embrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race,
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain. . . .

As a storm in the ocean, when BOREAS blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail and they sued for a truce.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

CHORUS

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late prosperity to fight in freedom's cause,
They like our ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

The presumed author or adaptor of this upper-class McGonagalese was himself typical of the spirit of accommodation in post-union Scotland. The second son of Sir John Erskine of Alva, he succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his elder brother; was Deputy Quartermaster General, replaced his uncle General St Clair as commander of the Royal Scots in 1762, and served in Parliament for many years (D.N.B. 1889:409–10).

Jacobite and anti-Jacobite songs are generally not 'folk' songs in the sense that they can be defined in terms of oral transmission from one generation to another, or of the co-existence for long periods of a fixed norm with spontaneously occurring variations. They are as a rule 'composed' songs, by articulate members of a committed movement, designed to encourage the group in steadfastness; to enhance its public and private 'image' by belittling that of its opponents; and to give expression to universal situations and emotions as these have affected the members. By the third quarter of the century, Jacobite and anti-Jacobite sentiment tended to become subordinate to a new loyalty to Scotland conceived as part of the super-nation, Great Britain. Indeed, the two songs just discussed—'The Broad-swords of old Scotland' and 'In the garb of old Gaul'—epitomise two kinds of patriotism found in different groups of Scotsmen in the later eighteenth century, which were to come together in uneasy synthesis in the early nineteenth century through the ambivalent vision of the Author of Waverley. In the first may be discerned, dimly and crudely, the conception of Scottish History which informs 'The Tales of a Grandfather'—a story often tragic, but full of picturesque details of pageantry and slaughter; in the second, the values of Scottish bigwigs in the decade after Waterloo and Peterloo, which were to receive such grotesque expression during George IV's visit to Edinburgh. On that occasion the capital was treated to the spectacle, within Stuart Holyrood itself, of a Hanoverian monarch in tartans humbly received by the re-creator of Jacobite sentiment—Sir Walter himself.

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Jeannie Robertson: The Child Ballads

HERSCHEL GOWER & JAMES PORTER

Jeannie Robertson, now aged 62, has inherited and preserved a repertoire of twenty Child ballads from the oral tradition. The ten examples which follow were chosen for both textual and musical interest. This selection is representative of the whole repertoire, the style of rendering, the personality, diction, and mannerisms of the singer. Some of her other ballads have appeared in volume III of Bertrand H. Bronson, *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads*, in *Scottish Studies* and in a few scattered publications, but now for the first time they have been meticulously individualised, with careful attention to both textual and musical peculiarities. In these labours the editors acknowledge the invaluable assistance of their several colleagues at the School of Scottish Studies, especially Robert Garioch on the texts and Ailie Munro on the tunes.

Actually what the ear accepts when a text is sung sometimes strikes the eye as an incongruity when the line is scanned on the printed page. For example, in the third stanza of 'Mary Hamilton' Jeannie first sings *night* and then *nicht*. These technical inconsistencies have not been altered; folksong must surely reflect the state and condition of folk language and the speech mannerisms of the individual singer.

A thorough collation of Jeannie's texts with others in print, or in current circulation, would require space beyond our present limits. In general her versions bear marked resemblances to several in Child and to texts later collected by Gavin Greig in Aberdeenshire. Her 'Lord Lovel' can be spotted at once for its English background and it very probably came the route of chapbook sources. At least it occurs with some regularity in the Lauriston Collection of nineteenth-century chapbooks at the National Library of Scotland. Although the dates of chapbook imprints are somewhat uncertain, it would appear that 'Lord Lovel' came to Jeannie through her grandmother, who bought the chapman's wares and passed the songs on to Maria Stewart, Jeannie's mother.

In addition to the ten Child ballads which follow in full transcript, Jeannie also sings:

53 Young Beichan
77 Sweet William's Ghost
81 Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard
106 Famous Flower of Serving Men
114 Johnie Cocke
163 The Battle of Harlaw

216 The Mother's Malison; or Clyde's Water
233 Andrew Lammie
236 The Laird o' Drum
280 The Beggar Laddie

Her 'Andrew Lammie' runs to more than fifty stanzas. Others may be fragments of three or four stanzas. But in those instances where memory has lapsed, Jeannie alertly recounts the story in prose after she has sung the tune.

Her manner of singing is best described as 'the high ballad style'. Slow and forceful, it never fails to be convincing. The older songs speak of her ability to report the tragic conditions of human life in concrete detail. As elegies celebrating past deeds and memorable actions, the ballads convey a sense of mourning and regret and a long view of human crises. The tone is one that we legitimately associate with the heroic song-poetry of Homer and the measured cadences of *Beowulf*. As a modern purveyor of the heroic, Jeannie Robertson displays the kind of intellect and feeling that forge a new song out of the materials of tradition. This is to say that her style is individual and her art still vigorous. She sings with a natural integrity but with little or no animation. Using her voice as a 'creative' instrument, she asks for no accompaniment. Her own assessment of her songs goes like this: 'To tell ye the God's truth, my songs are natural. They're hunnerds o' years old. They're aboot people and they're real. The songs are part o' me and as long as there's people to listen, I'll go on singin'.'

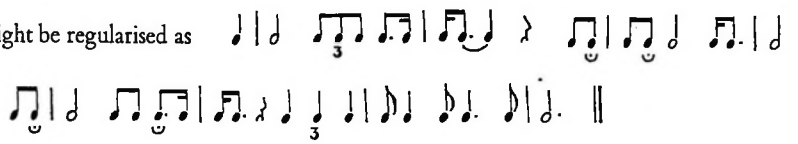
Style, Technique, and Musical Idiom

A number of commentators have already described the singing of Jeannie Robertson in popular or non-technical terms. Struck by the expansiveness of her delivery and the finesse of her phrasing, they have praised the general effect of Jeannie's singing. To date, however, no critic has commented on the musicality of technique which actually produces the effect.

Those who listen closely to the phrase-structure will recognise the natural quality and coherence of expression that characterise her very complex treatment of a melody —a melody which in itself may be basically quite simple. For example, if we examine version 2 of 'Edward', which she calls 'Son David', the characteristics are abundantly clear: interpreting the anacrusis on the analogy of version 1 as  , a barring pattern on conventional lines emerges of 7/8, 10/8, 8/8, 9/8, 11/8, 10/8, 8/8, (6/8). This pattern gives an effect of balancing or contrasting phrases, and as a structural device it is also familiar in the *ùrlar* of *piobaireachd*. (For details see R. L. C. Lorimer, 'Studies in Pibroch', *Scottish Studies* 6:1–30; 8:45–79.) In Jeannie's singing of 'Mary Hamilton', where the

rhythmic contour is also fairly externalised, a similar pattern can be noted. However, in certain other instances—in 'Lord Lovel' for example—the pulse is an internal one with all semblance of corporeal rhythm suppressed.

The rhythmic pulse in the songs determines not only the metrical structure but also the individual time-values: to put it another way, the note-values are the embodiment of the pulse, and the formulation or grouping of these into phrases supplies the metrical structure. Thus, 'Lord Randal' has an observable 8-bar structure to the stanza, even though the individual note-values are complex. The rhythm of the first stanza might be regularised as



It does seem obvious that any attempt to capture the nuances of pulse and phrasing of such artistry as these songs proclaim must employ strict methods: thus notational devices must be extended to embrace the minutiae of actual performance. (The devised uses I have made of musical symbols and diacritical signs are explained in my earlier article on transcription method, *Scottish Studies* 12:169–78.) Were the initial stanza of 'Lord Randal' transcribed in the rhythm noted above, a reader would have only a partial—or even false—idea of the subtlety of rhythm and phrasing in the performance. My transcription method, then, creates a basic version from which skeletal abstracts, or typological or structural analyses may be made (in the manner of Bertrand H. Bronson's in *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads*). In the case of one Child ballad, 'Lord Randal', I have transcribed in the pages that follow the first two stanzas to facilitate comparison of thematic or motivic variation; in another, 'Edward' (or 'Son David'), two separate versions—recorded on different occasions—are printed together for a similar reason. My system of classification by mode and range also follows Professor Bronson's method, which seems to me the most comprehensible yet devised in the context of British-American folk song. I have also relied heavily, in consulting analogues to the Child Ballads published thus far, on Bronson's volumes I, II, and III.

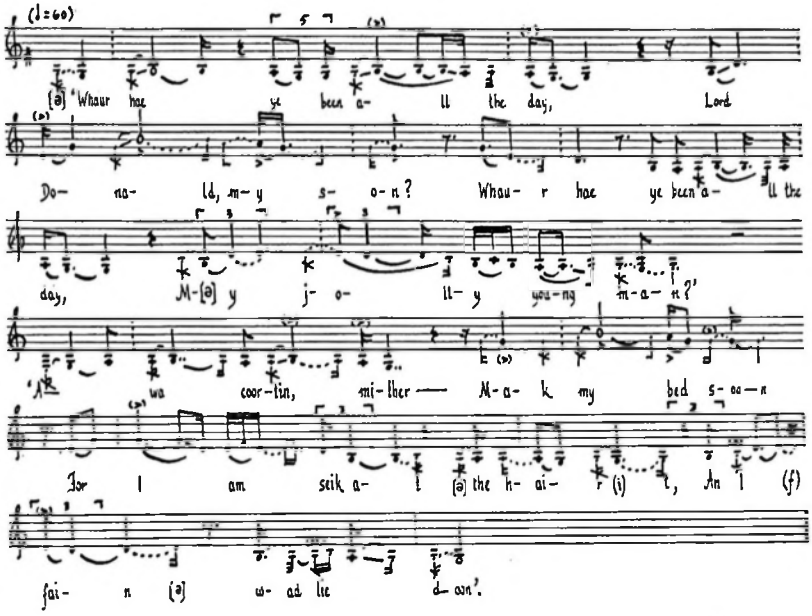
A great traditional singer manifests perhaps a greater degree of difference in actual style from his or her peers than do art-singers, by virtue of the unfettered nature of the material. One might therefore note the following characteristic traits in Jeannie Robertson's style: (1) an expansiveness of delivery that is nevertheless tightly controlled in the length of the phrases; (2) fluidity of rhythm, which appears in two distinct forms—as an externalised pulse or quasi-regular tempo (as in 'Edward', 'Mary Hamilton', 'The Three Gypsies'); and as an evasive, complex, internal pulse (the remaining seven transcribed Child Ballads are of this type) which makes heavy demands on the listener's rhythmic sense; (3) an idiomatic enunciation, with speech-rhythms and dialectal peculiarities native to the North-East of Scotland; (4) a wealth—in this closely associated

with 1 and 3—of expressive *portamenti* and *appoggiature*; (5) a pervasive finesse in phrasing that is the hallmark of a unique musicality; and (6) a powerful sense of drama and characterisation.

These canons apply first and foremost to the Child Ballad renderings, since their nature generally demands a broader, more consciously majestic tone. It must be said, though, that Jeannie herself recognises the differences in approach in the various types of songs in her repertoire (BBC programme 'Oor Jeannie', broadcast on 10 June 1968). Breadth of performance, however, is not restricted to the older, heroic ballads, for this same characteristic is evident in 'The Bold Lieutenant'. On the other hand it would clearly be misleading to portray Jeannie's singing style as uniformly expansive: characterisation and variety of mood and tempo are some of her strongest assets. One finds that this variety is self-evident from the detail of the transcriptions which range all the way from the heroic Child ballads to the short, graceful lyrics.

LORD RANDAL (Lord Donald) Child 12

Collector: Hamish Henderson SA 1957/44 B2



'Whaur hae ye been all the day,
Lord Donald, my son?
Whaur hae ye been all the day,
My jolly young man?'

'Awa coortin, mither—
Mak my bed soon,
For I am seik at the hairt,
An I fain wad lie doon.'

'What will ye hae for your supper,
Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye hae for your supper,
My jolly young man?'

'I hae had my supper—
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I am seik at the hairt,
An I fain wad lie doon.'

'What had ye for supper,
Lord Donald, my son?
What had ye for supper,
My jolly young man?'

'I had little smaa fishes—
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I am seik at the hairt,
An I fain wad lie doon.'

'What like were the fishes,
Lord Donald, my son?
What like were the fishes,
My gallant young man?'

'Black back an spreckled belly—
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I am seik at the hairt,
An I fain wad lie doon.'

'Oh, I doubt you are poishoned,
Lord Donald, my son—
Oh, I doubt you are poishoned,
My jolly young man.'

'What will ye leave tae your father,
Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave tae your father,
My jolly young man?'

'My houses and lands, mither—
Mak my bed soon,
For I am seik at the hairt,
An I fain wad lie doon.'

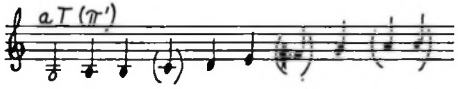
[lapse of memory]

'What will ye leave tae your true-love,
Lord Donald, my son?'

'The tow and the helter
To hang on yon tree,
An there for to hang
For the poishonin o me.'

'What will ye leave tae your true-love,
Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave tae your true-love,
My jolly young man?'

'The tow an the helter
Tae hang on yon tree,
An there for to hang
For the poishonin o me.'



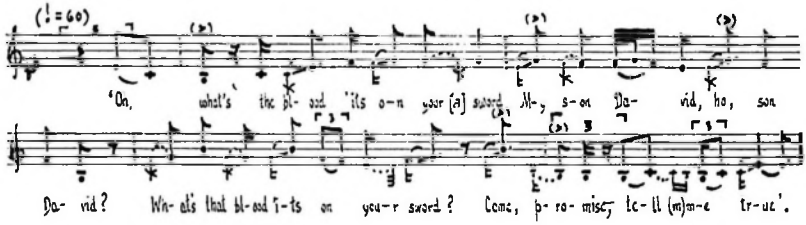
Form: ABCD

Although we must regard the modal classification of the tune as strictly Ionian since it incorporates all the notes of the major scale (albeit the fourth and seventh degrees as decorative passing-notes), there is a strongly pentatonic character to the melodic structure. This apart, the most noteworthy feature is the enlarged compass of the tune, stretching as it does over the range of a tenth. Some might suggest that this bold shape reflects the controlled hysteria at the heart of the text; whatever the reason, we have here a tune of epic proportions, sung in the grand manner. It would seem to have some affinity with Bronson's Aa group of tunes with its significant emphasis on the mediant. It stands, however, generally outside his published variants by nature of its characteristic leap to the higher mediant in its second phrase. Here the first two stanzas are transcribed to indicate the process of structural and stylistic variation.

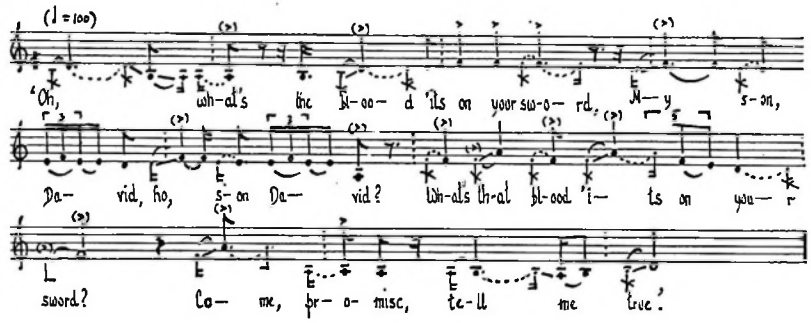
EDWARD (Son David) Child 13

Collector: Hamish Henderson SA 1952/43 B7; SX 1958/2 A5

VERSION 1



VERSION 2



'Oh, what's the blood 'its on your sword,
My son, David, ho, son David?
What's that blood 'its on your sword?
Come, promise, tell me true.'

'Oh, that's the blood of my grey meer,.
Hey, lady Mother, ho, lady Mother,
That's the blood of my grey meer,
Because it wadnae rule by me.'

'Oh, that blood it is owre clear,
My son David, ho, son David,
That blood it is owre clear,
Come, promise, tell me true.'

'Oh, that's the blood of my greyhound,
Hey, lady Mother, ho, lady Mother,
That's the blood of my greyhound,
Because it wadnae rule by me.'

'Oh, that blood it is owre clear,
My son David, ho, son David,
That blood it is owre clear,
Come, promise, tell me true.'

'Oh, that's the blood of my huntin hawk,
Hey, lady Mother, ho, lady Mother,
That's the blood of my huntin hawk,
Because it wadnae rule by me.'

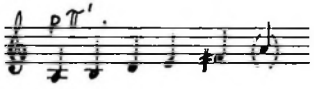
'Oh, that blood it is owre clear,
My son David, ho, son David,
That blood it is owre clear,
Come, promise, tell me true.'

'For that's the blood of my brother, John,
Hey, lady Mother, ho, lady Mother,
That's the blood of my brother, John
Because he wadnae rule by me.'

'Oh, I'm gaun awa in a bottomless boat,
In a bottomless boat, in a bottomless boat,
For I'm gaun awa in a bottomless boat,
An I'll never return again.'

'Oh, whan will you came back again,
My son David, ho son David?
Whan will you come back again?
Come, promise, tell me true.'

'When the sun an the moon meet in yon
glen,
Hey, lady Mother, ho lady Mother,
When the sun an the moon meet in yon
glen,
For I'll return again.'

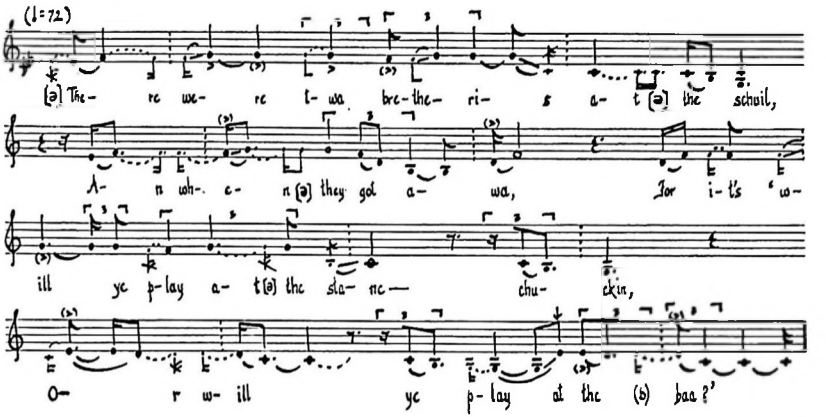


Form: ABCD

Bertrand H. Bronson, in volume I of *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads* writes: '. . . all the tunes that have been found for this ballad, save one or two, come from the Appalachians, and all have been recovered only in the present century. The ballad would seem to have died out of tradition in Scotland before Greig began his labours.' It is easy to be wiser with hindsight; nevertheless, no greater controversion of this conclusion can be imagined than the recovery of this variant from Jeannie Robertson. Hamish Henderson has noted that this (with a closely related version sung by Jeannie's aunt Margaret Stewart) 'fills the gap in the most spectacular manner.' The tune itself embodies a forthright pentatonic shape, and it is instructive to compare the stylistic variations in the two transcribed versions—recorded on separate occasions—of Jeannie's first stanza. Not only is Version 2 sung at a considerably faster tempo, it carries greater dramatic weight in the incisiveness of stress and accent. If there is any relationship with those tunes under Group B in Bronson's collection, it is certainly tenuous. One might point to the upward curve of a sixth at the outset, but thereafter Jeannie's rendering is solidly individual in its isorhythmic phrase-repetition. Particularly telling, of course, is the plunging octave leap in the final phrase. One should also note the basic cellular units (DBA, DEF# and their retrograde forms) that consolidate the pentatonic structure of the tune.

THE TWA BROTHERS Child 49

Collector: Hamish Henderson SA 1958/25 B19



There were twa bretheris at the schuil,
An when they got awa,
For it's 'Will ye play at the stane-chuckin,
Or will ye play at the baa.
Or will ye gae up tae yon bonnie, green hill,
An there we'll wrastle a faa?'*

'I willnae play at the stane-chuckin,
Or will I play at the baa,
But I'll gae up tae yon bonnie green hill,
And there we'll wrastle a faa.'

They wrastl't up, they wrastl't down,
Till John fell to the ground,
But a dirk fell out of William's pootch,
Gave John a deadly wound.†

'Oh, lift me, lift me on your back;
Tak me to yon well sae fair,
An wash the blood frae off my wound,
That it may bleed nae mair.'

He's liftit him upon his back,
Taen him to yon well sae fair;
He's washed the blood frae off his wound,
But aye it bled the mair.

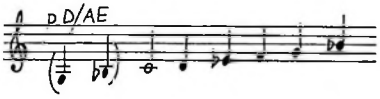
'Oh, ye'll take off my holland sark,
Rive it frae gair tae gair,
Ye'll stuff it in the bloody wound,
That it may bleed nae mair.'

* For lines 5 and 6 the second half of the tune is repeated.
† *wound* rhymes with *ground* throughout

For he's taen off his holland sark,
Rived it frae gair tae gair:
He's stuffed it in the bloody wound,
But it bled mair an mair.

'Oh lift me, lift me on your back;
Tak me tae Kirkland fair,
An dig a grave baith wide an deep
And lay my body there.

'Ye'll lay my arrows at my head,
My bent bow at my feet,
My sword an buckler by my side,
As I wes wont tae sleep.'

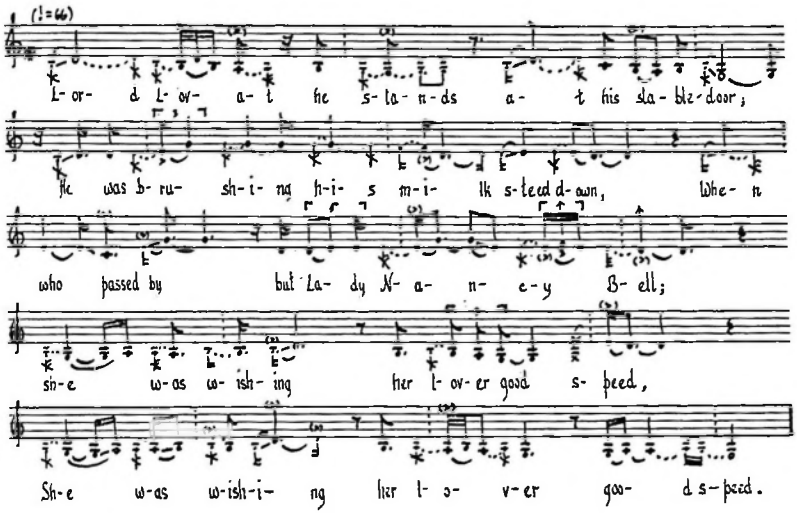


Form: ABAC

The hexatonic melody displays the frequent trait in Scots tunes of veering towards another mode from the original in its concluding phrases. The initially firm E-flat tonality (and its central cadence on the dominant) is characteristically coloured by the change to the relative minor in the last strain. The fall, however, from the upper G to the lower via C and B flat in the opening strain provides the thematic clue to the final cadence. The melodic contour prevents it from having any formal relationship with the New World variants cited by Bronson. Once again he concludes that this ballad 'appears latterly to have been lost to traditional memory in the land of its birth. No copy was found by Gavin Greig. . . . Since the early Scottish collectors failed to preserve a tune, the musical tradition is represented only in American variants.' As to the nature of the melody, a detached view would hesitate to read any overt symbolism into the modal deviation noted above, but it does seem to convey (more aptly than some other tunes associated with the ballad) something of the tragic nature of the events portrayed in the text.

LORD LOVEL (Lovat) Child 75

Collector: Hamish Henderson SA 1953/247 B8 (B1)



Lord Lovat he stands at his stable-door;
He was brushing his milk steed down,
When who passed by but Lady Nancy Bell;
She was wishing her lover good speed. (*bis*)

'Where are you going, Lord Lovat?' she said;
'Come promise, tell me true.'
'Over the sea, strange countries to see;
Lady Nancy Bell, I'll come and see you,
Lady Nancy Bell, I'll come an see.'

He was away a year or two,
But he scarcely had been three,
When a mightiful dream cam into his head:
'Lady Nancy Bell, I'll come an see you,
Lady Nancy Bell, I'll come an see.'

He passed down by the village church,
An down to Mary's hall,
An the ladies were all weeping forth. (*bis*)*

* This stanza is curiously truncated by the omission of the third line of text and melody.

'Who is dead?' Lord Lovat he said;
'Come promise, tell me true.'
'Lady Nancy Bell died for her true-lover's sake,
And Lord Lovat, that was his name.' (*bis*)

He ordered the coffin to be opened up,
And the white sheet rolled down;
He kissed her on the cold-clay lips,
An the tears came trinklin down. (*bis*)

*(JR 'I learned it about 35 years ago . . . off a very old woman . . . in Aberdeenshire. She lived in Aberdeen . . . but I think she came from Perthshire. It was Cameron or something they called her'.)

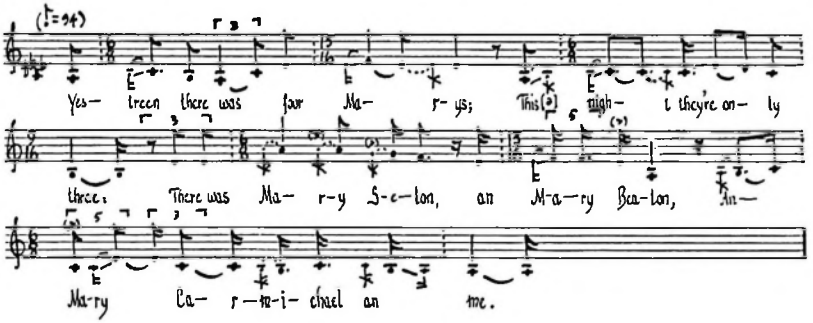
Form: ABCDE

Some justification is evident in regarding this version as a relative of the copious number of variants published by Bronson under the title 'Lord Lovel', even though the six-eight time which Bronson characterises as one of its main features is here expanded in heroic solemnity. The central cadence, as in the great majority of Bronson variants, falls on the fifth, the first cadence falling on the tonic. Likewise, the central cadence is reached by a drop from the octave above. To that extent one can perceive an affinity with the main family of tunes. What should be stressed is that this version is far from reinforcing Bronson's opinion that '. . . there is no obvious bond of sympathy between tripping melody and lachrymose text'. This is perhaps a result of examination on paper that is somewhat removed from the reality of a worthy singer in performance: it is Jeannie Robertson's grandest asset, possibly, that a ballad text as melodramatic as this one can be elevated to a tone of high tragedy in her singing. The popularity of the ballad, nevertheless, would appear to be based on the memorable character of the tune, as Bronson points out in his discussion of the other collected variants.

* The comments which follow some of the songs in this article were recorded from Jeannie Robertson after her singing.

MARY HAMILTON Child 173

Collector: Hamish Henderson SA 1953/196 B10



Yestreen there was four Marys;
This night they're only three:
There was Mary Seton, an Mary Beaton,
An Mary Carmichael an me.

A knock cam to the kitchen door;
It sounded through aa the room,
That Mary Hamilton had a wean
To the highest man in the toon.

'Where is that wean you had last night?
Where is that wean? I say.'
'I hadnae a wean to you last nicht,
Nor yet a wean to-day.'

But he searched high and he searched low,
And he searched below the bay,
And it was there he found his ain dear wee wean;
It was lyin in a pool o blood.

Yestreen there was four Marys;
This night they're only three:
There was Mary Seton, and Mary Beaton,
An Mary Carmichael an me.

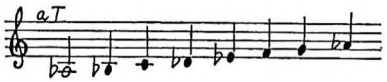
Oh, little did my mither ken,
The day she cradlet me,
The land I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee.

For oft times I hae dressed my queen,
An put gowd in her hair,
But little I got for my reward
Was the gallows to be my share.

Oh, happy, happy is the maid
That's born o beauty free,
For it was my dimplin rosy cheeks
That was the ruin o me.

Yestreen there was four Marys;
This night they're only three;
There was Mary Seton, an Mary Beaton,
And Mary Carmichael, an me.

(JR 'I heard it when I was a child. It was old people from Perthshire that I heard saying it. It was away about Blairgowrie. They didn't sing it. They used to say thir three verses, just like a poetry'. [These are verses 2, 3, and 4])

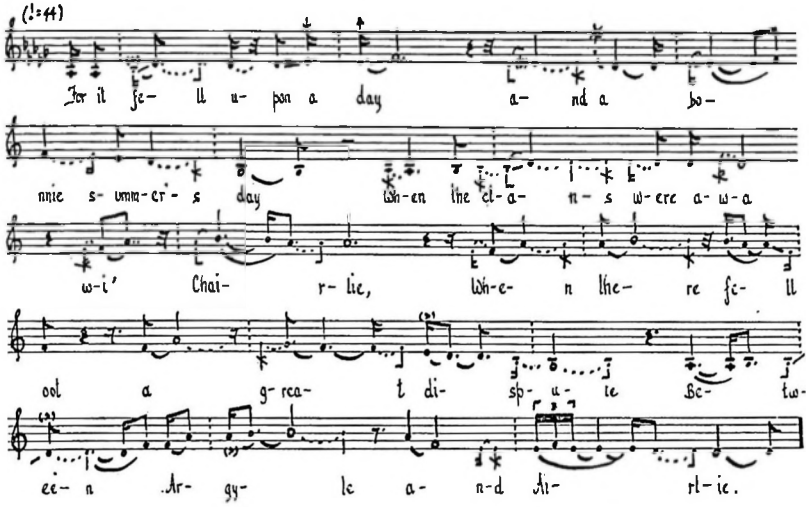


Form: ABCD

There are other extant tunes for this celebrated ballad text, but none as generally favoured as this one. It belongs to Bronson's Group D classification and is chronologically a comparative latecomer. Jeannie's version demonstrates clearly that 'artless art' which allows the phrase-lengths and individual note-values to establish their own cohesive yet plastic inter-relationships. Time-signatures are more relevant here than in some of her other ballad-renderings where the deliberate pace leads to a complete freedom from metronomic rhythm (*cf.* 'The Twa Brothers'): she simply follows the outline of the familiar melody, achieving a unique asymmetry in the balance of phrases. A barring pattern of 6/8, 15/16, 6/8, 9/16, 6/8, 13/16 and 6/8, with the occasional triplet and quintuplet group declare the feeling for shape and contour of the natural artist. A lesser singer might have straitjacketed the rhythmic shaping of the name 'Mary Beaton', for example, by means of a bare crotchet F and quaver E flat for 'Mary' and two repeated A flats on 'Beaton'. Jeannie's subtler rhythmic ambiguity effectively points the contrast with the preceding and straightforward 'Mary Seton'.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O AIRLIE Child 199

Collector: Hamish Henderson SA 1952/43 A 10



For it fell upon a day and a bonnie summer's day
When the clans were awa wi' Chairlie,
When there fell oot a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airlie.

Lady Ogilvy looked frae her high castle wall,
And, O, but she sighed sairly,
For to see Argyle and aa his men
Come to plunder the bonnie hoose o Airlie.

'Come doon, come doon, Lady Ogilvy,' he cried,
'Come doon and kiss me fairly,
For ere this mornin clear's daylight
I will no leave a stanin stane o Airlie.'

'For I wadnae come doon, you false lord,' she cried,
'Nor wad I kiss thee fairly,
I wadna come doon, you false Argyle,
Suppose you dinnae leave a stanin stane o Airlie.

'For if my good lord, he was at hame
As this night he's awa wi' Chairlie,
For it's no Argyle and aa his men
That would plunder the bonnie hoose o Airlie.

'For I have reared him seven bonnie sons
And it's the last time they'll e'er see their daddy,
But gin I had as mony o'er again
They wad aa be to follow Chairlie.'

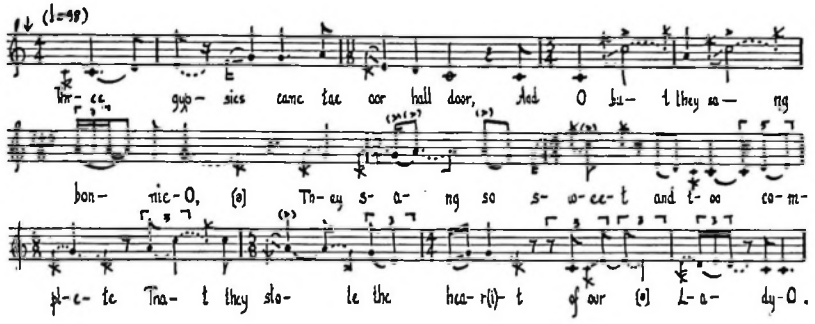
(JR remembers the 'story' which is told in the last verses but she does not 'mind' the verses themselves: 'I jest heard the auld people singin' it about 35 years ago. I've known it near all my days. I used to have all the verses.')

Form: ABCD

It is a pity, perhaps, that this tune has usurped the earlier melodies published by Smith (*The Scotish Minstrel*, 1820–4), George Thomson, Greig and others, but it could be argued that the popularity of the text of 'Loch Lomond' has guaranteed the preservation of the present tune, which is no doubt a more readily memorable air than the others. However, Jeannie's rendering asserts the integral role of the appoggiatura or leaning-note in her ballad-style: there is a natural tendency for such notes to have prominence in relation to the tonic and dominant at cadential points, though here also one sees the same inclination with the mediant, at 'day'. The majestic delivery of the tune invests it with a quality unknown to the generations of popular entertainers who have contrived to misinterpret even 'Loch Lomond' by means of a raucous march-tempo.

THE GYPSY LADDIE Child 200

Collector: Hamish Henderson SX 1958/2 A6



Three gypsies came tae oor hall door,
And O but they sang bonnie-O,
They sang so sweet and too complete
That they stole the heart of our Lady-O.

For she cam tripping down the stairs,
Her maidens stood before her-O
And when they saw her weel-fawred face
They throwed their spell oot ower her-O.

When her guid Lord came home that night
He was askin for his lady-O
The answers the servants gave tae him:
'She's awa with the gypsy laddies-O.'

'Gae saddle tae me my bonnie, bonnie black,
The broon it's ne'er sae speedy-O,
That I may go ridin this lang summer day
In search of my true lady-O.'

For he rode East and he rode West,
And he rode through Strathbogie-O,
And there he met a gey auld man
That was comin through Strathbogie-O.

For it's 'Did ye come East, or did ye come West,
Or did ye come through Strathbogie-O
And did ye see a gay lady
She was followin three gypsy laddies-O?'

For it's 'I've come East and I've come West,
And I've come through Strathbogie-O,
And the bonniest lady that e'er I saw,
She was followin three gypsy laddies-O.'

'For the very last night I crossed this river
I had Dukes and Lords to attend me-O
But this night I must put in my warm feet an wide*
And the gypsies widin before me-O.

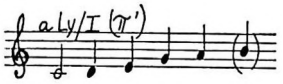
* wide = wade

'Last night I lay in a good feather bed,
My own wedded Lord beside me-O,
But this night I must lie in a cauld corn-barn
And the gypsies lyin aa roon me-O.'

For it's 'Will you give up your houses and your lands,
And will you give up your baby-O,
And will you give up your own wedded Lord,
And keep followin the gypsy laddies-O?'

For it's 'I'll give up my houses and my lands
And I'll give up my baby-O,
And I'll give up my own wedded Lord
And keep followin the gypsy laddies-O.'

They are seven brothers of us all
We all are wondrous bonnie-O.
And this very night we all shall be hanged
For the stealin of the Earl's lady-O.

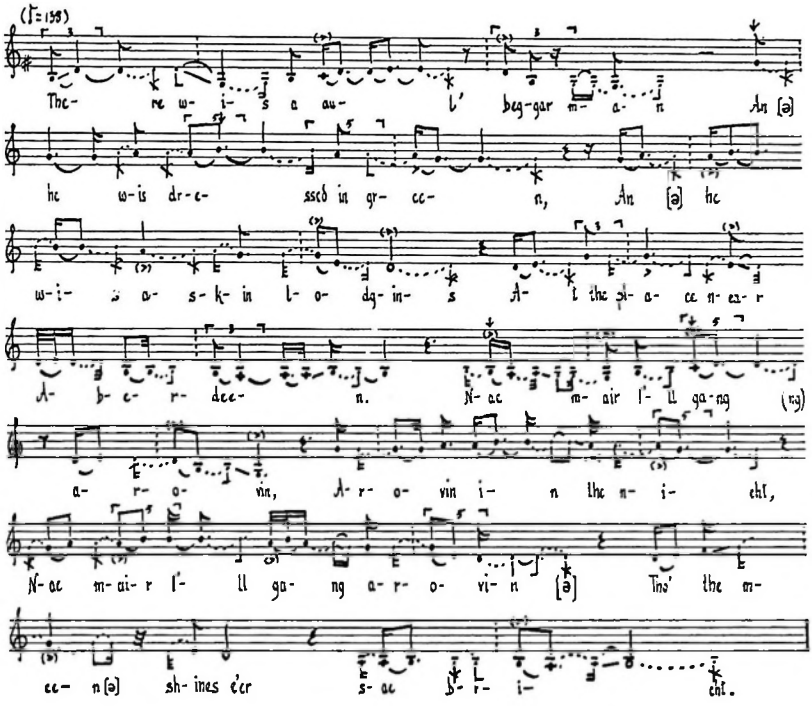


Form: ABCD

One cannot deny the pentatonic framework of this vigorous tune, though a purist would probably regard the presence of the decorative passing B as a qualification for Ly/I rather than π' classification under the Bronson system (*cf.* 'Lord Randal' *supra*). It has distinct affinities with both Bronson's A and B Groups—with Group A in its initial rising and falling sequence, and with Group B in the distinctive octave leap at the beginning of the second line (see the Greig MSS. variant, Bronson 45, for its nearest antecedent). The octave leap, interestingly, is carried to the point of a structural cornerstone in one variant from the United States, where it appears at the outset of the first three lines of each stanza (sung by Mary Jo Davis, Fayetteville, Alabama, on *Folkways Ethnic Library* FE 4530, vol. I). Perhaps it should also be pointed out that the tune itself has sired a *rifacimento* in the song 'Ploughboy, O', whose author, John MacDonald, was a bothy farm servant in his youth in the North-East, working latterly as a gamekeeper and repairer of ploughboys' melodeons. As in her 'Mary Hamilton', Jeannie imparts a more decisive rhythmic swing to the tune; its patently extrovert nature is linked psychologically to the graphic immediacy of the text.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR Child 279

Collector: Hamish Henderson SA 1962/75 A1



There wis a aul' beggar man
An he wis dressed in green,
An he wis askin lodgins
At the place near Aberdeen.

Nae mair I'll gang a-rovin,
A-rovin in the nicht,
Nae mair I'll gang a-rovin
Tho' the meen shines e'er sae bricht.

[*Repeated after each stanza*]

He widnae lie in the barn,
Nor yet intae the byre,
He widnae lie in nae ither place
But at the kitchen fire.

'For if ye had been a decent lass,
As I took you to be,
I wad a made you the queen
O' aa the counteree.'

He put his hand intae his pootch,
He gied her guineas three.
'O tak you this ma bonnie lass
For to pay the nurse's fee.'

He took a horn frae his side,
He blew it loud and shrill,
And four and twenty noblemen
Cam trippin ower the hill.

He took a penknife frae his pootch,
He let aa his duddies fall,
An he wis the brawest hielan' man
That stood amangst them all.

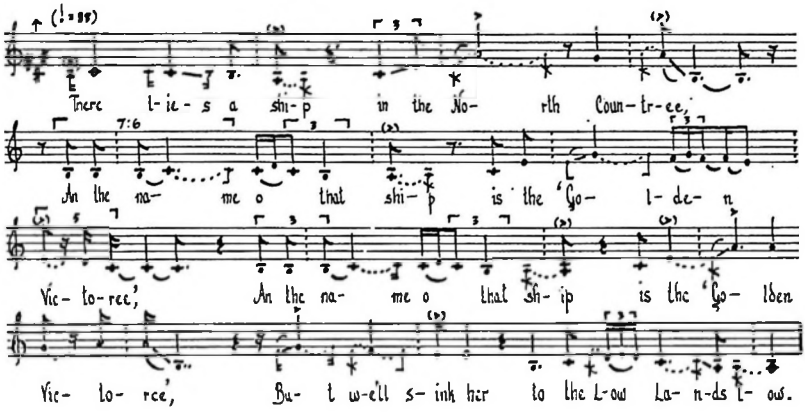
(JR 'Some says it ["brawest hielan' man"] ought to be "brawest gentleman." I don't know which is right.')

Form: ABCD (refrain also)

This tune can with advantage be compared to that of 'Lord Randal' *supra*. Both inhabit the same tonality, both stretch from the lower tonic over the compass of a tenth (in the second phrase of the tune), both are strongly pentatonic in their leanings. In range and contour they are remarkably similar. The internal rhythm of 'The Jolly Beggar' tune, however, is more pronounced by virtue of the complexity of note-values and groups, while there is an even greater degree of deliberateness in syllable-enunciation than in 'Lord Randal'. It is difficult to suggest a reason for this, other than noting that 'Lord Randal' involves only dialogue, whereas this ballad has a narrative opening. One can easily notice that the two ballads formed from direct speech are less intricate in both internal pulse and speech-pattern. It would seem proper to conclude that direct or indirect speech in the text influences the melodic style in different ways, however subtly in Jeannie's case.

THE 'SWEET TRINITY' (The 'Golden Victoree') Child 286

Collector: Hamish Henderson SA 1957/44 B5



There lies a ship in the North Countree,
An the name o that ship is the 'Golden Victoree',
An the name o that ship is the 'Golden Victoree',
But we'll sink her to the Low Lands low.

For up spoke the captain, an up spoke he:
'Is there any man on board who will sink [the/this] ship for me
Is there any man on board who will sink [the/this] ship for me,
Who will sink her to the Low Lands low?'

For up spoke the cabin-boy, an up spoke he:
'What will you give to me if I sink [the/this] ship for thee?
What will you give to me if I sink [the/this] ship for thee,
If I sink her to the Low Lands low?'

'For I will give you silver, and I will give you gold,
Besides my youngest daughter, if you turn bold,
Besides my youngest daughter, if you turn bold,
If you sink her to the Low Lands low.'

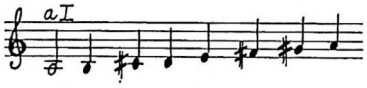
'I neither want your silver, or I neither want your gold,
But I'll take your youngest daughter, if I turn bold,
I'll take your youngest daughter, if I turn bold,
If I sink her to the Low Lands low.'

He bendit his breast, with a dagger in his hand,
An off he did go for to let the water in,
An off he did go for to let the water in,
For to sink her to the Low Lands low.

Some was playin dominoes, and others
playin draughts,
An the water comin in gave them all a
great styte,
An the water comin in gave them all a
great styte,
But he sunk her to the Low Lands low.

He bended his breast, an back he did come,
Roarin, 'Captain, dear Captain, it's will ye
let me in?'
Roarin, 'Captain, dear Captain, it's will ye
let me in,
For I've sunk her to the Low Lands low.'

(**JR** 'Now there's one or two verses I have-na . . . he died before they took him up . . . .')

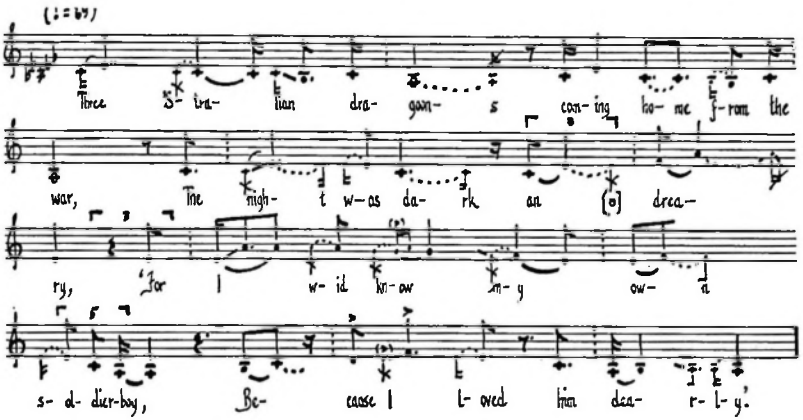


Form: ABAC

We must presume some modernity of origin for this particular melody, deferring nonetheless to the artistry with which the singer cloaks it. The downward-leaping seventh at 'Countree' and the emphasis on the leading-note G-sharp in the second and fourth lines point to a provenance suggesting the music-hall more than the Northern roads. The regularity of shape lends an artificial air to the whole, a 'composed' look to the tune. Condensed and standardised it might possibly discover its true character as a *Marsch*-Tempo cousin to 'Lili Marlene' (*cf.* the descending sequence from G-sharp to C-sharp at 'Golden Victoree'). It is a tribute to Jeannie's sense of style that tunes of all artistic hues are transformed by the singer's personality.

THE TROOPER AND THE MAID Child 299

Collector: Hamish Henderson SA 1963/84 A1



Three 'Stralian dragoons coming home
from the war,
The night was dark and dreary,
'For I wid know my own soldier-boy
Because I loved him dearly.'

She took his horse by the bridle-head,
An laid it to the stable;
Hay an corn for a pretty soldier's horse,
For to eat while it was able.

She took the lad by the lily-white hand,
An led him tae her chamber;
Cakes an wine for a pretty soldier-boy,
For to eat while he was able.

She went up the stair for to make her bed
Then soft and easy,
For she stript off her lily-white goon
Beside his hat an sabre.
For he stript off his boots and his spurs,
And they both lay down together.*

They weren't very long into bed,
When the buglet did sounded,
For the bugle it did play, an the trumpet it
did say,
'Bonnie lassie, I maun leave you.'

'Oh whan will you come back, my bonnie
soldier-boy,
To be the wee thing's daddie?'
'When cockleshells growes in silver bells,
Bonnie lassie, we'll get mairried.'

* For lines 5 and 6 the second half of the tune is repeated.

Form: ABCD

One cannot but remark on the similarity of the twin opening phrases here to those of 'Lord Lovel', and to a lesser extent the low-pitched, arch-like beginnings of 'Lord Randal' and 'The Sweet Trinity'. These cellular structures, it could be argued, indicate a certain thematic—or at least motivic-stylistic—unity in the singer's ballad presentation. One would shrink from elevating the incidence of these structures to the point of a principle; however, they could well be interpreted as intermittently-recurring initial formulas against which the rising pitch-curve of the consequent gains in contrast. The third and fourth lines are sharply differentiated, modally speaking, from the simple pentatonic structure of lines 1 and 2 through the addition of the stressed melody notes G-flat and D-flat. The effect of sentiment produced somewhat deprives the tune of its earlier heroic promise.

*East Sutherland By-Naming**

NANCY C. DORIAN

There are few areas in eastern Scotland where Gaelic still remains the language of daily use, and those which exist are usually isolated islands of Gaelic surrounded by vast expanses of English. The northernmost Gaelic pocket of this kind is located on the coastal fringe of East Sutherland, in the villages of Brora, Golspie, and Embo. There were about 200 speakers of the local East Sutherland Gaelic in the area in 1964, more than half of them in Embo. Perhaps as many again live in the various industrial areas of Britain, and probably the majority of these exiles visit the home area from time to time and use Gaelic at least sporadically.

The persistence of Gaelic in East Sutherland is the result of a peculiar social and economic history. The present-day local speakers are descended from inland Clearance victims who were forced to take to fishing to survive when removed to the coast. These exiles made a place for themselves on the margins of an agricultural area as a distinct occupational group, fishermen among crofters and tradesmen. The occupational schism which arose was mirrored in the social patterns of the area, and the fisherfolk remained a sharply separate group until well into the present century, when the failure of the local fishing industry destroyed their occupation, and with it their unique identity.[1]

The social and even residential separateness of the fisherfolk led to considerable inter-marriage and a high concentration of a few family names within the East Sutherland Gaelic population. 30 of the 42 local Gaelic speakers resident in Brora in 1964 had the family names Sutherland, MacRae, or MacDonald; 49 of Golspie's 54 speakers had one of those same three names. In Embo 82 out of 105 speakers bore the names MacKay, Ross, or Fraser, with the first greatly predominating (56 MacKays in the 82). These same six surnames are also dominant among the East Sutherland Gaelic speakers living elsewhere in Britain.

Since certain favourite Christian names also occur with very high frequency in this population, it is extremely common for more than one person to have exactly the same sequence of given and family names. There were 5 contemporaneous John MacRaes in Brora at one point, and at least 13 William MacKays in Embo. Under such circumstances it is apparent that a person's official set of names is of little use in

* This paper is a summary of a paper entitled 'A Substitute Name-system in the Scottish Highlands'. The summary appears with the permission of *American Anthropologist*, in which the original paper is scheduled for publication in 1970.

identifying him, and in fact official names are practically non-occurrent within the Gaelic communities. Instead, 'by-names' are used, regularly as terms of reference, and occasionally also as terms of address.

In Gaelic-speaking East Sutherland by-names are nearly universal, but not all by-names are used in the same way. Rather they fall into several distinct groups according to their potential offensiveness, and the rules for using them vary accordingly. There are three principal groups: by-names which are never offensive to the person named, by-names which are always offensive to the person named, and by-names which are offensive or not according to the identity of the user.

The commonest variety of by-name is also the only variety which is reliably inoffensive. This is the basic genealogical by-name, which consists in East Sutherland of the individual's Christian name, often in a diminutive-affectionate form, followed by the Christian name of either his father or his mother, again often in a diminutive-affectionate form. A fictitious example, but one composed of actual local elements,[2] might be [ʒesi ɛ̃:ni] 'Jessie Johnny'. Often there is a possessive element consisting of the preposition *aig* 'at' interposed between the two names: [ʃĩ:n ig ʒimag] 'Jimmag's Jean'. There seems to be no social significance attached to the choice of father's name versus mother's name as the genealogical tag in the by-name. In fact, it is not uncommon for a family of siblings to be split down the middle, with some of the children by-named after the father and some after the mother. Sometimes an individual develops alternative by-names, one with his father's name as tag and another with his mother's name as tag: both may continue in use, but among different sets of people.

Only two generations are included in East Sutherland by-names, normally the individual's own and the parental generation. Rarely, the parental generation is skipped over and a grandparent's given name is used as genealogical tag: the reason may be that the grandparent is a rare and forceful character, or that the child is illegitimate and has been raised by a grandparent rather than by the actual mother. A husband's name may also come to compete with a parent's as the tag in a woman's by-name, so that she has a genuinely genealogical by-name which is chronologically prior, and a pseudo-genealogical by-name which is acquired by marriage.

Although it is very common for a child to have the same given name as a parent, there is a general tendency to avoid repetition of any name in exactly the same form. Instead, the second-generation individual gets a slightly different diminutive form of the name in question, for example: [ʒɔni ʒɔn:a] 'Johnny Johnna'.

The relatively small number of people who have double given names (*e.g.* John James, Isobel Ann) are normally referred to by just their own two given names, provided that there is no one else in the village with exactly the same set of double given names. But if there is a need to identify such a person very particularly (say for the benefit of someone who has been away from the community for a long time), most people with double given names will prove to have genealogical tags available as well. However rarely these may be used, they are genuine genealogical by-names and not

spur-of-the-moment creations to fill a temporary need; informants resisted experimental creation of genealogical by-names by analogy as unintelligible, when I coined some for people who seemed not to have any—demonstrating that genealogical by-names must be established by usage in order to be viable.

Since genealogical by-names commonly affect a whole group of siblings, the family as a whole sometimes comes to have a *collective* genealogical by-name. A family group by-named after the father [dõ:l'i] 'Donelly' might come to be known collectively as [nʏ dõ:l'iç] 'The Donnellies', for example.

There are not many by-names aside from the basic genealogical variety that are inoffensive enough to be used freely and openly. Among the descriptive by-names—that is, those by-names which identify individuals in terms of physical characteristics, occupation, or place of residence or origin—there are some which can be used with impunity. This is true for example of by-names in which the second element is *beag*, literally 'small', but used here to mean 'young' or 'junior': [tɔm:a veg] 'Young Tomma' (as opposed to a father, grandfather, or the like who was also a 'Tomma').

Another variety of by-name which sometimes provides an inoffensive, freely usable designation is what I call the nonsense by-name. Most of these by-names have no lexical content and consist simply of meaningless syllables. But by-names can also usefully be considered lexically 'empty', even if they happen to coincide with an actual word, so long as the users of the by-name refuse to connect the by-name with the 'word' of the same shape.[3] And finally, if a by-name coincides with a perfectly ordinary name, such as 'Jim' or 'MacTavish', and yet the person so designated has not actually got James or MacTavish as any part of his official name, the by-name is in effect a nonsense by-name.[4] Since a nonsense by-name by definition has no obvious connection with the person it designates, its offensiveness or inoffensiveness is totally unpredictable to an outsider, even a Gaelic-speaking outsider. Nonsense by-names are in fact much more likely to be offensive than not; but an occasional one can be used freely.

Although the bulk of East Sutherland's by-names are actually offensive to the people designated (aside from the neutral genealogical by-names), there is only one variety of by-name that is predictably offensive as a whole group, namely the derisive by-names. These by-names, like the descriptive by-names, are based on an actual attribute of the person in question. But where the descriptive by-names are objective, embodying an identifying attribute rather dispassionately, the derisive by-names invariably reflect a critical or hostile view of the attribute involved. If a man who has lost his hair is by-named 'Baldy', for example, the by-name is a straightforward description of the resultant state; but if he is by-named 'The Hairy Ape', or 'Curly', an element of fun-poking or mockery has appeared. Such derisive by-names are quite common in East Sutherland, and they are sometimes painfully pointed. What's more, the few East Sutherland by-names that on the face of it seem to be flattering are actually derisive in intent: any by-name which sounds like praise is sure to be intended to cut

the bearer down to size in the public regard. It is hardly necessary to say that all of these derisive by-names can only be used with the greatest circumspection, since violent objection would be made if an individual overheard such a by-name applied to himself or to his family or friends.

Besides the derisive by-names, many of the descriptive by-names are offensive to the designee. A man may not like to be reminded that he is bald, or lame, or stout, even if it is obviously true, and so he may take exception to hearing himself described by reference to an attribute he finds unflattering. People also often object to the nonsense by-names they have acquired, although the reason for the offensiveness of many nonsense by-names is less obvious.

It is largely nonsense by-names, with perhaps an occasional descriptive by-name, that make up the groups of by-names which are offensive or not according to the identity of the user. Some individuals tolerate the use of a nonsense by-name from a friend or contemporary, while they would resent its use by a younger man or a recent acquaintance. Such nonsense by-names as are tolerated in this way, along with a few which are completely accepted by the designee no matter what the status of the user, constitute the only group of by-names that seem to be used in direct address as well as referentially.

Descriptive, derisive, and nonsense by-names are all quite common, but as independent types they are nowhere near so prevalent as the basic genealogical by-names. What gives these three non-genealogical varieties their greatest currency, actually, is that they have been absorbed into the genealogical pattern: a man's nonsense, derisive, or descriptive by-name very often appears instead of his given name as the genealogical tag in his children's by-names. The children of a man named George, but called [hwʏitag] 'Whitey' because of his very fair hair, will probably be called [me:ri hwʏitag] 'Mary Whitey', [bilag hwʏitag] 'Billag Whitey', and so forth, rather than [me:ri šorʏs] 'Mary George and [bilag šorʏs] 'Billag George', so that the father's descriptive by-name will be perpetuated. The offensiveness of such a 'secondary' genealogical by-name depends on the offensiveness of the parental by-name; if the father objected to being called [hwʏitag], the children will also object to that by-name being incorporated into their genealogical by-names.

The chief reason that genealogical by-names so predominate in East Sutherland is that whatever other by-names a person has, he will often have a genealogical by-name as well, whether of the 'primary' type with a parent's actual given name as genealogical tag or of the 'secondary' type with a parent's by-name as genealogical tag. Many individuals have both genealogical and descriptive by-names, for instance, or both genealogical and nonsense by-names. The frequency of multiple by-names for one and the same person is the best indication that by-names in East Sutherland have more than a merely utilitarian function.

The sheer utility of by-names in communities where so many people have identical names is beyond question. The inoffensive by-names, available for open use by anyone

at any time, are genuinely indispensable to communication. A genealogical by-name of the primary type, whether or not it is ordinarily in use within the community, is usually available for reference and will be produced immediately if any question of identification arises. In fact, community members will freely introduce their own genealogical or descriptive by-names (provided the latter are inoffensive) to identify themselves if the need arises—for example, when meeting an emigrant who has returned to East Sutherland for a visit after many years away.

But if identification were the sole function of the by-names, no one would have more than one, and we have seen that this is not the case. By-names have at least two other functions: they serve as an index of social solidarity, and they entertain.

Because offensive by-names are exactly that and are capable of causing serious social rupture if used in the wrong company, the actual use of an offensive by-name takes on great social significance. An individual can only use a highly offensive by-name in the company of like-minded people—that is, among friends who share with him the generally critical, patronising, or otherwise socially-distanced attitude that an offensive by-name inevitably expresses toward the man or woman it attaches to. The assumptions are that all members of the group share the same stance toward the offensively by-named person, and that no member of the group will betray the use of the offensive by-name to parties who would take offence. Thus the user of an offensive by-name indicates his oneness with, and his confidence in, the people in whose presence he uses that by-name.

Refusal to use a highly offensive by-name is of course equally an act of social support, but in this case support for the individual who bears the by-name. Near relatives and close friends can generally be counted on to adopt the stance of the by-named person, so that if he finds his by-name offensive, they will object to it, too, on his behalf.

In the case of the highly offensive by-names, use or non-use of the by-names serves as a measure of social solidarity among fellow-users or fellow non-users. On the other hand, where offensiveness comes and goes with the identity of the user, the open use of a by-name indicates solidarity in another direction, namely between the user and the person named. Inoffensive by-names are of course incapable of reflecting social solidarity in either of these directions, since they may be openly used by any one at all.

Similarly, inoffensive by-names are too straightforward as designations to have any entertainment value. But the offensive by-names, pointed as they are, have great power to amuse. The people who use them relish their trenchancy, and often the humorous associations connecting the by-name to the person named are so rich that the mere mention of the by-name produces hilarity in a group of friends who use it among themselves. It is noticeable, too, how rich a stream of anecdote and incident tends to be released at the mention of an offensive by-name; inoffensive by-names are far less likely to produce this result. Either the most colourful people attract vivid by-names, or the existence of a vivid by-name provides a mnemonic link to colourful incident; or perhaps both tendencies exist and reinforce each other.

By-names are easily acquired in Gaelic-speaking East Sutherland. Genealogical by-names are practically a birthright, and non-genealogical by-names can be evoked by almost any individual trait or trivial incident. The emergence of a new by-name is probably only a symptom of what must be a constant flow of dubbing: some epithets are an instant success and adhere to an individual ever after, while others are immediately forgotten. By-names do come and go. One informant laughingly supplied a nonsense by-name by which she was known in her youth, although no one ever calls her by that name now. She had only a vague idea of how she came by this early by-name and none at all of why people stopped calling her so. Another man commonly goes by a descriptive by-name which he can only have acquired in middle life, since he was already in his forties when he took the job that supplies the by-name. Before that he seems to have been called mainly by a genealogical by-name, which of course he still retains, although it is now rarely used. But for the most part by-names, once acquired, are stable, within at least a certain circle. If an individual has multiple by-names, two different groups of people may each refer to him by a different by-name, but they will generally be consistent in their usage even though well aware of the alternative by-name.

The strength of by-naming in East Sutherland is reflected in the fact that the practice has been carried over into the English-speaking population. All varieties of by-name flourish among the English speakers except for the genealogical. The reason for the lack of genealogical by-names is simple: the numerically and socially dominant part of the English-speaking population consists of 'incomers', and since no one on the local scene knew their parents, there is no possibility of identifying them by referring to a familiar parental generation. On the other hand, descriptive, derisive, and nonsense by-names are in very general use among all segments of the English-speaking population: incomers, natives, and the mono-lingual English-speaking offspring of Gaelic parents alike. The force of the by-naming habit in this area is illustrated well by the case of an English-speaking incomer who had lived all his life in various parts of the northeast Highlands without acquiring a by-name before he came to East Sutherland as a middle-aged man. His wife was overheard using an endearment in speaking to him, and overnight he acquired that endearment as an unshakeable by-name. There are people in the area today who know him by his by-name alone and have no idea what his actual family name is—as in fact is often the case in both the English-speaking and the Gaelic-speaking communities, since even in the former the by-name may come to overshadow the official name.

Perhaps the greatest interest in the by-naming practices in East Sutherland lies in the transfer of the institution from one group within the population to the population at large. The penchant for by-names exists here because this area was once inhabited primarily by a Celtic society in which the bulk of the population shared a very few clan names. This Celtic society is long since reduced to a sub-group within a heavily English-speaking population, and the Gaelic language is nearing extinction on the local

scene. Yet despite the fact that the introduction of a great variety of non-Celtic names has enormously diminished the utilitarian function of by-names in the area, the value of by-names as entertainment and as an index of social solidarity has been great enough to ensure that by-naming as an institution will long outlive the Gaelic-speaking society that gave rise to it.

NOTES

1 Gaelic speech was not originally part of the separate identity of the fisherfolk, since the agricultural population was also Gaelic-speaking. But the extinction of Gaelic among the crofters has run a half-century ahead of its extinction among the fisherfolk, and Gaelic is only now as terminal in the erstwhile fishing population as it was 50 years ago in the agricultural population. Because of this linguistic lag, the use of Gaelic has been a significant social marker for some decades past; and indeed, since the petering out of the fishing industry in the 1930s and 1940s, Gaelic speech has become the single greatest sign of a social division which was once primarily occupational.

2 All examples of by-names given here, unless identified as actual, are coined in this way.

3 This is the case with the actual by-name of a (deceased) East Sutherlander called [ali e:u]. The second element of this by-name coincides with the local word for 'a shout' [e:u], but informants rejected any connection between the by-name and the word 'shout'.

4 By-names of this kind are not uncommon in East Sutherland, and it is possible, as an informant has suggested, that they come from football games, where boys are sometimes called after a local or national figure who plays in the same position.

A Maker of Illicit Stills

I. A. GLEN

The history of illicit distillation in Scotland has been recounted many times in a variety of publications. There have been romantic accounts of smuggling, of guerilla warfare against Excise men, and official reports giving the number of detections made, or fines levied on offenders infringing Excise laws. Ill-advised legislation was a major contributory factor in generating the tide of illicit distilling and smuggling which characterised Scotland in the early nineteenth century, when for more than twenty years the country endured all the excesses associated in modern times with the period of Prohibition in the United States of America.

Little or nothing has been known about the supply of equipment to the illicit distillers, hence the Still Books of Robert Armour are not only of considerable value but also of unique interest in this respect. The firm of Robert Armour, Plumber and Coppersmith, was established in Campbeltown, Argyll, in 1811. Armour was a well known name in Kintyre, and the family may have derived some of its initial capital from agriculture, from malting, and from distilling. *The Report from the Commission upon the Distilleries in Scotland* (1799) shows that one at least, James Armour, had been guilty of illicit distilling in the South Argyle Collection prior to 1798. (P.P. 1803 : 597–8). Colville (1923) refers to a licence, dated 1791, reproduced in *The Wine and Spirit Trade Record*, 14 December 1922, issued in the name of James Armour, Junior, and to another in the same name, dated 1796, which was preserved at Hazelburn Distillery, Campbeltown. Other Armours were connected with Meadowburn Distillery (founded in 1824) and with Glenside Distillery (1835), both in Campbeltown. The family, in company with many of the customers whom they supplied with distilling utensils, may have been Ayrshire settlers who came to Kintyre between 1660 and 1760.

The Still Books were found among family papers, and they cover the period from May 1811 to September 1817. There are four jotters, now bound together into one volume of manuscripts, entitled *Old Smuggling Stills*, which forms a simple sales record. The only portion of the Still Books which is missing is some pages at the end of the second jotter.

Distilling in Kintyre

There was little or no practice of distilling in Kintyre prior to the seventeenth century; rent for the farm of Crosshill in 1636 included six quarts of aquavitae payable by the

PLATE I. Illicit distillers at work, probably in Kintyre *c.* 1890. (Photograph reproduced by kind permission of the Kintyre Antiquarian Society, and of the Controller, H.M. Stationery Office, photograph/drawings, National Monuments Record of Scotland.)

town of Lochhead (Campbeltown), but it is not clear that this spirit was distilled locally (McKerral 1948:37–8). Distilling appears to have become well established by the mid-eighteenth century, although as late as 1772 whisky was described as 'a modern liquor', because in former times spirits had been prepared from herbs, and ale was in common use (Pennant 1772:194). The activity experienced fluctuating prosperity depending principally upon changes in Excise legislation, and also on the availability of grain supplies.

About 1795, next to herring fishing, the distilling of whisky was the major industry of Campbeltown. The *Statistical Account of Scotland* (1794,x:556) gives the following details:

Parish of Campbeltown, c.1795

Location	*No. of stills*	*Bolls distilled*	*Produce in gallons*
In the town	22	5,500	19,800
In the country	10	2,134	6,350
	32	7,634	26,150

The whisky was disposed of throughout the bordering highland areas, which 'brought profit to a few individuals . . . but was ruinous to the community'. The parish minister advocated a duty so punitive that it would amount to a prohibition, and he commented on the situation: 'When a man may get half an English pint of potent spirits or, in other words, get completely drunk for 2d. or 3d. many will not be sober' (S.A. 1794,x:556 *et seq.*).

There were other disadvantages arising from distilling in the Campbeltown area, and elsewhere in Argyll. Recurrent scarcities of grain were troublesome: for example, Pennant noted that despite the quantity of bere raised, there was a dearth, the inhabitants of Kintyre 'being mad enough to convert their bread into poison', distilling annually six thousand bolls of grain into whisky (Pennant 1772:194). In 1782–3 the harvest failed and acute distress was caused among the poor of the burgh of Campbeltown. The Commissioners of Supply took steps to forbid the making of whisky, at the same time ordering all private stills throughout Argyll to be confiscated (Colville 1923). The distilling of whisky was again prohibited from 1795 to 1797 owing to grain shortages occasioned by the Napoleonic Wars. In 1812, there was another dearth of grain in Argyll. At that time, it was estimated that 20,000 bolls were converted annually into whisky in the county, of which over 50 per cent was being made illicitly in Kintyre, and over 30 per cent in Campbeltown alone (Smith 1813–15:91).

Bere, or bear (*hordeum sativum vulgare*), a four-rowed type of barley, was grown in preference to any other crop for the express purpose of distilling. In 1811, bere was

reported to form one half of the Hebridean crop acreage: it was 14 to 21 days earlier in ripening than other cereals, and required a growing season of 10 to 15 weeks. Seaweed was a sufficient manure, and bere was capable of maturing on poor soils in moist conditions (MacDonald 1811:196). Much of the crop was wasted however, because of the primitive techniques of illegal malting which led to grain being steeped in ponds and puddles before being spread out on muddy fields, or in bothies or caves, to germinate.

Farmers found a ready market for their harvest, and had quick sales among illicit distillers (P.P. 1823, Appendix 63:172.). Despite the spoiling of the crop during malting, such obvious gains were made in smuggling that the exportation of spirits seems at least to have paid for the import of cereals for food. Whenever legal distilling was brought to a halt, illicit distilling increased, and deficiencies of meal and flour had to be made good by importation.

In good years there were grain surpluses in Argyll, when bere and malt were available for export to the islands (P.P. 1803:751). Conversely in Tiree, barley was a major export, followed by cattle and kelp, but from time to time, deficiences occurred even there and imports were necessary (Cregeen 1964:16 *et seq.*). It is clear therefore that in the more favoured areas of Argyll, bere for whisky-making was widely grown.

After 1817, when licensed distilleries began to be re-established in Campbeltown, there were irregularities in the grain trade of the Burgh. Duncan Stewart, factor to the Duke of Argyll, resided there about 1822, and he was aware that Customs officials had often been defrauded by imports of barley being described as bere (P.P. 1823, Appendix 68:188). As there were many registered malt kilns in the town, considerable quantities of bere were brought in for malting. Barley yielded *more* alcohol than did bere, but distillers and maltsters contended that they could not tell the difference between the two types of grain. Malt made from barley paid a duty of 2s. per bushel, whereas malt made from bere paid only 9d. per bushel. Hence when barley came into Campbeltown harbour from England or Ireland it was passed off to the Customs authorities as bere, and paid a lower duty. This reduction was intended to compensate for its smaller potential yield of sugars for conversion to alcohol.

About the year 1820 in west Kintyre, whenever the factors or agents for the lairds intimated that rent was due for collection, and specified a day, 'it frequently happened that the poor tenants had not converted a particle of the produce of their farms into cash'. In such a predicament the practice of the tenantry was to draw upon a Campbeltown maltster (known as 'the customer'), who advanced a sum of money upon the promise of securing all the bere which the tenants could sell during winter and spring: the maltsters had their own agreements about the grain prices that were paid to the tenants (N.S.A. 1845:390–1). Similar transactions took place in Kildalton, Islay, where the creation of a buyer's market, so unfavourable to the poor farmers, was deplored (S.A. 1794, XI:296).

Attitudes of the Landowners

From 1786 onwards, there was a succession of enactments relating to the production of spirits in Scotland. Government attitudes to illicit distilling were uncertain. There was annoyance at the loss of revenue, concern at the social depravity and the profusion of dram shops, coupled with an inabilty to decide whether to give whole-hearted support to legal distillers in Scotland, or to secure revenue by severe restrictions on distillery operation. Obstructive regulations merely left the way open, albeit unintentionally, for the illicit distillers and smugglers to whom high duties were a bounty.

The 1798–9 Report alleged that landed proprietors in Kintyre even promoted private distillation, because they wished to receive their rents. Accordingly, smugglers could often count on the protection of partial Justices of the Peace, who were mainly landowners, if they were unfortunate enough to come before the courts (Smith 1813–15:88). Duncan Stewart, Argyll's Factor, saw how the Justices modified fines to suit the circumstances of the people brought before them, otherwise the law would have been unworkable and the prisons overpopulated (P.P. 1823, Appendix 68:188).

There was a determination on the Argyll Estates to suppress illicit distilling. Prior to 1772, the Duke of Argyll had attempted to discourage smuggling on his lands. He was reputed to oblige all his tenants to enter into articles to forfeit £5 and their still if detected, but the trade was so profitable that the people preferred to take risks (Pennant 1772:194).

Until the levying of heavy still licence fees in 1786, farms in the island of Tiree had commonly at least one still each, producing both for local consumption and for export to neighbouring areas. A volume of 200 to 300 gallons of whisky was exported each year. The rents from the farms were largely paid out of the proceeds of these whisky sales. The crushing of the cottage industry of distilling brought some hardship to the islanders, and embarassment to the proprietor (Cregeen 1964: 16 *et seq.*).

In 1789–90, two legal distilleries were functioning in Tiree, which used locally grown grain, as well as supplies brought from Appin and the Clyde area, and imported coal. When grain was lacking in 1794, all distilling was stopped, but the tenants continued to make their barley into whisky illegally (*op. cit.*:30).

The Duke of Argyll tried various methods in attempting to defeat the smugglers. He was primarily interested in increasing his rents, and as grain was a scarce and expensive commodity during the French wars, he stood to gain more by taking payments in kind, with a view to selling in mainland markets, than by taking payments in money. Illicit distilling defeated this purpose, making him the poorer, and accordingly very angry with his tenants. In 1800, for instance, he announced his intention of accepting rent payments in kind—the barley was to be surrendered on the pretext that this would prevent its being made into whisky. This policy did not meet with much success, as in the following year no less than 157 persons were convicted before the Justices of the Peace on charges of illicit distilling (*op. cit.*:50–3).

The Duke therefore insisted that the malefactors pay up every farthing of rent which was owing and determined to evict them if they did not comply. Furthermore, one out of every ten of the smugglers, 'the most idle and worthless', was to be deprived of his possessions and of the Duke's protection. It was difficult for the Duke's Chamberlain in Tiree to carry out these orders, when compassion was aroused for motherless children and war veterans who would thus have suffered. Hence it was proposed that the tenants should be paid 40s. on their removal from the island, but there was a further mitigation. The initial offences had been committed in 1801, but the delinquents were still in Tiree in 1803 (*op. cit.*:63.).

In the interval, other instances of illicit distillation were detected. It was discovered that grain had been secretly shipped to Ireland to be distilled. There was also mounting unrest and opposition to the reorganisation of runrig: tenants had shown themselves ready to emigrate rather than conform. Even persons under summons of removal secretly contrived to work off a few bolls before their stills and worms were confiscated (*op. cit.*:65).

When improvements were attempted in Arran about 1814, there was similar opposition to letting in lots, and to road construction. Robert Brown, factor to the Duke of Hamilton, noted that people were especially defiant in districts where smuggling was practised (P.P. 1823, Appendix 63:166 *et seq.*). For instance, illicit distilling was of limited importance in the north of Arran because fishing was of greater consequence there, but elsewhere smuggling was common, and the tenants, like those in Tiree, were alleged to be in touch with the Irish. The lawless ones carried off the road tools, and began to break down new houses in course of erection. The Duke of Hamilton threatened to drive smugglers from the island (*ibid.*).

One remedy for illicit distilling was sought by establishing legal distilleries controlled by the lairds, who set up small licensed stills which they leased to tenants in order that production might be supervised. The local market for whisky would thereby be satisfied, thus removing a *raison d'être* for the peasants possessing stills of their own, but care had to be taken that smugglers had no opportunity of retaining and converting their crop of bere into whisky. The Duke of Argyll was unsuccessful in setting up a licensed distillery in Tiree, since no-one could be found willing to undertake the making of whisky in a legal way, presumably because the legislative complexities made the venture unprofitable, and there was the risk of competition from smugglers (Cregeen 1964:54).

Other measures advocated included moderate duties combined with an improvement in the quality of legally made spirits, or, alternatively, the production of good ale. An 1811 review noted that an excess of grain was being exported from Islay to Kintyre, there to be converted into whisky, because Campbell of Shawfield, a proprietor in Islay, did all in his power to prevent illicit distilling and smuggling. He went so far as to build a brewery, the only one in the Western Isles, to encourage the drinking of beer (MacDonald 1811:617).

Habits were not readily changed and the people preferred strong spirits to ale (*op. cit.* 207). Lairds sometimes found that the desire to put down illicit distilling conflicted with the necessity of securing their rents. Argyll's factor wrote that 'in spite of all that an enlightened landlord can do, illicit distillation will be practised in the Hebrides as long as the present absurd regulations concerning the Scotch distilleries remain in force' (P.P. 1823, Appendix 68:168).

Legislative Changes

As Britain became involved in the wars of the late eighteenth century, the tax on excisable liquors increased. In the Highlands, the outcome was that whisky was prepared in stills of the small size permitted for private use, under the pretence of being solely for that purpose, and not for commerce, but the trade in whisky eventually passed almost entirely into the hands of illicit or private distillers.

Until 1786, the duty on whisky made in Scotland was levied on the basis of a presumptive number of gallons distilled from a known quantity of wash. At that date, an annual licence duty was introduced, based on the gallonage of still content, while the levy on malt used in distillation was partially remitted. As far as the licensed distillers in Campbeltown were concerned, the greatest disincentive came in 1797 when the licence duty was raised to £9 per gallon of still content in the Middle District of Excise in which Kintyre was situated. Legal distilleries thereafter ceased to exist in Campbeltown for a twenty year period—from 1797 to 1817 (Colville 1923). Meanwhile illicit distilling developed on an unparalleled scale, which is a sufficient commentary on the unsuitability of the legislation. The smuggling of illicit whisky became endemic throughout the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. Legal distillers were forced out of business; some of them took to illegal whisky making, while persons who had been accustomed to produce their own whisky for private consumption quickly saw the possibilities of marketing their production on a commercial scale and endeavoured 'to better their condition by having recourse to smuggling . . . an unholy and unpatriotic traffic' (N.S.A. 1845:410).

In desperation, the Government of 1814 prohibited the use of stills of smaller capacity than 500 gallons in the Highlands. This measure signally failed to promote the establishment of large-scale licensed units, and distilling remained underground. A year later the tax on stills was abolished, but instead a high duty of 9s. 4½d. per gallon of spirit was imposed, which virtually cancelled out any benefit which might have ensued from the revision of the still content system of licensing. There were further changes until a wholesale revision was carried through in 1822–3, when an annual licence fee of £10, in conjunction with a modest duty on spirits, laid the foundation for the growth of the modern Scotch Whisky industry.

The Still Books of Robert Armour

The first nineteenth-century licensed distillery in Campbeltown was erected in the Longrow in 1817 by John Beith & Company (Colville 1923). Indeed a 'John Bieth', in association with others, was one of the regular clients of Robert Armour prior to 1817; his name figures several times in the Still Books. It is not unlikely that John Beith endeavoured to keep his craft active during the hiatus in legal distilling, and once conditions for legitimate trade appeared more reasonable, he obtained a licence.

It is regrettable that the Still Books cease in 1817 because it would have been useful to know whether Robert Armour's business was also deflected towards legality and whether he began supplying equipment to the new licensed distilleries which were set up in Campbeltown in increasing numbers from 1817 onwards, when there may have been less need for his services in an illegal capacity. Many Scotch whisky distilleries owe their origins to illicit beginnings. The names of some of the distilling families of Campbeltown recur throughout the Still Books—Colvilles, Fergusons, Greenlees, Harvies, Johnstons, Reids, Mitchells and Galbraiths, among others—as purchasers of utensils for private distilling (P.P. 1834:229; Wright 1963:486).

From the Still Books, it appears that Robert Armour, the founder was the principal workman, although the employment of a lad is mentioned. Initially, the business was a small scale family enterprise which seems to have used the cover of a plumber's shop to conceal its principal function as a manufactory of distilling equipment, mainly still bodies, heads, and worms (see Fig. 1).

The first two pages of the Still Books read as follows:

Samuel Harvie

August 16, 1811		
To a body	23 lib.	
To a head	6 lib.	10 oz.
August 21		
To a body	13 lib.	8oz.
	£5	6 3

Daniel Kelly Smith

August 21
To a worm 6½ lib. at 2/6 £0 16 3

Mary Kelly, Jene Taylor, Barbra McTagart, Lochend

Sept. 8
To a worm £1 : 2 : 6
To repair a Body & Head 2 : 6

Archibald McKendrick, Mrs. Thomson, Widow Johnston, Florance Armour & Co., Longrow

August 29
To a body 13 lib. 8oz. at 2/6 per lib. £1.13. 9.
" a head 5 lib. 6oz. 13. 4½
" a worm 9 lib. 1. 2. 6

£3. 9. 7½
By cash from Widow Johnston £0.10. 0
By cash from Arch. McKendrick 1.10. 0
By cash from Mrs. Thomson 1. 0. 0
By cash 1. 9. 7½

3. 9. 7½

Alexander Craig, Nockniha

Sep 13.

	£	s	d
To going out to Repair a body		1	6
To copr. pack & Souther 2 lib	0	4	8
To a worm 11¾ lib. (By 2 lib. of their own makes 9¾ at 2/6)	1	4	4
Oct. 4 To cash for an old still		10	0
1812 To cash for the ladd for nailes			6

Throughout the Still Books all entries have been heavily scored out, showing that payment was eventually effected, and in many cases this cancellation obscures much detail. The total value of work done, materials used, and goods supplied by Armour between 1811–17 amounts to over £2,000, representing an average turnover of £350 per annum.

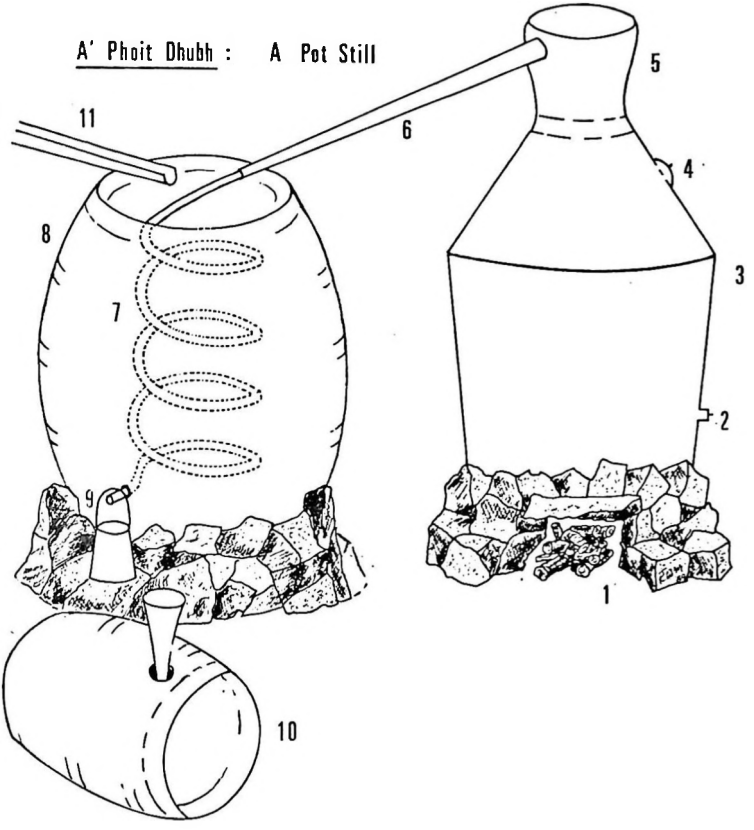


FIG. 1 Diagram of a whisky still. (Based on stills in the Highland Folk Museum, Kingussie, and on the sketch in Dwelly's *Illustrated Gaelic-English Dictionary*.)

1 Fireplace 3 Shoulder 5 Still-head 7 Worm 9 Spout
2 Discharge cock 4 Charger 6 Arm 8 Worm tub 10 Spirit receiver
11 Chute for supplying the worm tub with cold water.

At times, the coppersmith employed a code of letters to give details of income, and analysed cash receipts to keep a check on payments to account: for example from 16 May 1816 to 1 August 1817, he received £148 11s. 7d. in cash, according to his reckoning. The average transaction only involved £2 to £3, and about 400 stills were produced.

The 1799 Report advocated stopping the supply of equipment to unlicensed distillers by making it impossible to have a still made or mended. Still makers, such as

coppersmiths, would have to purchase a licence; the system would then confine illegal manufacture to 'tinkers and people of no capital and desperate fortune', who could be consigned 'to the house of correction', if discovered (P.P. 1803:746). In 1797, when small stills were confiscated in Islay, the illicit distillers induced tinkers to come over from Ireland to fit up cauldrons and boilers as stills (*ibid.*). Failing these utensils, Aberdeenshire country folk employed kettles or pots to which a head was annealed. They were reputed to make good whisky, the quality depending not so much on the type of apparatus as on the skill of the operator in separating the optimum portion of the distillate for collection as potable alcohol (*op. cit.*:760). Indeed, illicit whisky was renowned for its superior quality *vis-à-vis* the product of the legal distilleries. The whisky from Arran was even described as the burgundy of the vintages (Macculloch 1824:372).

The equipment constructed by Armour was simple, the still consisting of four parts—the vessel, head, arm, and worm.

The complete apparatus could be purchased for less than £5, and embodied about 30–40 lb. of copper, giving the pot a cubic capacity of upwards of 10 gallons. The still, head, and worm were the most valuable utensils, and the illicit distiller would use everyday household goods, like casks, creels, and measures which he had to hand. Many of Armour's clients must have owned more than one still, to judge by Samuel Harvie's purchases on the first page of the Still Books; there is evidence that the coppersmith provided numerous utensils for the same group of persons at a common address, so that each person must have had a still of his own.

There seem to have been two main sizes of still, some having vessels of 12–14 lb. of copper, and others of about 20 lb. It is conceivable that the larger ones would be utilised for distilling wash, and the smaller for distilling low wines in the second, or even third, distillation to yield whisky. Armour was also prepared to construct a tin still at a lower price to oblige a widow. He fashioned the head and worm of copper, and sold the apparatus for £1 15s. Tin stills would corrode rapidly whereas a copper still, if reasonable care was taken, could last for 20 years and more.

Besides making new distilling utensils, the coppersmith's business also consisted of trade in secondhand equipment; he valued old copper at 10d. per lb., while new utensils cost 2s. 6d. per lb. He carried out repairs both on his own premises, and at the houses of his customers, repairing worms, bottoming stills, 'sothering' (soldering) lugs, and fitting feadans. 'Feadan' is Gaelic for a whistle, and is the spout or valve fixed to the end of the worm, where the distillate emerges. In addition, Armour made branders, flacks,* fillers, cans, nails and other hardware, which if orders were frequent and to a large amount, he sometimes gave away for nothing. Entries show that he 'gave a filler 1s. 6d.' or 'gave them a pint can 1s.'. He even stocked copper tea kettles both new and secondhand, but these may well have been much less numerous in Kintyre than private stills.

* Brander: a grid iron.
Flack or 'flake stand': the cooling vessel in which the worm is immersed.

Armour's customers normally operated in groups of 3 to 7 forming a 'company', whose names are carefully recorded in the Still Books. Indeed, ownership by parties of tenants was common in Easter Ross, as well as in other parts of the Highlands (S.A. 1793, VII:258). The Still Books, however, give a better and more accurate account of the organisation of illicit distilling than has hitherto been available. It may be that the loss of capital equipment owing to detection would be less disadvantageous if it were vested in a group operating together. Writing of Harris and Lewis, MacDonald noted that the people frequently joined together to pay the fines exacted by the Excise authorities (MacDonald 1811:809–10). When a J.P. court was held at Stornoway in July 1808, the crofters paid 'pretty smart fines', before returning to their homes grumbling and discontented. The fines however were divisible in consequence of private compacts agreed among several families, and hence smuggling and distillation were soon resumed (*ibid.*).

With a group organisation, the private distillers would be able to move their installation from one hiding place to another with considerable ease, and of course, they would spread the burden of the initial capital cost among themselves. This type of arrangement may have facilitated the raising of capital to enable individuals in a 'company' to purchase their own equipment. As distilling was a protracted process, perhaps taking three to four weeks from malting to the final distillation, there would be sufficient persons to take turns in carrying out the various operations.

An examination was made of 200 consecutive transactions relating to the acquisition of stills from Armour, with a view to establishing the nature of his clientele. One hundred of these transactions concerned men only, either as groups or individually. The illicit distillers in Argyll were generally small tenants. What is surprising about Armour's business, and hence about illicit distilling in Kintyre, and probably in other areas of the Highlands, is the large proportion of women engaged in making illicit whisky on their own account. Farmers seem to have delegated the task to maid servants and other 'inferior persons', who acted as covers in order that more substantial individuals would escape detection (P.P. 1823, Appendix 63:166 *et seq.*). Perhaps illicit distilling was regarded as part of general domestic duties, or as a source of pin money, especially for widows or single women, for whom it may have been a ready source of income. Women have an honourable place in the history of distilling in Scotland; Mrs Elizabeth Harvie was a distiller in Paisley, whose descendants subsequently moved to Port Dundas, Glasgow, setting up Dundashill Distillery, and Mrs Cumming was owner of Cardow Distillery on Speyside. No fewer than 58 of the series of purchases involved women, either singly or more commonly in a company. Mixed groups, numbering 42 in all, made up the remainder in the sample. The men may have been more occupied with fishing and agriculture. Only 20 per cent of these purchases of utensils revealed one individual operating on his or her own account; to judge by the relevant entries in Armour's Still Books which indicate the buyer's occupation, *e.g.* cooper, flesher, wright, farmer, miller, shoemaker, or innkeeper, these illicit distillers were persons of substance.

Prior to 1823, when smuggling was a lucrative trade, a substantial number of cottagers and labourers in Kintyre were said to support large families on the profits of the business. A professional private distiller could clear 10s. a week after all his expenses were paid (Bradley 1861:7). Early marriages were frequent as a wife was an indispensable part of the enterprise; much of the work was assigned to women who were 'fit for, or employed in nothing else' (*ibid*).

The financial standing of Armour's customers is disclosed by the manner in which they settled their accounts. The clients occasionally paid up when they collected the utensils, or else made a down payment, followed by several instalments, perhaps taking two or three years to clear off the debt. Credit was normally of 4 to 6 months duration. Payments in kind were remarkably rare, less than 1 per cent of all transactions recorded in the Still Books showing settlements in cart loads of peats, meal, potatoes, cheese, butter, and, of course, whisky.

An account for goods supplied to John Beith, and others at Dalinrowan, Campbeltown, amounting to £5 7s. 6d., was partly paid 'By 2 pints and 1 mutching (mutchkin) strong wisky at 10/- per gallon'. The references to whisky show that its price fluctuated wildly, varying from 1s. 3d. to over 9s. 6d. per pint, which may reflect grain prices, the scale of operations, and the quality of the product.* Some smugglers would fill pint casks at 2d. a gill. The whisky was then retailed at dram houses attached to much frequented places, like mills or smithies (Smith 1813–15:91). In the post-1815 depression, the price of grain fell by 50 per cent in seven years; this brought advantages to the smugglers, giving them a bigger profit margin on their whisky, because its price did not fall by a corresponding amount. In 1822, the price of illicit whisky in Kintyre was 10s. to 12s. per gallon at 20° over proof, and it was worthwhile conveying it to the Ayrshire coast, and even up the Clyde to Glasgow in fishing boats and coasting vessels (P.P. 1823, Appendix 63:172).

There are notably few instances of bad debts in the Still Books. All transactions seem to have been settled, to judge by Armour's crossing out of the appropriate entries. Notes regarding promises to pay are very rare—'The above persons have granted their lines (liens) each for their own part to pay the above sum. . . .' In places distant from the Burgh, securing payment could be awkward. One still was supplied to Whitestone, Saddell, for the use of four partners two of whom had to promise to pay before they could take delivery:

> We the undersigned do acknowledge having received for the mentioned persons above copper work . . . amounting to Three Pounds Eighteen shillings Sterling & will pay the same on or before the 20th Novr. 1815.
>
> Witness our hand: Edward Langwill
>
> Jamy Stewart
> his
> x
> mark

* In the Still Books, references to the price of illicit whisky on the black market are very rare; hence it is impossible to construct any meaningful list of price movements.

There is much evidence of consumer loyalty, which must indicate satisfied customers. A company, who were regular clients, bought a secondhand still, and head with an old worm, in September 1813, and were back for a new still of 17½ lb. in December of the same year, and for another worm in the following January. Armour was obtaining orders from the same groups, or individuals, four to six, or more, times a year throughout the period 1811–17. This fact alone must disclose the profitability of illicit distilling, and the intensity with which the utensils were being used.

The area supplied with stills from Armour's workshop was a far-ranging one. He was not the only coppersmith in the Burgh, but the majority of the utensils—more than 40 per cent of those manufactured by him—were installed in and around Campbeltown itself: Lochend, Longrow, Dalinruan, Dalintober, Bolgam Street, Corbet's Close, and Parliament Close figure repeatedly in the Still Books. Armour distilling apparatus was also sent to places as far north as Clachan in N.W. Kintyre, and as far south as Machrimore and Pennysearach in Southend. He exported equipment across Kilbrannan Sound to the south west coast of Arran. Another island where Armour did business was Gigha. It has been possible to identify and plot the approximate sites of most of these illicit distilleries on the accompanying map (see Fig. 2); and practically all of them show common locational factors, such as the presence of burns, and proximity to coastal areas.

The coppersmith was willing to replace equipment seized by the Excise authorities while being transported from his shop; for instance, he recorded on 25 August 1815, that a client had 'the first Body, head & worm seized nigh Smerby, and I allow myself to give something down of it'. This particular order was being conveyed to Arran. It is said that the assistance of women with cloaks over long and voluminous skirts was especially helpful when stills were being collected, whereas men had to carry the stills in sacks.

In the distribution of illicit whisky the smugglers operated in bands, and were bold enough to deforce Excise officers on occasion. Crofters and fishermen were known to overpower a whole crew of Revenue men, to carry off their oars and tackle, and set them adrift in their own boats (Gordon Cumming 1883:286; N.S.A. 1845:450). The 1799 Report described how the country people were 'disorderly and tumultuous', so that no Excise officer could carry out his duties among them, without being 'obstructed, insulted and beat' (P.P. 1803:788). The Board of Excise had inadequate resources of manpower and finance to police the region: Excise men were often strangers, with tenuous local knowledge, and hence the ability to 'jink the gauger' was not hard to acquire. Robert Brown, Hamilton's factor, showed that the tenantry in Arran could behave like banditti. He averred that the officers on the island were so lax that he had to send his own men to Arran to seize stills, 'to a very great number', in the course of a day.

During the foray, the factor's party gathered in thirty stills or more, but the Excise men only found six. Indeed, the officers did not appear anxious to effect seizures

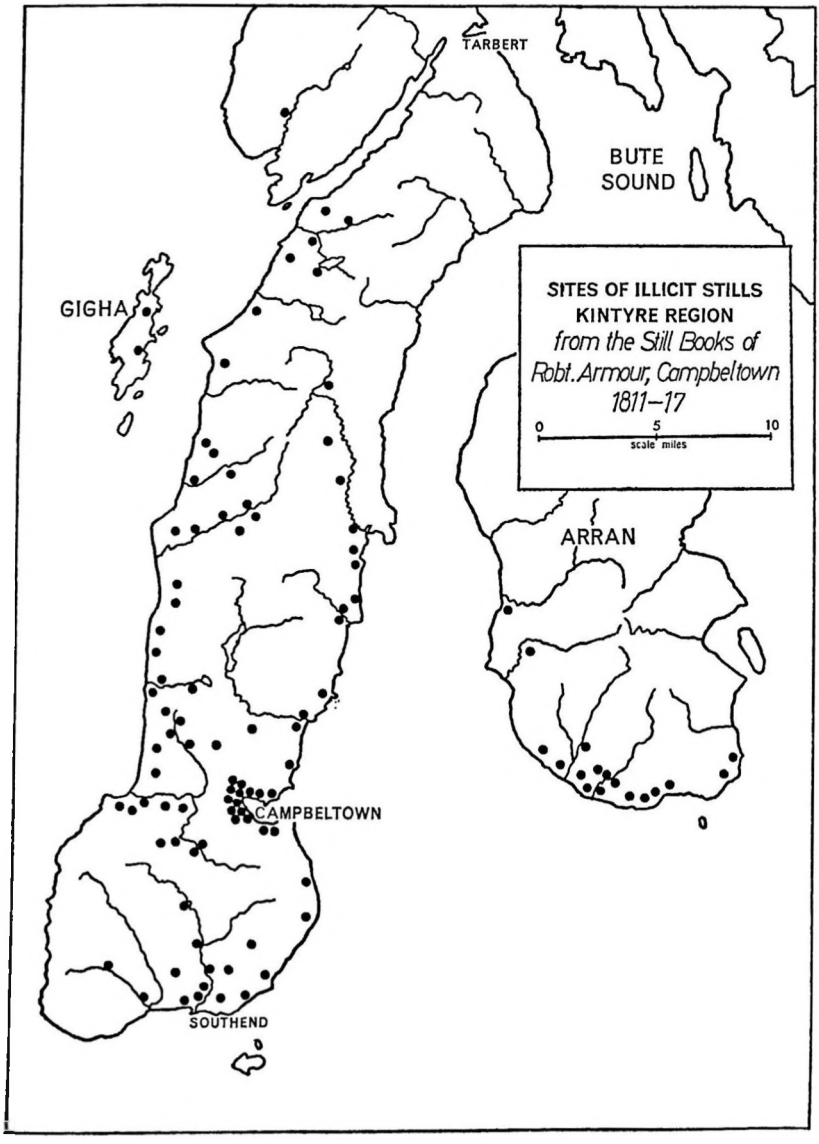

TARBERT
BUTE
SOUND
GIGHA
SITES OF ILLICIT STILLS
KINTYRE REGION
from the Still Books of
Robt. Armour, Campbeltown
1811–17
0 5 10
scale miles
ARRAN
CAMPBELTOWN
SOUTHEND

FIG. 2.

(P.P. 1823, Appendix 63:166 *et seq.*). Captured stills were a source of income to Excise men, because they were paid for their confiscations and they also derived profit from the fines levied on delinquents. Bribes were known to be paid to them in the guise of presents or loans.

The virtual prohibition on small scale distilling in the Highlands made it, and its concomitant, smuggling, respectable occupations. Those who were caught were not criminals, but debtors to the revenue, and could stay in prison in relative comfort being allowed 6d. a day maintenance. The Excise authorities were misled by false information, and confounded by names and language difficulties. The temptations to perjury were almost irresistible.

Besides having a reputation for lawlessness those engaged in illicit distilling were regarded as unpunctual in paying rents, which were also usually deficient. Robert Brown, Hamilton's factor, was prepared to dispossess smugglers because they were rarely enterprising farmers—they sat up all night and skulked by day (*ibid.*). He alleged that they consumed too much of their product, neglected their families, their land, cattle, fishing, and kelp gathering. Distilling and smuggling seem to have been the chief employment of crofters and fishermen in winter (N.S.A. 1845:450).

Conclusion

After 1823, and the major legislative changes which then took place, many of the enterprising illicit distillers began to take out licences, and a profusion of new legal distilleries developed in Campbeltown, and in other regions of Scotland. Nor did Armour's customers turn their skill to legitimate trade only in Kintyre. Colville mentions letters which came from settlers in Ohio about 1825 in which Campbeltown emigrants were reported to have found employment in producing the same kind of whisky as they had formerly made in the Burgh (Colville 1923).

By the mid-nineteenth century, the great staple industry of Campbeltown was the distilling of malt whisky. Smuggling was almost completely suppressed in Kintyre (N.S.A. 1845:464;375). Likewise in Tiree and Coll illicit distilling was unknown (N.S.A. 1845:209).

The coppersmith's business remained in the hands of the Armour family until 1948, and although the ownership changed at that date, the original name has been retained. Armour's Still Books survived because they had been well concealed in a bureau at the office in Campbeltown. It is disquieting to imagine what effect the discovery of this stock of information, involving over 800 separate transactions, would have had if the Still Books had come into the possession of the Excise authorities prior to 1822. There must have been a strong element of collusion, a bond formed of mutual dependence and interest between the coppersmith and the illicit distillers: on occasion the Excise officers may have been implicated.

Robert Armour must have been typical of many coppersmiths and plumbers in distilling areas. The modest transactions recorded in his Still Books reveal the existence

of a multitude of illicit enterprises, small in scale, but certainly ubiquitous, which involved people of the most varied social background, women as well as men. It is clear that illicit distillation attained the dimensions of a domestic industry, a fact which has tended to be underestimated in the economic history of the Scottish Highlands.

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MS Source

ARMOUR MSS.
The Still Books of Robert Armour, Campbeltown, are in the possession of Mr R. R. Armour, 14 Braehead Road, Edinburgh, by whose kind permission they were made available for consultation.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Grateful acknowledgement is made to Mr Duncan Colville, Machrihanish, Argyll, for his generous assistance.

Notes on Collection and Research

'The Blacks on India's Shore'

ALAN BRUFORD

This song is printed here as a tribute to the singer, Peter Pratt from Toab in the East Mainland of Orkney, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on 4 September last year. Peter is best known as a whistle player: his memory for tunes goes back farther than that of any instrumentalist now playing in Orkney, though he is still ready to pick up new tunes from the radio. He is beginning now to complain of shortness of breath, but his playing has not lost its sweetness. On my first visit to Peter in 1966 I happened to ask whether he knew any old songs, and—though he is not at all known as a singer—he sang me three in a very pleasant, steady voice: 'The American Stranger', 'The Painful Plough', and 'The Blacks on India's Shore', printed below. He learned this song from Maggie Esson, a Holm woman, when he was in his teens.

The theme of this song, the 'female soldier' (or sailor) who enlists as a man to avoid being parted from her lover, is common in English ballads. It seems to go back to the sixteenth century ('Mary Ambree'), but the variants best known recently, which name 'Lisbon' and 'The Banks of the Nile' as the battlegrounds, presumably date from the Napoleonic wars—when, considering the number of camp-followers who often accompanied British forces, the subterfuge would hardly have been necessary! 'The Blacks on India's Shore' seems on internal evidence to suggest the campaigns of Clive or Wellesley rather than the North-West Frontier, and may be a prototype for the Napoleonic variants, which it closely resembles in the dialogue. The mysterious 'prologue' of verse 6 might be a clue for dating, but it is difficult to suggest what piece of equipment it might represent: 'firelock' seems unduly antiquated. The text has little trace of dialect, like many songs collected in Orkney, and might well derive ultimately from a broadsheet.

The direct leap of a minor seventh at the beginning of the tune is unusual: even in instrumental music, where such leaps in a Dorian tune can be found (*e.g.* in 'Hopetoun House', alias 'Sweet Molly') they are usually led up to by a shorter leap. Otherwise it is a fairly typical 'come-all-ye' tune. Peter Pratt sang it in very regular triple time: it is tempting to see this as the rendering of a singer who is primarily an instrumentalist, but in my experience most Orkney singers prefer a very steady beat.

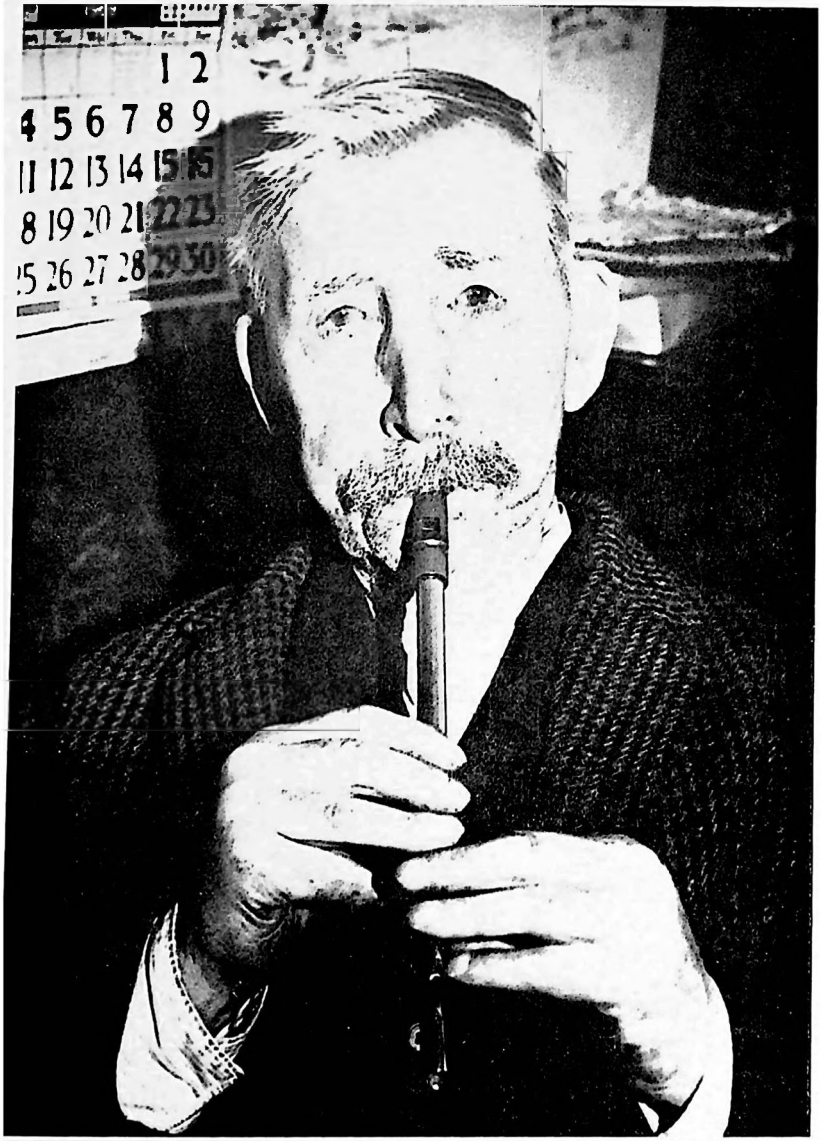


PLATE II Peter Pratt, Orkney whistle-player.
(Photograph by Ernest Marwick, September 1969)

The Blacks on India's Shore

Come all you tender lovers, a tale I will unfold:
It's of an undaunted female and a gallant soldier bold:
Young Mary was a braw lass, so virtuous and so kind;
Young Willie was as brave a lad as ever crossed the Line.

Long time this couple had courted—their parents did not know—
Until the wars of India young Willie had to go:
'To fight for England's glory and the lass I do adore
I must leave my father's dwelling for the blacks on India's shore.'

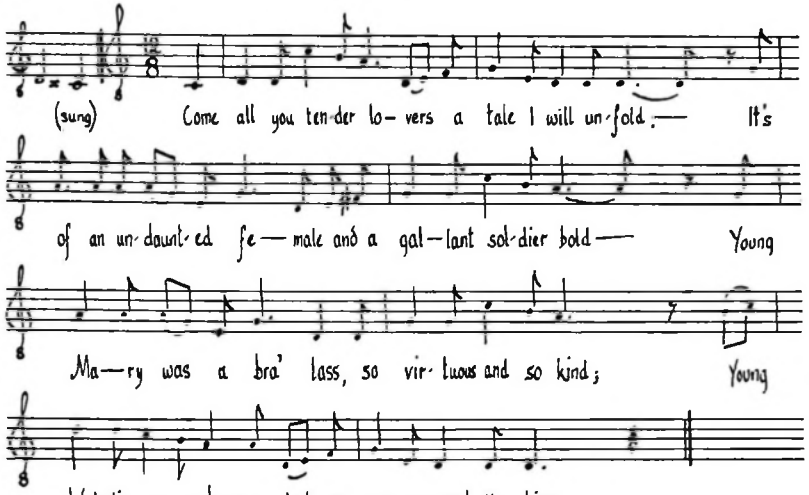
Poor Mary fell a-weeping; the tears ran from her eyes.
Willie clasped her to his bosom for to hide her sobs and sighs:
A watch and ring he's gi'en to her, his jewels, his only store,
Saying: 'Take thee this as a pledge of love till I return on shore.'

Poor Mary still being weeping, she fell in deep despair,
Saying: 'I will go along with you where the big cannons roar:
To fight for England's glory and the lad I do adore
I must leave my father's dwelling for the blacks on India's shore.'

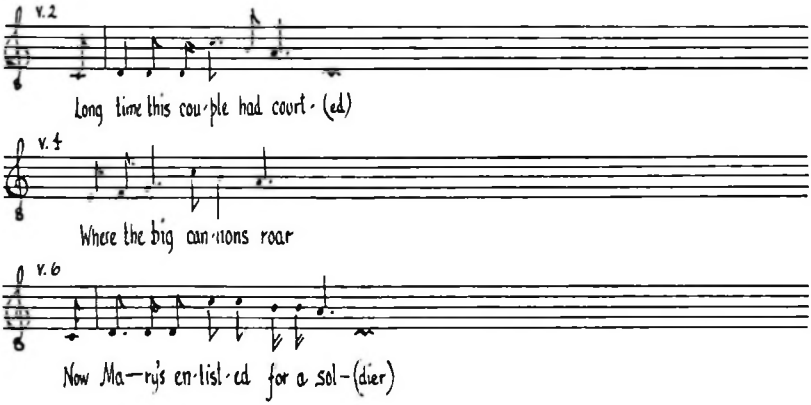
'Oh hold your tongue, sweet Mary, you could not lend a hand:
As for your little feet, my dear, in battle could not stand.
Alas, your tender body some deadly wound might sore:
You could not face your enemy, the blacks on India's shore.'

Now Mary's enlisted for a soldier, a prologue by her side,
Yet ne'er a one suspected that e'er she was a maid:
She fought her way through fire and smoke, and never yet gave o'er
Till she had faced her enemy, the blacks on India's shore.

A great reward sweet Mary got, she did behave so brave.
Young Willie serving out his time a pension did receive.
So now this couple's got married and have gold in great store,
And they bless the day they sailed away for the blacks on India's shore.



Main variants:



'The Parson's Sheep'

ALAN BRUFORD

AT 1735A, *The Bribed Boy Sings the Wrong Song*, has only fairly recently been recognised as an international folktale type. It was first given this number by Boggs in his catalogue of Spanish folktales (1930:144) and AT now also reports one or two versions from Denmark, Italy, Yugoslavia and the West Indies as well as those from the United States and England. Probably more versions will be reported now that the type has been established, but it is already clear that it is remarkably mobile for a type of this sort, which centres on a song whose words must be translated into a metrical form.

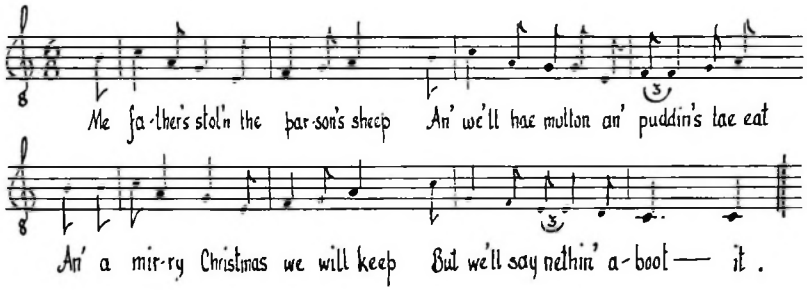
In English, Baughman (1966) lists five American versions (two from Negroes, one of them as an animal fable, besides one in Spanish) and one from England (Addy 1895: 18, from Derbyshire). Like the placing of the lists—two lists, not identical, under AT 1735C and motif K1631, without cross-reference—the proportions are typical of Baughman's catalogue, and need not be taken as representing the true state of affairs (*cf. Scottish Studies* 13:180–4). This note is designed at least to begin an entry for Scotland.

The version of the story which follows (SA 1969/154 A2) was recorded on 20 December 1969 from Gilbert Voy (aged 75) a native of Inganess in the East Mainland of Orkney, who has spent fifty years in the Glasgow area without losing his characteristic East Mainland accent. His father used to tell the story and sing the song at weddings before the turn of the century—'much to the disgust of my mother, who hated it'. The words of the story here are clearly a studied version for public performance: Gilbert himself recorded it for a limited circulation gramophone record thirty years ago, but he has a first-rate verbal memory, and there is no reason to doubt that he tells the story in his father's own words.

Away back in the old days in Orkney there were some gey pitiful times. Jimmock o' Tissiebist, wi' a scrythe o' peerie bairns, were warse off than maist: wi' the sheep a' deein', and the tatties a failure, things at Tissiebist wisna lookin' ower bright for Christmas. Whatever wyes or no, one blashie dark night, Jimmock was away a while, and twa-three days efter, an uncan yowe was seen aboot the hoose. Some of the bairns surely kent the yowe, for one day when ane of them was oot herdin' the kye, he was singin' to himsel' aboot it, something like this:

[1] 'Me father's stol'n the parson's sheep
An' we'll hae mutton an' puddin's tae eat,
An' a mirry Christmas we will keep,
But we'll say nethin' aboot it.

[2] 'For if the parson gets tae know,
It's ower the seas we'll have tae go,
And there we'll suffer grief an' woe
Because we stole fae the parson.'



Well, up jumps the parson fae the other side o' a faelie dyke, and he says tae the boy: 'Boy, look here, if you'll come to the church on the Sabbath and sing that same song, I'll gie thee a suit o' claes and half a croon.'

So, on the Sunday mornin' service, efter the minister had read a psalm and said a prayer, he stood up and he said in an a'ful lood voice: 'I hev the following intimation to make. Stand up, boy, and sing that same song as I heard you singin', herdin' the kye.'

But the peerie boy hed mair wit than that. This is what he sang:

[3] 'As I was walkin' oot one day
I spied the parson very gay:
He was tossin' Molly in the hay—
He turned her upside down, sir.

[4] 'A suit o' claes and half a croon
Was given tae me be Parson Broon
Tae tell the neighbours all aroon'
What he hed done tae Molly!'

I had already recorded the song in June (SA 1969/44 B5), with an outline of the story, from Mrs Violet Manson (*née* Harvey, aged 67) who has lived nearly all her life in Sandwick parish in the West Mainland of Orkney. She had heard it from her mother, who had a fund of songs and anecdotes, sad and gay. Here is her song for comparison, with a few words which seem to come from a polished version of the story:

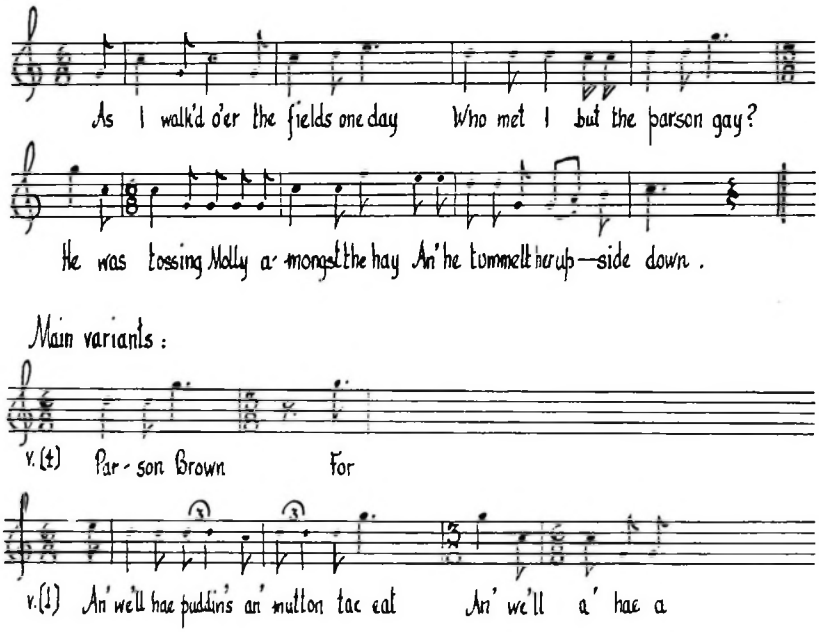
Well, the boy went to the church, and the minister said it was a boy in this congregation either going to say or sing a song disgraceful to be heard in any congregation. 'I say: Boy, go on.'

[3] 'As I walked o'er the fields one day
Who met I but the parson gay?
He was tossing Molly amongst the hay
An' he tummelt her upside down.

[4] 'A suit of clothes and half a crown
Were given to me by Parson Brown
For telling all the people round
What the parson did unto Molly!'

And what he *should* have sung was:

[1] 'My father stole the parson's sheep
And we'll hae puddin's and mutton tae eat,
And we'll a' hae a merry Christmas tae keep,
But we man say naethin' aboot it.'

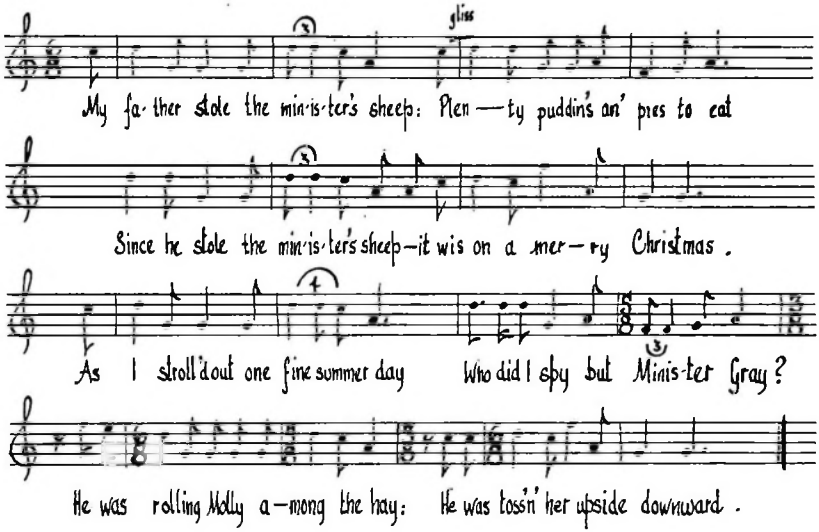


The archives of the School of Scottish Studies also contain one mainland Scottish version (SA 1954/91 A1) recorded by Hamish Henderson from Jeannie Robertson, who needs no further introduction to readers of this journal. Her whole story deserves to be published, but for the moment we only give the song. She tells the tale more fully than Gilbert Voy, making it clear that the boy demanded payment in advance—in Addy's

version the boy's very reasonable excuse is that he has no clothes good enough to go to church in—and that he actually saw the minister with Molly: most versions seem to leave it to the hearer to decide whether this is truth or a credible calumny, and, judging by the summaries in Boggs and AT, the Spanish version and probably others make the boy's father teach him the second song ('The priest has lain with my mother').

[1] 'My father stole the minister's sheep:
Plenty puddin's and pies to eat
Since he stole the minister's sheep—
It wis on a merry Christmas.'

[3] 'As I stroll'd out one fine summer day
Who did I spy but Minister Gray?
He was rolling Molly among the hay:
He was toss'n' her upside downward.'



Jeannie's tune is a variant of 'The Haughs of Cromdale', adapted to the same simple jig rhythm as the others. 'Minister Gray' is named, of course, for the rhyme, like the 'Parson Brown' of the Orcadian versions: she does not have the half-crown with which he rhymes, and in fact the fee is up-dated to two pounds. 'It wis on a merry Christmas' may also be noted: it may be corrupted from 'we's a' hae . . .' or the like, but if not it reinforces the connection with Mak the sheep-stealer of the Wakefield Second Shepherds' play and the story of the sheep rocked in the cradle, which Boggs catalogues next to this one and apparently found as part of the same printed *ejemplo*.

The likenesses of our three versions, however, are more noticeable than their differences. Molly appears in all of them, though not in Addy's English version. The first verse, on the other hand, is very close to Addy's:

[1] 'My father's stolen the parson's sheep,
And a merry Christmas we shall keep,
We shall have both pudding and meat,
But you moant say nought about it.'

The similar texts and quite different tunes might be taken to indicate that the story was spread on a broadside, whose sellers or buyers would fit their own tune to it. On the other hand they may indicate nothing more than oral transmission through storytellers who were not very good singers but had a good memory for verse.

It is possible, though perhaps not fashionable, to make some deductions where this written or oral version came from. The names of 'Molly' and 'the parson'—for whom Jeannie's 'minister' is a metrically inferior substitute—suggest an English source, as do the frequent standard English forms amongst dialect in the verses, though in a Scots and especially an Orcadian folk-song context none of these can be taken as really decisive. The date of the original is easier to determine: Gilbert Voy's verse 2, whether part of the archetype or an Orcadian accretion, clearly implies that the penalty for sheep-stealing will be transportation: this must have been composed before 1853, when transportation for convicts ceased. It seems fair to suggest that the story took shape in Britain in the eighteenth or early nineteenth century.

This is confirmed by a piece of evidence for which I am indebted to my colleague Mr Hamish Henderson. The story exists also in the form of a ballad, 'The Parson's Fat Wedder', which is in Peter Buchan's *Secret Songs of Silence* (Harvard MS 25241.9*, 1832), p. 166, but has also been collected by Mr Henderson from oral tradition. There is no connection between the words of the boy's song as given in the ballad and in the modern story, and I would be inclined to see this as a ballad deliberately made out of a folktale, like 'Thrummy Cap' or 'The Turkey Factor' (*Scottish Studies* 13:180). However, it may have been an older form of the story than ours, for the accusation is the international one that the parson—who is also called both minister and priest—had lain with the boy's mother. The whole scheme seems to be the boy's own device. At any rate we have proof that the story was known in one form, if not two, in Scotland before 1850.

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SA
School of Scottish Studies Sound Archive (main chronological series of tapes).

Book Reviews

English Ritual Drama: A Geographical Index, by E. C. Cawte, Alex Helm and N. Peacock. The Folk-Lore Society, London 1967. 30s.

This is the second part of a study of the geographical distribution of the ceremonial dance and associated customs in Great Britain; the first part, 'A Geographical Index of the Ceremonial Dance in Great Britain', was published in the *Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society*, 1960. This, the second part, attempts to list, by counties, every place in Britain known to have had a Folk Play. By Folk Play the compilers mean 'one or other of three types of Play in the English Language . . . which we believe to be a form of the ceremony of revitalisation'. The editors examine the material as 'a traditional ceremony rather than a series of literary texts', and classify the ceremonies in terms of their basic action, ignoring local names of performers and performances like Mummers, Morris Dancers, Pace Eggers, *etc.* On the basis of action they distinguish three main types of Folk Play—the Hero-Combat (H), the Wooing or Bridal (W), and the Sword Dance (S). The W plays usually end with an H sequence, such types being classified WH. Plays whose performance depends on outside influence are regarded as intrusive and omitted, but genuinely local revivals are included as valid traditional examples of the continuum of folk culture. There are brief introductory chapters on origins and distribution (the distribution maps could well have been much clearer), and appendices on old plays impossible to classify and representative examples of texts. There is an extensive and invaluable bibliography. The Index proper or Table of Locations furnishes by counties the location, grid reference, date of last performance, time of year when performed, survival of full, fragmentary or no text at all, class of play (H, W, S), and source. The editors modestly disclaim any exhaustion of sources, and appeal for co-operation in improving the continuing index. They are, however, to be warmly congratulated on a meticulous piece of work which places all students of the Folk Play deeply in their debt. Only on the basis of the source evidence here listed will it be possible in future to evaluate the Folk Play or enter into discussion of the many problems still concerned with it. In Scotland particularly a more concerted effort is needed to gather together the fast-disappearing evidence of the existence of the Folk Play. The following brief comments confine themselves to the Scottish material.

That the Mummers' Play is essentially of English provenance is borne out in several ways. Four locations only are recorded for Wales, where presumably the Tenby Play, which the editors cite from L. P. Barnaschone, 'Manners and Customs of the People of Tenby in the Eighteenth Century', *The Cambrian Journal* IV (1857), is the same as

that reproduced by R. Chambers in *The Book of Days* (1886, vol. II, pp. 740–1) from what he calls *Tales and Traditions of Tenby*. Thirty-five instances only are recorded from Scotland, all from the Lowlands, a figure which is easily surpassed by a good many individual English counties, by, for example, Gloucestershire (54), Hampshire and the Isle of Wight (64), Lancashire (55, with a notable preference for Easter) and Yorkshire (122). The Scottish list of locations could be slightly extended by reference to Anna J. Mill, *Mediaeval Plays in Scotland* (St Andrews 1927, pp. 11–16), who provides the earliest Scottish evidence of folk plays and a list of known Scottish versions or references. She cites, from J. F. Leishman, *A Son of Knox* (pp. 109–16) an interesting Forfar (Angus) version (a location not included in the present Index) in which the giant Golishan is slain by Bol Bendo the Abbot of Fools, Sir Alexander (the normal Scottish champion corresponding to St George) appearing only in the presentation. She also cites a Stirlingshire version (*Stirling Antiquary* 1893, vol. I, pp. 67–9) which may supplement the Stirlingshire references in the Index. Miss Mill herself collected 'several new versions from oral sources'; she gives no details, but these are presumably still available. All the Scottish versions in the Index are Hero Plays, the editors remarking (p. 14) that Sword Dance Plays are 'found in reasonably well-defined areas, and only in England'. Miss Mill, however, shows that the Sword Dance was formerly known in Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and gives illuminating details of costume and dance (pp. 11–12).

Though the Play of St George was known in Scotland, the usual hero was Alexander of Macedon, and his opponent Galatian (Goloshan *etc.*), whence the guisards are commonly called Galatians. The entry under Galatian in *The Scottish National Dictionary* also supplements the Index, adding the shires of Argyll (around Inveraray), Dumbarton and Peebles. David Irving (*The History of Scotish Poetry*, Edinburgh 1865, pp. 362–5) recalls the mummers or guisards from his own childhood in Langholm, Dumfries, a county not in the Index, and confirms the existence of the Play of St George beside the more usual Alexander.

Three periods seem especially significant in the decline of the Folk Play in Scotland—the Reformation, with its policy of suppression; the 1890s, probably linked with rapid industrialisation; and the First World War. The following is an account (unpublished) of a Mummers' Play performed at Hallowe'en in 1898 in the village of Hurlet, East Renfrewshire, near Barrhead; the informant's words are retained, with minor omissions: 'I was six years of age . . . There would only be about five of us and we were told that we would get in five houses including my own. We had to disguise ourselves as much as possible with clothes, also our manner of speaking, so as to deceive the people in the houses. On Hallowe'en night we all met in a little sort of harness room attached to Renfrew's Cartwright and Smithy . . . There we dressed, and in a little fire we burned a lot of corks which were used to colour our hands, legs and faces. Two big girls helped to dress us . . .We all had our wee part to play. Each of us began with the words "Here comes I"—Somebody. I only remember my own part:

Here comes I Sir Robert the Bruce,
I've spent my life in English juice:
English juice is Scotsman's glory,
Who is the man who will stand before me?

Immediately another from the end of the queue stepped out armed with a frail wooden sword and challenged me to battle. From under my cape or cloak I pulled out a tattie champer and smashed it [opponent's sword] to smithereens. . . . The only other piece I remember was Wee Mickey Funny:

Here comes I Wee Micky Funny,
I am the man that lifts the money.
I've got pooches doon tae ma knees,
An' we'd be thankful to take what you please.

As you would expect he was so funny with his very long coat and big sugar-bag pooches [*Anglice* pouches, pockets]. My dress by the way was a girl or a lady's red hat with all the rim cut off, an old cape over my shoulders, a girl's short skirt, and white tape wound round my legs. I should have stated that as we entered the houses we all shouted:

Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en,
Three wee witches on the green,
One black, one white,
And the other dancing on the dyke.

Needless to say that with apples at 8 to 10 lbs. per 1/- and our pockets rattling wi' nuts and bawbees we had a happy time' [informant: Alexander Mackenzie, Barrhead]. The central incident of this play is the immortal story, known to every Scottish child from illustrated school history-books, of Bruce on his sheltie slaying de Bohun at Bannockburn. That other patriot Wallace is the hero of the version cited in Andrew Cheviot's *Proverbs, Proverbial Expressions and Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (Paisley 1896, p. 169, *sub* Hogmanay).

By the 1920s the Folk Play had receded almost irretrievably from Renfrewshire. At Johnstone in West Renfrewshire in the 1920s the reviewer as a child often went out as a Galoshie at Hallowe'en, face blackened with soot, disguised in women's finery. Accompanied by two or three others he did the rounds of neighbours' houses. The galoshies' plea was 'Please help the Galoshies'. If lucky they were rewarded with an apple, some nuts or a copper. When requested they sang or recited anything of their own choice, generally on the door-step. No memory whatever remained of any play or parts in a play.

J. BRAIDWOOD

Scéalta ón mBlascaod, edited by Kenneth Jackson. An Cumann le Béaloideas Éireann, Dublin 1968. Pp. 96. 7s. 6d.

This book is a reprint of an article which first appeared in *Béaloideas* 8 (1938), and was issued in book form in the following year, where Professor Jackson published nearly forty stories collected from Peig Sayers between the years 1932 and 1937. The editor has divided the stories into a number of categories—International Tales, Romantic Tales and Adventures, Anecdotes, Moral Tales, Saints and Miracles, Tales of the Supernatural and Ballads—and together they give some idea of the rich and varied repertoire of the good *seanchaí*—now fast disappearing from the *Gaeltacht*.

In the notes to the stories we are given English summaries of each together with extensive references to other published instances, some of which, however, could have been updated with this reprinting. For instance the question of other Irish occurrences of AT 712—the *Crescentia* story—can be answered by Ó Súilleabháin and Christiansen in the *Types of the Irish Folktale* where thirteen other instances are noted from manuscripts in the Irish Folklore Commission's archives. Similarly, stories 26 and 27 are dealt with in Máire MacNeill's *The Festival of Lughnasa*—legend type B and type H, respectively.

Turning to the text of the stories, we find that they were originally taken down in phonetic script. The orthography actually used is described as 'simplified Irish . . . based on the traditional spelling but adapted to the dialect . . . The aim is to give as closely as possible, within the limits of the orthography, exactly what the story-teller said, including all dialectisms, all individual peculiarities, and all instances of plain bad grammar. Individualisms are important, for recorders who know their dialect well have a natural tendency unconsciously to ignore these, and to substitute the usual local form. In these respects nothing has been altered.' It is difficult to take exception to most of these aims and the orthography which Professor Jackson has devised seems to fulfil its purpose well, although obviously, without using the full resources of the International Phonetic Alphabet, there will be a number of aspects of the pronunciation which cannot be conveniently or adequately handled. The editor seems to have picked for representation those phonetic features of the dialect which he considered most important and, although at times the script may read oddly to one used to the more traditional spelling, the result is a highly readable and clear text (there are only seventeen short footnotes in 85 pages), with the discussion on the orthography and dialect peculiarities confined to the notes at the end.

One might take issue, however, on the question of whether it is important, or even useful, to include individualisms and 'plain bad grammar' in the texts. If the stories are to be used as illustrations of folktales without regard to the dialect in which they were told then the traditional Irish orthography would have done very well. If the aim of the editor was to show up phonetic and phonological features of a dialect-speaker (as presumably was his intention in originally using the I.P.A.) then phonetic symbolisation should have been used in publication. To use an orthography which is

legible to most students of Irish and to include individual features of pronunciation and 'bad grammar' which would be of interest only to the specialist in dialectology seems to be a mistake. Presumably the editor was caught between a desire to give a phonological description of the dialect and the need to provide material for *Béaloideas*—he must be said to have succeeded very well in his task of *freastal an dá thrá*.

On a more general note, it must be admitted that this reviewer finds difficulty at times in understanding the form in which certain folktales in *Béaloideas* have been published. I have in mind stories such as those in the present book, in *Seanchas Ghleann Ghaibhle* by Éamonn Ó Tuathail (*Béaloideas* 4, 1934 suppl.), or *Sgéaltaí ó Thír Eoghain* by Seán Mac Airt (*Béaloideas* 20, 1950 pp. 3–48) where folklore material in Irish is given in a non-standard orthography and usually accompanied by notes on the dialect. Are these intended for the student of folklore, interested in Irish occurrences of particular stories; for the dialectologist, interested in illustrative material; or for the general reader of Irish, interested in the literary value of the material? The editors of *Béaloideas* do not seem to be able to decide and the reader also is often left in doubt. A similar problem occurs with the reprinting of this particular article and the audience for which it is intended. If it is meant to be read as literature by the average student of Irish then the spelling could occasionally cause difficulty, especially to a speaker of Ulster Irish; if intended for students of folklore, most will in any case have access to the original article in *Béaloideas*, from the plates of which this book would seem to be taken without any alterations apart from minor corrections. (A misprint occurs in the anonymous introduction, where for 25 read 35—see notes on p. 85.) Professor Jackson refers to a collection of Peig's stories made by Dr Robin Flower who was hoping to publish them along with the present collection as the complete 'Tales of Peig Sayers'. It is a pity that the Irish Folklore Commission has not attempted to obtain, transcribe and publish this collection rather than bring out a book which cannot by its nature do full justice to one of the greatest story-tellers and *seanchaithe* in Ireland in our time.

CATHAIR Ó DOCHARTAIGH

The Lime Industry in the Lothians, by B. C. Skinner. Edinburgh University Extra-mural Association. Studies in Local History. Edinburgh 1969. Pp. vii+64, 4 figs., 4 pls.

Lime-burning is a rural industry of a kind that economic historians have too often overlooked, perhaps because the units of production were generally small and scattered and the technology unsophisticated. Yet it was a trade of considerable significance in agrarian life until the railways and the lorry enabled production to be concentrated in a few large and highly capitalised units at the expense of the small country kiln. In the seventeenth century the judicious application of lime to plough and pasture

was first discovered to have dramatic results in increasing yields. It was practised in Ayrshire and the Forth area, but careless use too often ruined the ground and prevented it from being more widely adopted. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, however, there was a very considerable expansion based on constantly growing demand from farmers undertaking large scale reclamation, enclosure and improvement of acid soils, and on builders needing lime for housing and factory construction in an increasingly urban and industrial society. This was the period of the Earl of Elgin's remarkable venture at Limekilns in Fife where in 1777 he invested £14,000 in laying out the largest limeworks in Britain (the sum involved was two or three times as much as the fixed capital necessary for even the largest of the new cotton factories in the following decade). This is also the heyday of the country kilns in the Lothians to which Basil Skinner devotes this excellent booklet.

It comes in two parts. The first twenty-four pages are an essay on the history of the industry and the last twenty an industrial archaeologist's gazetteer of the sites of the kilns. As to the essay, the only regret is that it is not longer. He traces the Lothian industry from its origins—the first record is a mid-sixteenth century reference to building lime from Cousland—through its phase of great expansion after 1750, to its eventual decline and fall in the 1920s. He shows how the technology changed from the small and impermanent clamp-kilns of the seventeenth century to the draw-kilns whose monumental remains we still see in so many places. He indicates the scale of employment (usually about ten people to a works) and gives an indication of wages received. He has something to say about output, prices and the capital costs (in the region of £3-400 apiece at the beginning of the nineteenth century or four or five times as much as a rural horsemill or a watermill). He touches on limestone mining: the illustrations include an interesting one of the levels at Gilmerton Quarry. He discusses the scope of the market: the Lothians were among the few areas of Scotland rich in limestone, and did a considerable trade outwith the three counties where the site was favourable for shipment by sea or canal. The research is the work not merely of Mr Skinner himself but of an enthusiastic extramural class which scoured the records and marched over the countryside discovering, measuring and recording the sites. It is a remarkable demonstration of what can be achieved by a devoted band of amateurs with a skilful leader and guide.

How important is local history? Its main pitfall is that local historians will emphasise antiquarian facts as opposed to historically significant facts. An antiquarian fact is one that cannot be used to explain anything else about the past. For example, an article recording the main sites associated with the Jacobites before Prestonpans would be of no importance, for it could not be used as a tool to explain anything else. A historically significant fact is one that can be used to throw light on a series of other facts in order to build up an integrated picture of society, or politics, or trade and industry, and to help in the explanation of the processes of historical change. Thus an article dealing with the wages of farm labourers in East Lothian over fifty years would be significant

because it would explain the affluence or poverty of a group of workers, which itself would throw light on their relationship to other classes and thus fit into an organic picture of society and of the conflicts and tensions within it which could lead to social change. Is a booklet like this significant or antiquarian? The greater part of it is certainly significant, since it explains the dynamics of an industry that no-one had looked at before and which had important bearings on the agricultural revolution and the provision of raw materials for building in the first period of urbanisation. Mr Skinner's earlier project on Cramond Iron Works, the vigorous part he has played in the local societies of East and West Lothian and many other activities in his department at Edinburgh University show how concerned and successful he has been in making local history in the East of Scotland a revitalised and significant study.

It may therefore seem churlish to complain that much in the gazetteer of the sites in this study cannot fully escape the charge of antiquarianism. For instance

> the stone work of the south kiln passes behind the north kiln indicating probably an earlier date; south kiln partly infilled, north kiln almost entirely so. Frontages 29 ft. and 30 ft., projections 19 ft. and 20 ft., vents 10 ft. wide, kilns 12 ft. diameter.

Now this is perfectly respectable industrial archaeology. But is it historically significant? What does it explain, and for whom? Is it more meaningful than, say, the measurement of any old paving stones in any old street? It is a sad fact that, despite all the energy and enthusiasm expended upon it, the measuring tape has not yet told us anything about the industrial history of the last three centuries that is both worth knowing and not more easily available in libraries and archives. Of course, as a teaching tool it is valuable for involving strangers in history's intrinsic fascinations: those who would not feel inclined to sit in Register House or the National Library will gladly track down sites outside at the weekend and then perhaps become gripped by the documentary problems of discovering what the industry was really like. But means are not ends. In the last resort the academic value of local history (and therefore the intrinsic satisfactions of studying it) will be in direct proportion to its ability to deal in significant fact.

Industrial archaeology, then, is not much more valuable than the hunt for Jacobite memorials and the genealogies that kept our predecessors entombed. It is only an anxiety not to see local history disappear once again down the blind alleys from which Mr Skinner has already done so much to rescue it that prompts this grumpy conclusion, at odds with the admiration the booklet otherwise inspires.

T. C. SMOUT

Reader's Guide to Scotland. A Bibliography. The National Book League, London 1968. Pp. 127. 21s.

This work brings up to date the National Book League's *Scotland. A Select Bibliography* [1950], and will be welcomed by all lovers of Scotland. Like its predecessor it is a select list, but as it contains over 1,200 titles it presents a daunting problem to the reviewer who has over the years read only a handful of these, referred to a few more and viewed most only from the outside. Casting about in his desperate quest for some useful comment he may perhaps be excused if he is at times reduced to the more niggling type of criticism. The work is a necessary and authoritative one and nothing said here affects its basic usefulness.

The titles are grouped under the same main categories as in the earlier list: 1 General, 2 History, 3 Tourism (previously Description and Travel), 4 Arts and Crafts, 5 Language and Literature, 6 Philosophy, 7 Education, 8 Law, 9 Administration, 10 Agriculture, Industry and Commerce, 11 Food and Drink, and 12 Sport. Added refinements in the *Guide* are introductions to sections explaining the principles of selection, *etc.*, and an index of personal names. The typographical arrangements are also changed, but not for the better either in clarity or compactness. In the old list authors' names were in small Roman capitals, the titles in italic and the imprints within square brackets, so that editorial comment could follow straight on in ordinary type without danger of confusion. In the *Guide* only the main part of the title is distinguished in small capitals, the sub-title being in ordinary type. Annotation follows on a separate line and is only distinguished from blocks of more general comment by its being slightly indented. This is only likely to cause momentary confusion, but something tidier might have been devised. These annotations call attention to some important feature in the work or give warning of bias in the author. Occasionally the succinct comment 'Controversial' is applied, but a good number of entries are devoid of any annotation, in some cases where it exists in the older list, *e.g.* Andrew Lang's *Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate of Rosehaugh: his Life and Times* where even the title is abbreviated, unnecessarily one would have thought in view of the rather lavish use of space in the book at large. Books on Mary, Queen of Scots, have fortunately been kept under control. The sub-section Local History of the 1950 *List* has been abolished in the *Guide* so that no place has been found for P. D. Hancock's indispensable *Bibliography of Works relating to Scotland, 1916–1950*, 2 vols [Edinburgh University Press, 1959], a supplement to Sir A. Mitchell and C. O. Cash, *A Contribution to the Bibliography of Scottish Topography* [1917], which does get a passing mention under 'Tourism'. This seems an almost unpardonable omission for there is no country in which local characteristics are stronger or more diverse.

Under Literature there is some imbalance in the Poetry section. Modern poets of recognised stature like Norman MacCaig and George Mackay Brown are merely shown to exist, whereas vintage minor poets like William Drummond get the full

treatment. Sorley Maclean, the modern Gaelic poet, comes off better however with a proper entry and annotation. A number of famous Scottish writers are barred because they are outside the 'native tradition', though that sometimes seems to contain as many different threads as a bit of tartan. People anyway will continue to come to Scotland to see the places associated with such men, and it might have been useful to mention J. M. Sloan's *The Carlyle Country* [1903] and other similar works for their benefit.

Under Education, Edinburgh University fares badly in the subsection Records and Documents where its *Catalogue of the Graduates in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity and Law . . . since its Foundation* [Edinburgh, Neill, 1858], its *List of the Graduates in Medicine . . . from 1705 to 1866* [Edinburgh, Neill, 1867] and its *Alphabetical List of Graduates . . . from 1859 to 1888* [Edinburgh, Thin, n.d.] are ignored, though the similar lists of the other Universities are duly recorded.

The Scottish interest in self-education through the printed page is a long-standing one, and Andrew Carnegie's money, though earned abroad, has left its mark on many Scottish towns and made Scotland one of the countries best supplied with free libraries in the world. K. Fidler's biography, *The Man who gave away Millions* [1955] might have been worth mentioning while Scotland's very early interest in the subject is brought out in *Early Scottish Libraries* by J. Durkan and A. Ross [1961].

In the Sport section it is sad to find no mention of personalities who have made Scotland's name 'revered abroad'. Motor racing, for which the Scots have a special flair, could have been represented by the autobiography *Jim Clark at the Wheel* [1964] and D. Murray, *Ecurie Ecosse* [1962], and boxing, in which Scotland's great little men are a match for the world's best, by P. MacInnes's life of Benny Lynch, *Ten and Out* [1961]. There are of course a lot of hills in Scotland and consequently a lot of entries under Mountaineering. Climbers it seems are strong but not silent men. There is also a good representation of books on Stalking (deer shooting) and other forms of gunning, a minority sport one would have thought nowadays. It is hard too to be deprived of Eric Liddell, the flying Scot, though born in China (biography by D. P. Thomson, 1952), and James Braid, golfer and five times winner of the 'Open' (biography by B. R. M. Darwin, 1952). It is true that the scenes of their triumphs were often necessarily outside Scotland, yet they are part of the Scottish saga nonetheless. A. M. Dunnett's *Quest by canoe; Glasgow to Skye* [1951] would have called attention to a sport that is becoming increasingly popular.

Nearly every Scot has fancied himself as a bit of a comic at times. The staid, scholarly George Buchanan wielded a grim, sardonic variety of humour and his pupil, James VI, liked to play the clown and stars in history as the 'wisest fool in Christendom'. Perhaps one of Sir Harry Lauder's books of reminiscences might have represented this side of the Scottish character.

There is no specific mention of the 'little people', a dangerous omission, one would have thought, that could have been made good by R. B. Cunningham Graham's edition

of the Rev. Robert Kirk's *Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies* [1933]. Under Music something on Scotland's traditional style of fiddle-playing might also have been worth including. W. C. Honeyman's *The Strathspey, Reel and Hornpipe Tutor* [Edinburgh, Köhler, n.d.] which describes the technique as far as it can be conveyed verbally, and J. Scott Skinner, *The Scottish Violinist* [Bailey *etc.* n.d.] would have been useful reminders of this ancient branch of Scottish music. In the Arts and Crafts section, H. Schwarz's *David Octavius Hill, Master of Photography* [1932] might have merited a place.

Scotland's massive achievements in medicine, technology and science get somewhat scant attention. It is true that there are one or two general works under History (Industry and Commerce) and that J. D. Comrie's *History of Scottish Medicine* [1927] receives a mention under Public Health but one misses the great names. Good biographies convey even to the layman some of the romance of the successes of Sir James Young Simpson, discover of anaesthesia, Sir Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin, James Watt, inventor of the steam engine, Joseph Black, founder of quantitative analysis, John Loudon Macadam, the road builder, James Telford, builder of bridges, many of them in Scotland, John Boyd Dunlop, inventor of the pneumatic tyre, James Clerk Maxwell, pioneer in the study of electro-magnetic waves, John Logie Baird, pioneer in television, Sir Robert A. Watson Watt, inventor of radar, and others. In a scientific age there are many scientific pilgrims who seek detailed local information about such men, and though science is international even here a Scottish 'way of doing' can often be detected. There is something Scottish in the thoroughness of the efforts of such 'enlightened' Scots as David Hume, the philosopher, to rid their English of Scotticisms.

Speaking of Hume, Professor E. C. Mossner's *Life* is probably the only single work to get a double mention and indeed richly deserves the encore, but the danger in human repetition is underlined by the fact that the date of publication comes out differently on each occasion, 1955 on page 61 and 1954 (correct this time) on page 82. But the general standard of accuracy is high and you can't please everyone in a selection. On the whole this is a good *Guide* and well worth the money.

C. P. FINLAYSON

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Woodcut illustration from *Newes from Scotland*, 1591

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Political and Protest Songs in Eighteenth-Century Scotland II

Songs of the Left

THOMAS CRAWFORD

The most narrowly political of eighteenth-century songs are the election ballads, of which Burns's are the best known. Drawing on earlier Scottish and English songs, and set above all to earlier tunes, the songs of this type are ephemeral—but generally vigorous. Their golden age in Scotland seems to have been in the following century, when the masses entered political life in the agitation preceding the Great Reform Bill. A bound collection in the Edinburgh Public Library, *Political Ballads and Pamphlets 1832–34*, preserves some seventy election songs composed between these years, as well as a small number of longer poems. Another example is *The Canvass, Noctes Musseburganae & Newhavanae, and Songs* (1834), 'a collection of political effusions which appeared during the late election'. ('The Canvass' itself is cast in the form of a play.) Many songs composed on Queen Victoria's visit to Edinburgh in 1842 are also preserved in the Edinburgh Public Library (Cowan 1842); and the significant thing about them, and about the 1832–4 songs also, is that most of them are parodies in the folk or popular manner. The Burns style of political ephemera is thus continued right down to the mid-nineteenth century and beyond. It draws on the same complex of lyrical traditions and deploys the same compositional habits as the 'private' exercises in popular modes of the Edinburgh drinking clubs, or of the parodies of Scots popular songs sung by Edinburgh lawyers on convivial occasions (McDiarmid 1956: 167–72; Pottle 1929: 270–1).

The term 'Left' is here used very broadly, to indicate every shade of opinion that is not specifically Tory or Jacobite. The principal songs of the eighteenth-century Left fall into four classes. First, there are the Whig and anti-Jacobite songs examined in Part I; second, Freemason songs, which are 'Left' in the sense that the clichés of their thought idiom are in tune with some aspects of deism and later liberalism; third, songs reflecting a specifically working-class or anti-landlord point of view at the social level ('songs of social protest'); and fourth, songs of the democratic movement at the time of the French Revolution. Each of the last three classes will now be examined, and assessed, where necessary, in relation to later political song.

Freemasonry in the British Isles is derived from the organisation of the brotherhood ('craft') of English and Scottish working stonemasons of the Middle Ages and sixteenth

and seventeenth centuries—the men who built the cathedrals. Like other guilds and crafts, the medieval masons had various rituals and ceremonies, and the secrets of the profession were as jealously guarded as those of doctors or, for that matter, printers, with their organisation by 'chapels'. The regulations of the English working masons are preserved in an MS known as the 'Constitutions of Masonry', the oldest texts we have, the *Regius* and *Cooke* MSS, dating from *c.* 1400; and Scottish masons in the sixteenth century gave their neophytes the 'mason word', which seems to have been imparted along with a whole series of esoteric questions and set replies such as those preserved in the Edinburgh *Register House* MS of 1696. In Scotland the Master Mason's Word was 'Mahabone', 'Mahabyn', 'Maughbin' or 'Machbenach', and when it was communicated the bodies of teacher and neophyte assumed certain positions in relation to each other which symbolised the Five Points of Fellowship. The first non-artisan we know to have been accepted into the craft was none other than John Boswell of Auchinleck in 1600, and there was henceforth a distinction between 'operative' (working) and 'accepted' members. By 1670 the Aberdeen Lodge had a majority of 'accepted' members including aristocrats and middle-class persons, and the same held good of the London Lodge by the second decade of the eighteenth century.

The eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries saw 'accepted masonry' develop into what its own handbooks describe as 'a peculiar system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols' (Carr 1966); in Britain, that morality was strongly deistic and sentimentalist, and in Scotland it was perhaps the main channel by which anti-Calvinist and even non-Christian views achieved wide currency amongst ordinary people. Up until 1723 there was no necessary contradiction between British Freemasonry and orthodox Christianity, but in that year James Anderson's *Constitutions*—in the view of a hostile writer—removed 'almost all traces of Christianity'. In 1738 the *Constitutions* went a step further, when they were revised to state that '[Masons] being found in all nations even of divers religions, they are now generally charged to adhere to that religion in which all men agree (leaving each brother to his own particular opinion)'. J. A. Acker sums up the tenets of modern fully developed Freemasonry as follows (Acker 1959: 15 ff.):

> [It] allows a collection of gods to occupy its altar and thus reduces God to a vague Supreme Being, a nondescript Architect of the Universe . . . [It] regards Jesus Christ as a great teacher only, not as the Son of God and Savior from sin . . . Its teaching [is] Salvation by Merit. Masonry teaches that heaven is gained by good works . . not by faith, nor by Vicarious Atonement . . . [It] claims that all faithful Masons reach Heaven.

These are precisely the tenets to which Robert Burns was attracted, and which he sometimes professed—the exact opposite of the antinomianism he pilloried in his religious satires, and even of true Calvinism itself. On the continent of Europe Freemasonry was predominantly a liberal and even a revolutionary force. It was strongly opposed by the Catholic Church, which regarded it as hostile to all 'legitimate' authority in Church

and State. Condemned in bulls and encyclicals by seven Popes, including Leo XIII and Pius X, its contribution to the French Revolution has often been noted (Ledré 1956: 26–36).

Masonic songs were so popular in Scotland that they passed into oral circulation and became subject to the folk process. Gavin Greig in the early twentieth century gives three stanzas of a ballad with Masonic overtones, which he obtained from Mrs Imlah of Weetingshill (Greig 1909: XL, CLIII). These three stanzas derive from an earlier song, 'Adam in the Garden', with the burden 'To kiss her love with his apron on', which appears in a nineteenth-century London broadside (COL 348); it is noteworthy that the Aberdeenshire version shows considerable textual differences that are consistent with oral transmission. Yet eighteenth-century Masonic songs often have an exclusive 'Here's tae us, wha's like us' attitude which goes along with a consciousness that the outside world disapproves of Masons and that women are jealous of their secrecy. In so far as they are Scottish, these songs appear to take over into the Enlightenment some of the worst aspects of Calvinism, as, for example, the notion of an élite of Freemasons, harsh scorn for the lesser breeds without the craft (called, contemptuously, 'cowans'), and an element of persecution mania. The Masonic songs fulfilled, therefore, a paradoxical rôle. The vehicles of an anti-Calvinist and libertarian creed, they yet expressed attitudes in many respects akin to those of a religion to which Masonic theory was opposed. Yet some of their ideas are characteristically Burnsian, and they were—like Freemasonry as a whole—an intermediary between Augustan concepts of human dignity and the humanitarianism of Burns.

The paradox can be illustrated with reference to the despised 'cowans'. In the days before there were any 'accepted' masons the regular artisans—just like restrictionist trade-unionists of the early twentieth century—would not work with men, no matter how efficient, if they were not full members of the craft. For example, in the 'Statutis and Ordinanceis' of 28 Dec. 1598 'to be obseruit be all the maister maissounis within this realme' the King's 'Maister of Wark' laid down (Lyon 1900: 10):

> That na maister or fallow of craft ressaue ony cowanis to wirk in his societie or cumpanye, nor send nane of his servands to wirk wt. cowanis under the pane of twentie punds . . .

And in the early years of the modern Masonic movement, the Minutes of Mother Lodge Kilwinning describe a cowan as a Mason 'without the word' (Lyon 1900: 24). By this time, obviously, cowans could obtain the word and become fully recruited into the craft; they were not, that is to say, utterly reprobate; and yet the songs sometimes treat them as if they were inferior beings, as in this stanza of 'Let worthy brethren all combine' (F.M.P.C. 1763; 215):

> Ye fools and Cowans, all who plot,
> For to obtain our mystery;
> Ye strive in vain, attempt it not,
> Such creatures never shall be free.
> (St. III)

More rational, however, is this sentiment from a song in a Dumfries collection (Y.F.M.A. 1784: 23):

> You cowans together both ancient and young,
> Draw near a while to my merry song,
> You all will be Masons before it be long.
> *Up and down, derry derry, up and down,* &c.
> You are made for a trifle, the price is but small;
> Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords, Your brothers will call.
> Get aprons, get gloves, get drink, and that's all,
> *Up and down* &c.

Quite a number of songs stress the differences between Masons and the rest of the world, or the misconceptions which outsiders have about the Craft. Sometimes they do this seriously, sometimes with good-humoured laughter at the 'folk' legends concerning Freemasons that circulate in the community. 'Ye people who laugh at masons draw near, / Attend to my ballad without any sneer' (F.M.P.C. 1763: 240) deals point by point with outsiders' objections, while a piece entitled 'In Praise of Masonry' expresses the sentiments of slandered minorities in all ages (W.M.M. 1779: 307):

> In Spite of the prejudic'd hate
> The vulgar against us retain,
> Let us new attachments create,
> And strengthen each link to our chain:
> Without ceasing, they slander us still,
> And fling at us many a joke;
> But those, who of Masons speak ill,
> Are not worthy their wrath to provoke.
> (St. 1)

The popular belief that masons were in league with the Devil is the origin of one of the best stanzas in Burns's 'Address to the Deil' (Kinsley 1968: 171):

> When *MASONS'* mystic *word* an' *grip*
> In storms an' tempests raise you up,
> Some cock, or cat your rage maun stop,
> Or, strange to tell!
> The youngest brither ye wad whip
> Aff straught to Hell.
> (St. XIV)

In 'Here's a health to each one,' a song that appeared in most of the Scottish Masonic collections, it is stated that 'the world' claim 'the devil is nigh' at Masonic initiations (F.M.P.C. 1763: 238). Other misconceptions that arose quite naturally from Masonic secrecy were treated comically in in-group poetry. For example, there has been preserved an Epilogue of thirty lines in heroic couplets, where a Freemason's wife is terrified

because she thinks he will have to undergo some strange operation at his induction, only to find that he makes her 'full amends' in love and truth (F.M.P.C. 1765: 261). The implication is, presumably, that becoming a Freemason increases a man's sexual powers. In another Epilogue, 'Well—here I'm come to let you know my thoughts', the woman is highly delighted that her husband has been made a Mason; he came back 'so strangely altered for the better' that she wishes 'he were made a Mason every night' (F.M.P.C. 1765: 259). The general public seem to have jeered at the craft because they wore the apron, a woman's garment, and there were many allegations of effeminacy which are indignantly rebutted. Nevertheless, a certain sexual ambiguity is present even in the denials, as in ''Tis Masonry unites mankind', when love is placed second to brotherhood (F.M.P.C. 1763: 228):

Let wretches at our manhood rail:
  But those who once our judgment prove,
Will own, that we who build so well,
  With equal energy can love.

Tho' still our chief concern and care
  Be to deserve a brother's name;
For ever mindful of the fair,
  Their choicest favours still we claim.

(Sts. IV–V)

Many Masonic songs are bacchanalian, such as the following piece, which combines a statement of group solidarity with the assertion of two of the most fundamental values of the craft—honesty and freedom, the latter word carrying a strong connotation of 'liberality' (F.M.P.C. 1765: 239):

With plumb, level, and square, to work let's prepare,
  And join in a sweet harmony;
Let's fill up each glass, and around let it pass
To all honest men that are free.
  To all honest men that are free.

CHORUS

Then a fig for all those who are Free-masons' foes,
  Our secrets we'll never impart;
But in unity we'll always agree,
  And chorus it, prosper our art.
  And chorus it, &c.

(St. I and Chorus)

'What tho' they call us Masons fools' begins with the public's hostility, and ends with the claim that Masonry above all arts promotes the virtues of sentimentalism and the Enlightenment (F.M.P.C. 1763: 238):

It makes us courteous, easy, free,
Gen'rous, and honourably gay.
What other art the like can say?
Then here's to masonry.
(St. IV lines 5–8)

In some places the charitable activities of the craft are stated: 'The poor, oppress'd with woe and grief, / Gain from our bounteous hands relief' (F.M.S. 1759: 8). In others, it is asserted that Masonry fulfils one of the ideals of the Augustan Age, the 'methodisation' of Nature (F.M.P.C. 1763: 266):

For we the paths of virtue trace:
By us man's rugged nature is refin'd,
And polish'd into love and peace.
(St. V lines 2–4)

It is precisely Freemasons who are 'gen'rous', 'brave' and 'good', 'who think and act as they should' (F.M.P.C. 1763: 249), and achieve true knowledge painlessly—a position which can be united with stock eighteenth-century satire against pedantry and enthusiasm (F.M.P.C. 1765: 250):

Would a wry-fac'd physician, or parson excel,
In preaching, or giving a sanctify'd spell;
He first must read Galen and Tillotson thro',
E'er he gets credentials, or business to do,
Derry down, &c.

But these are all follies, Free-Masons can prove;
In the lodge they find knowledge, fair virtue, and love;
Without deaf'ning their ears, without blinding their eyes,
They find the compendious way to be wise.
Derry down, &c.
(Sts. III–IV)

The positive values of Masonry can merge into a rejection of the aristocrat who is *merely* the son of his father, or *merely* the owner of much land, like the 'belted Knight' of Burns's 'Is there for honest poverty' who is but a 'cuif' for a' that. 'Is there for honest poverty' has often been compared to the prose thoughts of Tom Paine in the Revolutionary period (Crawford 1960: 365). The passage now quoted from the Masonic 'Let worthy brethren all combine' is identical in spirit with 'Is there for honest poverty'. It would seem to follow that, however innocuous it may appear, the song expresses egalitarian tendencies (F.M.P.C. 1763: 255):

The wise, the noble, good, and great,
Can only be accepted here;
The knave or fool, tho' deck'd in state,
Shall ne'er approach the master's chair.
(St. IV)

In his bacchanalian moods, the democratic Freemason is superior to both kings and philosophers ('Here let no dull faces of business appear', F.M.P.C. 1763 : 239):

Adieu, sober thinking, detraction, and spleen;
You ought to be strangers where masons convene.
Come, jest, love, and laughter, ye joyful throng,
You're free of the lodge, and to masons belong.

Let monarchs run mad after riches and power,
Fat gownmen be dull, and philosophers sour;
While the claret goes round, and the company sings,
We're wiser than sages, and richer than kings.
(Sts. IV–V)

It is like the superiority assigned by Burns to Tam o'Shanter in the alehouse: 'Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious.' The revolutionary slogan of Fraternity is the Masonic virtue *par excellence*: as the song 'King Solomon, that wise projector' has it—'Our Maxims are justice, morality, / Friendship, and brotherly love'. Indeed, this lyric document shows more succinctly than any other how the most characteristic of Burns's attitudes—the great Burnsian positives (apart from sexual love)—are similar to the positives of Freemasonry (F.M.P.C. 1763 : 252):

We meet like true friends on the level,
And lovingly part on the square:
Alike we respect king and beggar,
Provided they're just and sincere.
We scorn an ungenerous action,
None can with free-masons compare;
We love for to live within compass,
By rules that are honest and fair.
(St. II)

A principal attraction of Freemasonry is no doubt its elaborately systematised ritual; and one is tempted to dwell on the paradoxical synthesis of the rational and the symbolic, the stylized and the radical, which this involves, and to see in Mozart's 'The Magic Flute' the epitome of this contradiction. Certainly much Masonic song was concerned with the craft's internal organisation, with the ceremonies of passing from one degree of Masonry to another, rather than with any political content; that is, its purpose was the cohesion and maintenance of Freemasonry itself. There were songs for the lowest grade, that of the entered apprentice, such as Matthew Birkhead's 'Come let us prepare, we brothers that are' (T.T.M. 1740, IV: 362; Ramsay 1876 II: 165), where the political content is decidedly favourable to the establishment; thus the free and accepted Mason is to eschew 'All idle debate / About church or the state, / the springs of impiety and treason' (St. VI). In Charles de la Fay's 'The Fellow-craft's song' ('Hail Masonry, thou craft divine!') a Mason is said to excel other men as men do the brutes, and the emphasis

is on 'Sweet fellowship, from envy free, / Friendly converse of brotherhood' (Charmer 1749, 1: 290); while the song ascribed to the next grade, the Master, is a solemn praise of 'mighty eastern Kings, and some / of Abram's race, and monarchs good / Of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome', who understood 'true architecture' (F.M.P.C. 1761: 75). 'Though bigots storm, and fools declaim', by Brother Blacklock of the lodge at Dumfries, has a somewhat more revolutionary undertone than the formal songs assigned to various degrees. The chorus combines exclusive élitism with the spirit of a rather vague *Internationale* (F.M.P.C. 1761: 81–2):

> O'er all the earth let masons join,
> To execute one grand design,
> And strike amazement into fools,
> Who laugh at masons and their tools.

Brother Blacklock's third stanza, though still concentrating on individual self-improvement, adds an ominous new virtue to the traditional fraternity:

> Let ev'ry mason then prepare
> By virtue's mould his work to square;
> And ev'ry task adjusted be
> By the level of equality.

Equality and the other virtues are nevertheless *exclusive*; they are not to pass over into society at large but are to be practised within the lodge behind an impenetrable Mason-barrier of secrecy.

For industrial protest songs, trade union verse, and songs and poems expressing a typically proletarian outlook, one has to go to the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; yet these more recent working-class songs are no doubt descended from, or at the very least are analogous to songs of earlier centuries. Very few such prototypes have survived in Scotland and it is the great English collections of broadsides that contain the ancestors of Burns's 'Man was made to mourn', such as 'The Poor Folks Complaint' of *c.* 1675 (Rollins 1929–32, III: 12–15):

> Whilst you so surfeit with Excess,
> and with great plenty are rewarded,
> The Poor do languish in distress,
> and still their Cryes are not regarded . . .
> (St. II)

That such songs were widely known and sung in Scotland may be deduced from Burns's mention of his grand-uncle whose 'most voluptuous enjoyment was to sit down & cry, while my Mother would sing the simple old song of, *The Life & Age of Man*' (Ferguson 1931, 1: 246). More specifically trade-union in its appeal, though hardly 'proletarian' in the accepted sense, is the 'Petition of the Clerks and Apprentices of Writers to the Signet, and Writers in Edinburgh' addressed 'Unto the Lords of Council

in Session' and dating from the 1820s at the very latest (C.B.N.C. 1764–1853: fol. 47):

> We've struggled long, chill penury to hide,
> But now Necessity o'ercomes our pride;
> Though modesty conceal'd our pressing need,
> Our hollow stomachs would cry out for bread;
> And sure this humble prayer's more grateful far
> Than empty sounds of hunger at your bar.

TheWriters' Clerks are paid threepence a page for copying, but are employed in this unprofitable fashion for hardly a fourth part of the day, simply because their masters take on more clerks than they need in order to 'cut a shine'. The rest of the time they spend on errands for their masters, taking down rolls, passing signet letters, or 'trudging idly through the Outer-House'.

> Full many a tedious year has past away,
> Since writers' Clerks have got increase of pay;
> And e'en this ill we might with patience bear,
> Had not each necessary grown so dear.
> A Writer's Clerk, full fifty years ago,
> On thirty pounds a-year could be a beau:
> But now, on that same sum we scarce can hide
> Our naked skin, and meat and drink provide . . .
> If we're employ'd to copy any paper,
> For instance, to a Hosier or a Draper,
> Our charge is truly not a farthing more
> Than what it was a century before;
> But, if we need a hat, a coat, or stocking
> (With great submission, is it not provoking?)
> Our Draper says, he cannot sell them under
> Five times the price they cost in 1700.

Although 'other tradesmen join in combinations / To raise their wages, or desert their stations', all the clerks and ApprenticeWriters will do is to petition genteelly for an increase in the copying rate of one penny per page.

Genuinely urban songs of protest did not become common until even later in the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth century, rural social lyrics often took the form of songs in praise of the beggar's life, like the popular sources of Burns's *Jolly Beggars* (Crawford 1960: 130–43) or 'Johnnie o'Braidiesley', in which a poacher's exploits are praised (Greig 1909: xxxiii). In general there is a distressing lack of genuine lower-class songs of protest from eighteenth-century Scotland, with the notable exception of Burns. That there are so few in the song-books may reflect either the social backwardness of Scotland or the 'establishment' bias of the compilers, who may have included only socially harmless material, preferring ballads and love-songs to anything that hit out strongly at their class. If the latter explanation is correct, it automatically places a

very significant limitation upon the much-vaunted 'democracy' of the educated in eighteenth-century Scotland; and indeed the survival of one or two lyrics of quite strong social protest makes one feel that this second hypothesis may very well be true.

Such social criticism as has come down to us is very often associated with wars and soldiers, as in the various versions of 'De'il tak the wars hurried Billy frae me', which go back to the late seventeenth century (Durfey 1959, 1: 294). The following lyric by an educated writer who has managed to concentrate the point of view of *The Beggar's Opera* or *Jonathan Wild* into ten lines, is yet full of a radical compassion for the underdog and hatred for those at the top (COL. 1762: 105):

> The soldier disbanded, and forc'd for to beg,
> May talk of his wars and his suff'rings so hard:
> But tho' seam'd o'er with scars, and with never a leg,
> His wants we neglect, nor his courage regard;
> And the lass that is poor,
> Is sent for a whore,
> With hemp and with hammer to make her complaint;
> But if you have money,
> All honours are done ye,
> A coward's a hero, a whore is a saint.

In a nineteenth-century song preserved by oral transmission and now part of the repertoire of the Aberdeen folksinger Jeannie Robertson, 'Twa recruitin' sergeants', the sergeants paint conditions in the army as much less dangerous than those experienced by a ploughman on the average farm if, for example, his horses and oxen were to get out of hand; and they pointedly criticise the ploughman's employer, 'the greedy auld farmer', and the mouldy fare he provides for his workmen (Robertson 1960: JFS 4001). The theme that life in the army guarantees freedom from the oppression of civilian life, is exactly that of a song of the mid-eighteenth century, here reproduced in full (U.S.S. 1781):

> My yellow mou'd mistress, I bid you adieu,
> For I've been too long in slavery with you,
> With washing and scouring I'm seldom in bedy
> And now I will go with my sodger laddie,
> My sodger laddie, my sodger laddie,
> The kisses are sweet of a sodger laddie.
>
> With the crust of your loaf, and dregs of your tea,
> You fed your lap doggie far better than me,
> With rinning and spinning, my head was unsteady,
> But now I will go with my sodger laddie,
> My sodger laddie, &c.

For yarn, for yarn, you always did cry,
And look'd to my pirn, ay as ye went by;
Now the drums they do beat, and my bundle is ready,
And I'll go along with my sodger laddie.
My sodger laddie, &c.

As women with men are always for use,
For washing and dressing, or plucking a goose;
Or drawing a chicken to make his diet ready,
O happy I'll be with my sodger laddie.
My sodger laddie &c.

A soldier that's marry'd, I always do see,
Has always most money, if so they agree,
He calls her his honey, his dear and his lady,
Then I will go with my sodger laddie.
My sodger laddie, &c.

If my fortune be bad, the truth I will tell,
It was through a bad mistress that so it befel;
If she sent me an errand, she cry'd, ay, where stay'd ye,
For which I will go with my sodger laddie.
My sodger laddie, &c.

I went to the well, and lost a burn stoup,
And when I came home, she kicked my doup;
O was not this hard, by such a fine lady,
For which I will go with my sodger laddie.
My sodger laddie &c.

I'll always be ready, with needle and soap,
For possing and patching to serve the whole troop,
I'll be loving and kind, and live like a lady,
When I go abroad with my sodger laddie.
My sodger laddie, &c.

In heat of battles, I'll keep on the flank,
With a stone in a stocking, and give them a clank.
If he be knock'd down, though he be my daddy,
I'll bring all his clink to my sodger laddie.
My sodger laddie, &c.

For robbing the dead is no thievish trick,
I'll rifle his breeches, and then his knapsack,
But yet on a friend I'll not be so ready,
If he's been acquaint with my sodger laddie.
My sodger laddie, &c.

Then as rich as a Jew, I'll return yet I hope,
And ask my old lady if she's found her burn stoup,
And all my days after, I'll live like a lady,
On the gold I've got, with my sodger laddie
  My sodger laddie, my sodger laddie
  The kisses are sweet of a sodger laddie.

This song can well be taken as a test piece for the appreciation of the popular lyric. To many it will seem the merest doggerel, but to those attuned to popular conventions, more especially the Scottish ones, it will seem excellent of its kind—first, because of its perfect adaptation of words to tune (it is a parody of 'My sodger laddie is over the sea' in *The Tea-table Miscellany*, Ramsay 1876, 1: 205); second, because of the frequently adroit management of assonance and half-rhyme in the second couplet of many stanzas; third, because of the repeated fulfilment of the expectations aroused by the contrast between the initial masculine and final feminine rhyme patterns within each stanza; and fourth, because its radical social content is so perfectly fused with the character of the protagonist. In many ways the piece looks forward to Burns, in particular to the values of *The Jolly Beggars*. There is also a similarity between the criticism of luxury in *The Twa Dogs* (Crawford 1960: 172–3) and the servant's 'You fed your lap doggie far better than me'; and yet in some ways this anonymous lyric goes farther than Burns generally does. The conflict of classes is manifest at the individual level in a clash of *wills* between mistress and 'slavey', and the latter's dearest wish is for revenge—to vanquish her ex-employer through the use of sarcastic humour, and then to have riches and luxury herself. One of the finest oppositions in the song appears in St. III, between the mistress's nagging economic exploitation and the drum-beats symbolising freedom; and another is the contrast within the girl's own character between her self-will and her generosity—once away from her immediate cramping environment, she will be 'loving and kind' to her own man, and in addition serve the whole troop. Altogether delightful is this strong personality's unhesitating acceptance of her femininity—the principal way to freedom open to her is through her rôle as woman, to love and serve. Even in the grim context of a battle-field where the camp followers loot the corpses, she will still serve, though in a superficially unfeminine way, by attacking some perhaps wounded man with a stone wrapped in a stocking. The grim realism of this piece demonstrates what could be achieved, even before Burns, by the popular tradition itself and makes one wish that such a strain could have been transmuted in the following century into a realistic art-poetry of urban Scotland.

It is surely significant that David Herd, the greatest Scottish song collector of the century, preserved a version of 'The Hunting of the Wren', which implies that this allegorical and perhaps revolutionary song, full of barely concealed threats of direct violence and libertarian share-out, was in oral circulation in the eighteenth century. (Hecht-Herd 1904: 200–1):

'Will ye go to the wood?' quo' Fozie Mozie,
'Will ye go to the wood?' quo' Johnie Rednozie,
'Will ye go to the wood?' quo' Foslin' ene,
'Will ye go to the wood?' quo' brither and kin.

'What to do there?' quo' Fozie Mozie, &c.

'To slay the wren,' quo' Fozie Mozie, &c.

'What way will we get her hame?' quo' Fozie Mozie, &c.

'We'll hyre carts and horse', quo' Fozie Mozie, &c.

'What way will we get her in?' quo' Fozie Mozie, &c.

'We'll drive down the door-cheeks', quo' Fozie Mozie, &c.

'I'll hae a wing', quo' Fozie Mozie,
'I'll hae anither', quo' Johnie Rednozie,
'I'll hae a leg', quo' Foslin' ene,
'An I'll hae anither', quo' brither and kin.

That the song survived in Scotland into the nineteenth century is certain from Peter Buchan's version, which he entitled 'Johny Rednose' (Hecht-Herd 1904: 315–16):

Where are ye gain? quoth Hose to Mose,
Where are ye gain? quoth Johnny Rednose,
And where are ye gain? quoth brethren three,
To shoot the wren, quo' Wise Willie.

Where will we saut her? quoth Hose to Mose,
Where will we saut her? quoth Johnny Rednose,
Where will we saut her? quoth brethren three.
In quids an' tubs, quoth Wise Willie.

What will we do wi her? quoth Hose to Mose, &c.
We'll make a feast o' her, quoth Wise Willie.
Wha will we hae at it? quoth Hose to Mose, &c.
We'll hae dukes an' lords, quoth Wise Willie.

The revolutionary implications of the final reference to Dukes and Lords are perhaps more sinister than anything in David Herd's text. A. L. Lloyd calls the song (which is of course, English in origin) an 'anthem of the partition and sharing of the body of a

royal sacrifice, in this case, the king of the birds, the wren'. He goes on to say that 'when it was recorded from an old shepherd of Adderbury West, near Banbury, he banged the floor with his stick on the accented notes and stamped violently at the end of the verses, saying that to stamp was the right way and reminded of old times. What memories of ancient defiance are preserved in this kind of performance it would be hard to say, but we know that the wren-hunting song was attached to a pagan mid-winter ritual of the kind that Church and authority fulminated vainly against—particularly in the rebellious period at the end of the Middle Ages when adherence to the forms of the Old Religion was taken to be evidence of subversion, and its partisans were violently persecuted in consequence' (Lloyd 1967: 96). From 'The Hunting of the Wren' to the French Revolution seems emotionally a short step, though culturally they are poles apart.

One product of the eighteenth century whose ferocity equals 'The Hunting of the Wren' is Burns's 'The Tree of Liberty'. Since the rest of this article is concerned with the background of this song in popular poetry and its text is little known I shall reproduce it in full (Kinsley 1968: 910–13):

Heard ye o' the tree o' France,
  I watna what's the name o't;
Around it a' the patriots dance,
  Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
  A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
  Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
  Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man aboon the brute,
  It maks him ken himsel, man.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
  He's greater than a lord, man,
An' wi' the beggar shares a mite
  O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
  To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
  An' mak us a' content, man.
It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
  Maks high and low gude friends, man;
And he wha acts the traitor's part
  It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel
  Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And staw a branch, spite o' the deil,
  Frae yont the western waves, man.
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
  And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there,
  Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folks aye hate to see
  The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
The courtly vermin's banned the tree,
  And grat to see it thrive, man;
King Loui' thought to cut it down,
  When it was unco sma', man;
For this the watchman cracked his crown,
  Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
  Did tak a solemn aith, man,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
  I wat they pledged their faith, man.
Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
  Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade
  And wished they'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
  Her sons did loudly ca', man;
She sang a sang o' liberty,
  Which pleased them ane and a', man.
By her inspired, the new-born race
  Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,
  And banged the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
  Her poplar and her pine, man,
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
  And o'er her neighbours shine, man.
But seek the forest round and round,
  And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree can not be found,
  'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake this life
  Is but a vale o' woe, man;
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,
  Nae real joys we know, man.
We labour soon, we labour late,
  To feed the titled knave, man;
And a' the comfort we're to get
  Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
  The warld would live in peace, man;
The sword would help to mak a plough,
  The din o' war wad cease, man.
Like brethren in a common cause,
  We'd on each other smile, man;
And equal rights and equal laws
  Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
  Sic halesome dainty cheer, man;
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
  To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
Syne let us pray, auld England may
  Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
  That gave us liberty, man.

I have elsewhere commented on the many plantings of Trees of Liberty in Scottish towns in 1792 and again in 1797 (Crawford 1960: 247). The use of trees as political symbols in British popular poetry can be traced at least as far back as the legend of King Charles II and the oak in which he was supposed to hide after the battle of Worcester. Thus in one respect at least songs of right-wing royalism are among the antecedents of 'The Tree of Liberty'. In 1776, for example, there appeared 'The Royal Oak Tree', by members of the Royal Oak Society, Edinburgh (GF. 1777: 213):

Ye true Sons of Scotia together unite,
  And yield all your senses to joy and delight;
Give mirth its full scope, that the nations may see
We honour our standard, the Great Royal Tree.
  All shall yield to the Royal Oak-tree:
    Bend to thee,
    Majestic Tree!
  Chearful was He, who sat in thee;
  And thou, like him, thence honour'd shall be.
(St. 1)

In the third stanza, the obvious leap is made from Charles's tree to the ships of the British navy, made of oak, and in the fourth and final one the Great Royal-Oak becomes the emblem of the whole British nation, of which Scotia is seen to be a part. The oak, it is claimed, is superior to the botanical ensigns of all other countries—'the poor trifles of each distant coast', as they are called.

In the Shakespeare bicentennial celebrations of 1764 David Garrick sang 'Shakespeare's Mulberry-Tree' as he held in his hand a cup said to be made of the tree, which was supposed to have been planted by Shakespeare's own hand (GF. 1777: 211). The sentiment is that all trees shall yield to the Mulberry tree, symbol of our greatest writer (and again it is significant to find Scots identifying themselves with the English nation and their bard, as is evidenced by the reprinting of the piece in so many Scottish song books):

> Fill, fill to the Planter, the cup to the brim;
> To honour the country, do honour to him.
> (St. VIII, lines 3–4)

The song we have noted above, 'The Royal-Oak Tree', was designed to be sung to the tune of 'Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree', and the members of the Edinburgh Royal-Oak Society were also responsible for a Cantata called 'The Tree of Friendship' (NG. 1776: 161), which identifies the Royal Oak with Masonic values and unites friendship (fraternity) with liberty. As King Charles, pursued, mounts the oak, he is convinced that friendship is superior to all crowns:

> Hail to the Royal, hail to the Royal Tree!
> Protector of our liberty . . .

The Oak, now the Tree of Friendship, is Britain's greatest boast; our lives and liberties are lost without it, and indeed our trade depends upon it, since our goods are both carried and protected by vessels made from its wood. Let us then twine round it like woodbines. The Tree of Friendship is in a sense genuinely classless, for

> Should any pretend
> To affront our good friend,
> Let the foe be a duke, lord, or clown,
> With our Oaks fast in hand,
> By our friends we'll firm stand,
> And then knock the proud boaster down.

Friendship is thus merged into liberty, and Scotland into England. A mason-like generosity and charitableness are metamorphosed into a general love of all humanity:

> Firm as the Oak let us stand, friends sincere let us be:
> Our purses are ready,
> Open to the needy,
> In this let all Britons, all mankind agree.

In 'The Tree of Friendship' a strain derived from freemasonry comes together with a 'rightist', pro-Stuart tendency; interestingly enough, the piece was later printed in *The True Loyalist; or Chevalier's Favourite*, a privately printed Jacobite production of 1779.

Trees also had sexual significance, as can be seen from a two-page sheet with music in the Madden Collection at Cambridge entitled 'The Tree of Life' and beginning 'Come prick up your ears and attend, sirs'. This sheet is part of a collection made by Reuben Burrow, the late eighteenth-century mathematician. The Tree of Life is the Penis, just as it is in Burns's famous so-called 'Blackguard' letter to Ainslie of 3 March 1788 (Ferguson I: 200):

> O, what a peacemaker is a guid weel-willy p-le! It is the mediator, the guarantee, the umpire, the band of union, the solemn league and covenant, the plenipotentiary, the Aaron's rod, the Jacob's staff, the prophet Elisha's pot of oil, the Ahasuerus' sceptre, the sword of mercy, the philosopher's stone, the horn of plenty, and Tree of Life between Man and Woman.

In St. III of the Madden Ballad this tree is called a 'true universal', and an idea of the song's humour can be derived from Sts. VI and IX:

> But chiefly in Ireland this Plant it best thrives,
> As well can be prov'd by their Widows and Wives;
> Its root is so stout and so strong, I insist on't,
> That most of their Natives entirely subsist on't . . .
>
> It cures all dissentions 'twixt Husband and Wife,
> And makes her look pleasant thro' each Stage of Life;
> By a right application it never can fail,
> But then it must always be given IN TAIL.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Burns either knew a version of the Madden Ballad, presumably from oral transmission, or that he knew another ballad using the same 'floating folksong' ideas.

The identification of trees with various countries ('The poplar and the pine, man') was quite common in the late eighteenth century; and there exists 'The Fable of the Trees' ('Once on a time when great Sir Oak'), a poem of 64 lines printed in a newspaper, *c.* 1790, where England is identified by the Oak and Scotland by the Fir (P. & M.: fol. 19, *verso*). In 1789 the celebrations of the 'Glorious Revolution' of 1688 took on a new significance, and many songs were composed and sung for these occasions. All are an essential part of the background, not just of 'The Tree of Liberty', but of the other revolutionary songs of Burns whose authenticity is not in doubt, such as 'Is there for honest poverty?' and 'Scots wha hae'. 'A Song sung at the Anniversary of the Revolution of 1688, Held at the London Tavern, Nov. 5. 1792', designed to be sung to the tune of 'How imperfect is expression', begins as follows (P.B.: 6):

See! bright LIBERTY descending,
O'er the verdant hills and plains:
And bold GALLIA, nobly sending
FREEDOM and relief from CHAINS,

and goes on to welcome the idea of a world-wide chain of revolutions:

May the CAUSE which they're protecting,
Spread thro' every STATE and CLIME:
That MEN on their RIGHTS reflecting
REVOLUTIONS well may time . . .

But as human INSTITUTIONS
Are by nature prone to change:
Let succeeding REVOLUTIONS,
Wise and equal LAWS arrange.

(Sts. IV, VI)

Mr Dignum's song on the same occasion, the anniversary in 1792 of the Revolution of 1688, was to be sung to a tune with peculiarly un-revolutionary associations, which not inaptly, perhaps, symbolises the connection between the earlier cult of sentiment and the later Revolution—'The tear that bedews Sensibility's Shrine'. After all, Burns embraced both sensibility and revolution and, at the level of theory, both were found in Rousseau. Dignum's final stanza (St. IV), however poor poetically, is an excellent *contemporary* documentation of the mood of 'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive' (P.B.: 7):

France, we share in the rapture thy bosom that fills,
While the Genius of Liberty bounds o'er thine hills;
Redundant henceforth may thy purple juice flow,
Prouder wave thy green woods, and thine olive trees grow!

While the hand of philosophy long shall entwine,
Blest emblem, the laurel, the myrtle and vine;
And Heav'n thro' all ages confirms the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

The imagery of vegetation predominates in these droppings of the stuffed owl—superabundant wine, green woods, olive trees, and those plants associated with ideology and with enlightenment. Naturally enough, there were anti-revolutionary songs just as there were anti-Jacobite songs, and one of the earliest of these, W. T. F. Fitzgerald's 'A Loyal Song', depicts the contrast between Left and Right specifically in terms of different tree images (P.B.: 27):

The young mind's the best soil, the Sophists agree,
Where to plant, with success, th' atheistical tree;
Whose fruits are false reason, hypocrisy, plunder,
But the fruit we will blast, and the tree cut asunder.

(St. IV)

After a historical passage in which the author avers that 'our forefathers of old' were deceived by the republicans' arts, when they trusted fanatics and presbyterianism, the Royal Oak itself is called in, as the direct opposite of 'th'atheistical tree':

> Till at length the whole nation were glad to restore
> That good Constitution which bless'd them before;
> They no longer endur'd the Republican yoke,
> But hallow'd the boughs of our fam'd Royal Oak!
> (St. VIII)

Another right-wing song sheet of 1792, significantly entitled 'The Contrast', is noteworthy for its precise pictorial emblems. On the left, in a circle, is English Liberty; on the right, in a circle, French Liberty. English Liberty is Britannia holding the scales of justice, a lion at her feet and a ship to her right; she sits beneath a tree, presumably an oak. French Liberty is a Medusa-like harridan with a trident on which a human head is impaled. Her right foot rests on a prostrate decapitated body, and in the background an aristocrat hangs by the neck from a street lamp. Beneath English Liberty is written 'Religion, Morality, Loyalty, Obedience to the Laws, Independence, Personal Security, Justice, Inheritance, Protection, Property, Industry, National Prosperity, Happiness'; and beneath French Liberty, 'Atheism, Perjury, Rebellion, Treason, Anarchy, Murder, Equality, Madness, Cruelty, Injustice, Treachery, Ingratitude, Idleness, Famine, National and private Ruin, Misery'. Below them both is 'WHICH IS BEST? *The New Hearts of Oak*' (P.B.: 28). The popular consciousness at the time of the French Revolution seems to have expressed itself rather rigidly in emblems, and to have tended towards tree-symbolism above any other. There are songs specifically against Tom Paine, such as 'Mighty Tom Paine', printed apparently at Hull, Yorkshire (P.B.: 38), and the 'Life and Character of Mr Thomas Paine, put in Metre, and inscribed to the Society against Levellers and Republicans' (P.B.: 41). The first line is 'Wicked Tom Paine', and the last stanza with its 'do or die' line reminiscent of the French Tennis Court Oath, belongs to the same context of agitation and counter-agitation as the 'Let us do, or die!' of Burns's 'Scots wha hae':

> Britons be brave,
> Let us such knave,
> Sedition's torch supply!
> For Freedom's cause,
> In equal laws,
> Resolve to live—or die!

It is interesting to note these anti-Reform sheets associating the idea which Burns expressed in the line 'A man's a man for a' that' directly with Paine himself. Thus J. Aitkin of Castle Street, Leicester Fields issued a prose broadsheet with an engraving 'Pain, Sin and the Devil—Tres Juncti in Uno'. From the mouth of 'Pain' issues, in comic-strip fashion, 'Rights of Man', and from that of Sin, 'Sedition'. The title is 'Intercepted Correspondence from Satan to Citizen Paine; Wherein is discovered a

secret Friendship between Honest Thomas and a Crowned Head in spite of his avowed principles of Opposition to all Monarchy'—a technique of popular satire with many antecedents, including Burns's own 'Address of Beelzebub'. The broadsheet contains the sentence 'And then there's this King that they talk so much about, and that *thou* took'st so much pains to prove was but a *Man*, and that a *Man* was but a *Man*, make the most of him—thou was't right, I applaud thee . . .' (P.B.:43). 'God save the Rights of Man' (P.B.:57) is a run-of-the-mill revolutionary parody of 'God Save the King'; but 'Whitehall Alarmed! And a Council Called' (P.B.:58), in twelve stanzas to the tune of 'Come let us prepare', is more significant. With rather heavy irony, it depicts the privileged classes opposed and besieged by Reason, and the internationalism of the Burnsian 'Tree of Liberty' is paralleled in stanza IV:

> Nor can we by force,
> Now alter the course
> ENQUIRY and REASON are taking;
> By Land and at Sea,
> They cry *to be free!*
> The *powers* of the world are shaking.

The last part of St. III of Burns's 'Here's a health to them that's awa' (Kinsley:662), which reads 'Here's freedom to him that wad read, / Here's freedom to him that wad write!', is similar to the crudely sarcastic St. XI of 'Whitehall Alarmed':

> To darken the mind,
> Let the press be confin'd,
> A LAW against Reading and Speaking
> Such bondage might pass,
> Among the low class,
> And let it be call'd their own seeking.

A doggerel rightist song of ten stanzas beginning 'What a pother in this land, about our French neighbours' and set to the tune 'O the golden Days of good Queen Bess' has the chorus 'Long may Old England be fam'd for hospitality, / Liberty and property, and no equality'. It also has a reference to trees of liberty, in a stanza condemning the forcible export of revolutionary ideas (P.B.:63):

> How these gallant French heroes through Flanders do roam,
> Glad to get their bread and cheese any where but at home.
> But whilst their poles of Liberty in every town they plant,
> At home their wives and children, are crying out for want.
> Long may Old England, &c.
>
> (St. II)

Seizing on Burke's reference ('Learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude'—p. 117), Thomas Spence started a periodical

Pig's Meat 'publishing in Weekly Penny Numbers, at No. 8 Little Turnstile, High Holborn', in which a translation of the Marseillaise appeared (P.B.:75); and there is a 35-line broadside, without printer's or publisher's name, entitled 'Citizen Guillotine, A New Shaving Machine', ironically set—with a touch of delightful cockney verbal humour—to the tune 'Bob Shave a King'. There is an engraving of swine bringing a guillotine down on a calf's head, with a boar in the foreground; a house with the sign 'Revolution Place'; and 'The King's Evil Cured Gratis' is inscribed above a door with the sign 'Dr. Guillotine'. Seven lines may be quoted (P.B.:68):

Long live the Guillotine,
Who shaves the Head so clean,
Of Queen or King:
Whose power is so great,
That ev'ry Tool of State,
Dreadeth his mighty weight,
Wonderful Thing!!!

A broadside printed and sold by R. Hawes at the Constitutional Liberty Press of 107 Whitechapel Road and called 'Libertas Dei Gratia! or the Proclamation of Liberty' has the distinction of being poetically more abysmal than anything yet quoted. But it is interesting for its engraved Tree of Liberty, with leaves twining round a pole.

The London political versifiers of the seventeen-nineties came even closer to the Burnsian 'Tree of Liberty' than anything I have so far examined. Not merely did they insert occasional references to the emblem, or use an engraving as an illustration—they also wrote poems and songs entirely devoted to the revolutionary symbol. There is, for example, 'The Tree of Liberty. A New Song, Respectfully Addressed to the Swinish Multitude. By their Fellow Citizen, William England', with its 'Come all ye' beginning —'Friends of Liberty a while attend' (S. & P.:19). The author sets contemporary events in a historical context. 'Some short time since' Britons were freer than anyone else, but the American revolution changed all that:

Brave Washington the MAN WAS HE,
Who nourish'd up fair Freedom's Tree,
Which brought forth fruit abundantly:
A noble treat, delicious, sweet,
And PAINE declar'd it was complete,
So wish'd it universal.

The slaves of despots view'd this Tree,
And hop'd such fruit at home to see,
When they returned thither.
Some seeds procur'd during their stay,
They brought across th' Atlantic sea . . .
(St. III lines 4–9, IV lines 4–5)

The seeds did not grow speedily because of the opposition of Priestcraft and Aristocracy; whereupon Reason and Philosophy began to plant Democracy and root out the evil of Superstitious Bigotry. Louis's broken promises led to his just execution, and when George III heard of it he reacted like the idiot he was:

> This news when Numps our King had got,
> He gogl'd, grinn'd, and cry'd, What, what!
> What! have they slain my brother?
> Is this the fruit of Freedom's Tree,
> That grew in England antiently?
> Which was so cut and hewn away,
> Down to the root it to destroy?
> But perhaps, the same may me annoy;—
> Oh! how PAINE makes me shudder.
>
> (St. VIII)

When George ordered his minions to seek out any of the stump remaining behind, they rooted up the shoots that were beginning to appear in the solid ground, cut them down, and sent them far across the sea—an allusion 'to those Patriotic Worthies, Margarot, Muir, Skirving, Palmer, Gerald, &c. now suffering Exile in the Cause of Parliamentary Reform'. But no matter how the tyrants strongly support one another, the grumbling swine will still write to proclaim the tidings of liberty on every side. There was even an inn, club, bookshop or printshop in Haymarket called the 'British Tree of Liberty', operated by Citizen Lee, and another Branch, 'The Tree of Liberty, No. 2, St. Ann's Court, Dean-street, Soho; where may be had variety of cheap Patriotic Publications'. From this second shop, Citizen Lee issued an address to Mr Burke entitled 'The Swinish Multitude', whose invective is more concretely intransigeant and more succinct than is usual (S. & P.:38):

> *Apostate!* beware and with Caution advance,
> The Ground you are treading is fertile as France.
> If you once overheat and inflame the *Old Bull*
> He'll toss the rich Dogs from their soft *Packs of Wool.*
> Tumble down, &c.
>
> (St. V)

Lee also published a 'Tree of Liberty' that is earlier in date of composition than William England's piece, to the tune of 'Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree' (S. & P.:38). This establishes a direct factual link between the Tree of Liberty songs, Garrick's song, and the Royal Oak tradition. Here is Lee's lyric in full:

> The great Reformation approaching we hail,
> 'Gainst Statesmen and Priests, Truth and Reason prevail,
> Triumphant the Planters of LIBERTY see
> Preparing the Soil of the Globe for the Tree.

CHORUS

All shall yield to FREEDOM's fair Tree,
Bend to thee
Blest Liberty!
Heroes are they now planting thee,
And all their great Names immortal shall be.

Away with the Splendour and Pomp of a court,
Our Toil shall no longer the Baubles support.
No longer the Slaves of a Statesman and King,
Inspired by the Muses of Freedom we Sing.
All shall yield, &c.

Ye Trees of Corruption in Courts that abound,
The Fruits ye produce are a Curse to the Ground;
In the Soil where ye flourish no others can grow
But now see the Axe at your Root aim the blow.
All shall yield, &c.

May Heav'n guard the PEOPLE of Britain and France,
And crush all their Foes where'er they advance,
An end to the Councils of Traitors combin'd,
The downfall of Tyrants and Peace to Mankind.
All shall yield, &c.

How great in the Ages to come, and how dear
Your names and your Conquests great Heroes appear.
With Rapture they'll read, and your Actions review,
While under the Shade of the Tree rais'd by you
All shall yield, &c.

A comparison between these two run-of-the-mill English 'Tree of Liberty' songs and the Burnsian one does much to substantiate the view that the Scottish poem is *not* the work of 'some talented literary criminal of the early nineteenth century' (Crawford 1960:251), but belongs to the decade of the seventeen-nineties. Henley and Henderson, it will be recollected, say 'we may charitably conclude that Burns neither made the trash nor copied it' (1896–7, IV: 107). Now we may agree that in intrinsic poetical quality 'The Tree of Liberty' is inferior to 'Is there for honest poverty?', 'Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?' 'As I stood by yon roofless tower', and 'Scots wha hae'. But it is not *so* inferior as to lead us to be certain that Burns did not write it; and when it is set beside the William England-Lee-Bollard songs just quoted, which really *do* deserve the appellation of 'trash', then the difference in quality is so great as to strengthen our conviction that a poet of Burns's agreed stature could, conceivably, have written it. In any case it is undesirable to pass judgment on 'The Tree of Liberty' as poetry until the

sources have been studied in some depth and the piece has been set against the English propagandist songs of the time. Any other verdict is insufficiently comparative because the songs used as a necessary standard are either those of other revolutions and other cultures, or else other political songs by Burns which are attempting quite different statements and using quite different images. The most recent opinion, that of James Kinsley, holds that 'such a device as the allegorical tree of liberty was unlikely to raise Burns to his highest powers, but the manner here is less firmly and finally expressive and less richly vernacular than that of Burns when he is fully engaged' (1968:1528). To this it may be objected, first, that Burns was raised to his highest powers of *prose* expression in the passage on the allegorical Tree of Life already referred to, and to a rather high pitch in poetry by the allegorical figure of Coila in 'The Vision'. 'The Tree of Liberty' may not be Burns's best work; but one cannot argue against it by suggesting that allegory as such is somehow un-Burnsian. Second, 'The Tree of Liberty' is a *song*, and bears the same relation to its sources as many other Burns songs. The manner is no more and no less 'richly vernacular' than is that of 'A red, red rose' or 'Ae fond kiss' or 'Bonnie wee thing'; and it was surely as natural for Burns to use for this lyric the contemporary specialised vocabulary of Spencean and Painite revolutionaries, common to the Left in both England and Scotland, as it was for him to employ—with success—the Scots-English of family worship in the central stanzas of 'The Cotter's Saturday Night'. In Kinsley's view 'the question of [Burns's] authorship of "The Tree of Liberty" remains open'; but, nevertheless, even those who are disposed to deny it will profit from the light which a study of its sources can throw on Burns's other revolutionary songs. And even if 'The Tree of Liberty' is not by Burns, it still remains the most thoroughgoing of all the 'songs of the Left' to emerge from Scotland during the eighteenth century.

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An Ceatharnach Caol Riabhach

DONALD A. MACDONALD & ALAN BRUFORD

On 22 July 1969, Angus John MacDonald, an Honours student at Aberdeen University, doing part-time collecting work for the School of Scottish Studies, went to Aird Mhór, South Uist, knocking on doors more or less at random. One result was the discovery of Donald Alasdair Johnson, one of the most talented informants to have come to the attention of this department in recent years, a singer and composer of songs, a player of the melodeon and at one time of the pipes, but, above all, probably the best storyteller now living in the Hebrides. Besides a fine selection of international tales his repertoire includes examples of Gaelic hero tale and romance which have all but disappeared from current tradition.

A crofter, fisherman and joiner, Mr Johnson is now 80 years old but in flourishing health and looking much younger. He is still able to do hard physical work that would tax the strength of many a younger man despite having been twice seriously wounded during his service with the Royal Naval Division in the First World War. A widower, he now lives with his widowed sister Mrs. Morag MacInnes, now a vigorous 83, who also has a fine store of songs and tradition. I may add that I have seldom enjoyed the work of collecting oral tradition as much as I did in this hospitable household in summer 1969 and at Easter this year.

Most of Mr Johnson's material derives from his father who was born in Eriskay of South Uist stock. He developed an early interest in his father's stories and indeed was a practising storyteller himself in his younger days, though, owing to the lack of an audience, his talents had lain dormant for many years until they were stirred up again in 1969. He has told me that when he was young it was enough for him to hear a story once and tell it once to fix it in his memory. I propose to publish a series of his stories in *Scottish Studies* and I hope, indeed, that they may eventually appear in the form of a book.

The tale printed below represents a remarkable survival. I am not aware that any text of it has been collected since J. F. Campbell of Islay's time just over a century ago. Mr Johnson heard it from his father and says he has never heard it from anyone else.

The way in which he recalled it is in itself interesting. Either when Mr A. J. MacDonald first visited him, on 22 July, or during their first recording session on the 24th, he mentioned it as a story he had known and recited a fragment of it. When Mr MacDonald and I visited him on the 28th he recorded for us an incomplete version—the first episode, part of the last, and a few details of the rest of the story—

but he added that he would probably remember more of it, given time. On Mr MacDonald's next visit, on 11 August, he recorded the text printed here (SA 1969 / 107 A1). At Easter this year Mr Johnson made two further recordings of the story for me which correspond very closely to each other and to the present text. On balance, however, this is the best of them. In July, when this text was already in proof, I again visited Mr Johnson, made further recordings and went through the text with him in some detail. A few minor changes have been made in the light of the later recordings and Mr Johnson's explanations (see notes).

In translating I have not attempted to reproduce all the instances of 'said he' which occur in the Gaelic text. I have also avoided translating one or two phrases in the runs. These are dealt with in the appendix and indicated (- - -) in the English text. Hesitations or slight stumbles by the storyteller are indicated . . . in the Gaelic text.

The comparative appendix and notes have been kindly supplied by my colleague Dr Alan Bruford who has made a special study of this and other Gaelic Romances (Bruford 1969).

D. A. MACD.

An Ceatharnach Caol Riabhach

Bha siod ann, ann an Eirinn, ma-tha, fear ris an canadh iad O Dòmhnaill, agus bha chuile cleasaiche b'fhearr na chéile aige cruinn an oidhche bh'ann a sheo-ach agus feuch có b'fhearr a bhiodh cleas agus bha trì cheud marc aig . . . as a chuile cleas.

Agus air dhaibh a bhith ris an obair a bha seo-ach, có chunnacas a' tighinn ach . . . an Ceatharnach caol riabhach le leth chlaidheamh nochdte 'n taobh siar dha thòin an déigh a dhuille teirgeann, a dhà bhròig sgith feadalaich, a dhà chois 's barr a dhà chluais 's an treun uaine.[1]

"Gum banna dhuibh",[2] ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan.

"Gum banna dhuibh fhéin," ors O Dòmhnaill, "Co as a shnàgas[3] tu ugainn a Cheatharnaich?"

" 'M Baile Mola Rìgh Albainn a bha mi raoir," ors esan. "Bitheam-s' oidhche 'n tìr, oidhche 'n Ile 's oidhche Marainn 's oidhche 'n Arainn . . . Air Sliabh Fuaite failmide, air rìgh seachd mìle fichead 'n taobh muigh a Luimreach a rugadh mi. 'S Ceatharnach suarach, seallach, siubhlach mi."[4]

" 'S gu dé 's soicheard[5] dut a nochd a Cheatharnaich?" ors O Dòmhnaill.

" 'S cleasaiche math mi," ors esan.

" 'N dà, slàn na dé fhéin orm fhìn"[6], . . . ors O Dòmhnaill, ors esan, " 's a chuile cleasaiche tha 'san àit agam," ors esan, "cruinn a nochd," ors esan, "feuch" ors esan, "có 's fhearr a nì cleas."

" 'S dé th'agad as a' chleas?" ors an Ceatharnach.

"Tha trì cheud marc"[7], ors esan.

"Glé chcart," ors an Ceatharnach.

'S chaidh iad a staigh. Bha fear a sin-ach 'n uair a chaidh an Ceatharnach a staigh—bha fear a sin a' deanamh seasamh claidheamh 's fear eile 'deanamh car a mhìn mhoiltein 's fear a' deanamh car a' sgairbh[8] 's chuile seòrsa cleas. Lig an Ceatharnach leotha co-dhiùbh 's sguir iad a seo.

" 'N dean sibh idir," ors an Ceatharnach, "na's fhearr na siod?"

" 'N dean thu fhéin," orsa fear a bha sin-ach, ors esan, "na's fhearr?" ors esan.

"*Well*, chan eil fhiosam," ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan, "ach . . . feuchaidh sinn ris co-dhiùbh," ors esan.

Dh' fhalbh e agus leum e chon an ùrlair agus chaidh e air a dhruim dìreach air an ùrlar agus thog e chas as a chionn—a chas deas as a chionn, agus chrath e i agus thug e e nuas i agus dh'éirich e 'na sheasamh.[9]

"Seo," ors esan. "Bheil duine staigh," ors esan, "a nì siod?"

" 'N dà gu dearbh fhéin," orsa fear a bha sin-ach, ors esan, "chan eil sin duilich a dheanamh," ors esan. "Cha bhi mise fad'," ors esan, "'ga dheanamh."

"Siuthad ma-tha," ors an Ceatharnach, "dean e."

Dh'fhalbh a fear sin 's chaidh e sìos 's bhuail e e fhéin air a dhruim dìreach air an ùrlar 's thog e chas dheas as a chionn mar a thog an Ceatharnach agus chrath e chas agus thuit a' chas dheth.

" 'N do rinn thu nist e?" ors an Ceatharnach.

"O cha do rinn," ors O Dòmhnaill, ors esan, "agus 'se mo bharail," ors esan, "nach dean iad gin dhe na cleasan agad a nochd," ors esan.

"*Well*," ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan, "feuchaidh sinn cleas eile, ma-tha," ors esan.

Dh'fhalbh e 's chaidh e sios agus sheas e air meadhain an ùrlair agus rug e air a chluais dheis na laimh dheis agus thug e crathadh air a chluais[10] agus:

"Seo," ors esan, "a bheil duine seo," ors esan, "a nì siod a nochd?" ors esan.

"Tha," orsa fear a sin-ach a' freagairt shuas a measg na *company* a bh'ann. "Tha," ors esan, "nì mis' e," ors esan.

Agus dh'fhalbh e 's ghabh e sios agus sheas e air meadhain an ùrlair mar a sheas an Ceatharnach agus . . . rug e air a chluais dheis le laimh dheis mar a rinn an Ceatharnach fhéin agus chrath e chluas agus bha chluas na laimh a' tighinn a nuas.

" 'N do rinn thu nist e?" ors an Ceatharnach.

"O cha do rinn," ors esan.

"O cha do rinn," ors O Dòmhnaill, ors esan, "agus cha dean sibh, ma ghabhas sibh mo chomhairle-sa," ors esan, "cha dean sibh cleas," ors esan, "nan Ceatharnach a nochd," ors esan, "agus sguiridh sibh dhiubh," ors esan.

"Fhalbh ma-tha," ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan, "sguiridh sinn," ors esan, "dhe na cleasan gràndа, sgreata, tha siod," ors esan, "ach nì sinn cleas eil'," ors esan.

Dh'fhalbh e 's thòisich e air a fhéin fheuchainn—a phòcannan, agus dh'fhalbh e 's thug e mach ceairsle shìod as a phòc agus rug e orra 's chaith e seachad air sparr i.[11] Agus . . . thòisich e air feuchainn a phòcannan air ais agus thug e mach rìbhinn . . . as a phòc agus thrimig e 's dhreasaig e i 's lig e suas air an t-snàth i, 's siod suas air an

t-snàth a ghabh i agus thoisich e . . . 'ga fheuchainn fhéin air ais agus thug e mach òigeir cruinn gearr donn a sin agus lig e air falbh air an t-snàth—

"A hah orm," ors esan an déigh dha ligeil air falbh, "Ged a lig mi air falbh thu," ors esan, "cha bu tu mo shaoranach," ors esan, "ach mas beud dha'n rìbhinn," ors esan, ". . . on a dh'fhalbhas i bhuamsa gus an tig i ugam," ors esan, "cha bhi agads' ach na bheir thu go chionn,"[12] ors esan.

Siod a fear sin suas agus thòisicheadh ri obair air a rìbhinn a bha sin shuas agus thòisich an Ceatharnach ri tomhas . . an t-snàth na aitheamhnan móra fada fulaineach agus ge b'oil leis . . . ma'n tug e nuas a snàth . . . far na sparradh bha 'rìbhinn air a . . . a riasladh aig an fhear a chaidh suas. Agus rug e orra agus ribig e i agus chuir e air dòigh i 's chuir e na phòc i agus rug e airesan agus shniomh e 'n ceann as an amhaich aige.

"Tud, tud, mo nàire!" ors O Dòmhnaill, ors esan, ". . . Cha bu cheamha leam siod," ors esan, "na rinneadh a chleasan a seo a nochd," ors esan, ". . . air colann gun cheann a bhith seo," ors esan.

" 'N dà," ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan, "ma gheibh mise trì cheud marc," ors esan, "cuiridh mi 'n ceann air mar a bha e reimhid," ors esan.

"O, ma thà, 'n ainm an Aigh, 's tusa gheibh sin," ors O Dòmhnaill, ors esan, "agus cuir air e."

Dh'fhalbh e 's rug e air a . . . cheann as a laimh chearr agus air a cholainn as a laimh dheis agus bhuail e 'n ceann air agus 'n uair a sheall e bha clàr aodainn . . air a chùlaibh.

"Fhalbh, fhalbh!" . . . ors O Dòmhnaill, ors esan. "B'fhearr e mar a bha e reimhid na mar sin," ors esan.

" 'N dà," ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan, "ma gheibh mise trì cheud marc," ors esan, ". . . bheir mi dheth e," ors esan, "agus cuiridh mi air e mar a bha e reimhid" . . .

"Gheibh thu sin," ors O Dòmhnaill.

Dh'fhalbh e agus spion e dheth an ceann agus rug e air a cheann as a laimh dheis agus air a cholainn as a laimh chlì agus bhuail e 'n ceann air agus bha 'n ceann air mar a bha e riamh air. Dh'fhalbh e 's ribig e e 's chuir e na phòc e,[13] agus:

"*Well*," ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan, "tha mise nist a' falbh," ors esan.

Agus:

"O chan fhalbh thu," ors O Dòmhnaill, ors esan, "gos a faigh thu do chuid fhéin."

Agus chunntais e mach dha aig ceann bùird na bh'aige ri fhaighinn airson a chleasan agus dh'fhalbh an Ceatharnach agus chuir e 'lamh a null agus rug e air agus thug e leis còglach dhe na bh'air a bhòrd agus chàirich e (?na phòc e).[14]

"Fhalbh," ors an Ceatharnach, "'s tha iomadh duine agad ri phaidheadh a seo a nochd," ors esan, "a bharrachd orm," ors esan, "agus bidh mise 'fàgail slàn agaibh."

Ach air an ath oidhch a seo-ach có bha 'g obair . . . a 'toirt seachad . . . ach fear ris an canadh iad O Ceallaigh a bha seo agus a chuile fear ciùil a b'fhearr na chéile bha 's an àite bha iad cruinn aige.

Agus cha . . . banna dhaibh[15] a bhi ris an obair seo, na có chunnacas a' tighinn ach an Ceatharnach caol riabhach le leth chlaidheamh nochdte 'n taobh siar dha thòin an déigh a dhuille teirgeann, a dhà bhroig sgith feadalaich 's a dhà chois is barr a dha chluais 's an treun uaine.

"Gum banna dhuibh," . . . ors an Ceatharnach.

"Gum banna dhuibh fhéin," ors O Ceallaigh, ors esan, "Có as a shnàgas tu ugainn a Cheatharnaich?" ors esan.

"Còmhla ri O Dòmhnaill a bha mi raoir," ors esan. "Am Baile Mola Rìgh Albainn an oidhche roimhe sin," ors esan. "Bitheam-s' oidhche 'n tìr, oidhche 'n Ile 's oidhche Marainn 's oidhche 'n Arainn. Air Sliabh Fuaite failmide air rìgh seachd mìle fichead an taobh muigh a Luimreach a rugadh mi. 'S Ceatharnach suarach scalltach siubhlach mi."

" 'S gu dé 's soicheard dhut a nochd?" ors . . . O Ceallaigh.

"Fear ciùil math a th'unnam," ors esan.

" 'N dà, slàn na dé fhéin orm fhìn," ors esan, "agus tha chuile fear ciùil a tha's an àit agam," ors esan, "cruinn ann a sheo-ach a nochd," ors esan, "còmhla rinn," ors esan.

"Agus gu dé," ors esan, "a th'agad," ors esan, "as a . . . chuile . . . *tune*?" ors esan.

"Tha . . . tha trì cheud marc agam," ors esan.

"Glé cheart," ors esan, an Ceatharnach. Chaidh iad a staigh 's bha iad ag obair a sin-ach air seinn ciùil agus sguir iad a seo.

"Nach math iad siod a' Cheatharnaich?" . . . ors O Ceallaigh.

"O seadh gu dearbha," ors an Ceatharnach. "Tha e math," ors esan, "ach bha mise 'm Brugh Mhanais," ors esan, "agus bha mi 'm Brugh Mhic an Tòisich," ors esan, "agus ma chualas sgreuchail na . . . sgreadail riamh an Ithreann," ors esan, "bha siod a cheart cho math ris," ors esan.[16]

" 'N dean thu fhéin na's fhearr na sin?" orsa galloglach mór a bha shuas a sin-ach.

Agus: "Nì neò cha dean," ors esan.

"Mar a dean," orsa . . . fear sin, ors esan, "ni mi cuacha chruinn dhiot," ors esan, "air cùl mo thuaghach fhéin."

Agus dh'fhalbh e agus thug e uige chlàrsach agus thòisich e agus ribig e agus ghlan e i 's chuir e air dòigh i 's *thune*-ig e i 's cha do sheinn e pong orra na sion.

" 'N dean thu idir na's fhearr na siod?" ors esan.

"Nì no cha dean," ors an Ceatharnach. "Cha dean ach 'n uair is àill leam fhìn," ors esan.[17]

Agus dh'fhalbh e sin-ach agus thug e . . . uige air ais i agus thòisich e ri seinn, trom go guir 's trom go gàire chuireadh na mnathan siùbhla, seachrain, nan cadal gos ma dheireadh nach robh duin' aig' ach e fhéin agus O Ceallaigh nach robh na suain chadail[18] agus dh'fhalbh an Ceatharnach agus phaisg e chlàrsach agus ribig e i 's chuir air dòigh i 's chuir e seachad i. Agus thuirt e 'n uair a bha e 'falbh:

". . . fhir an fhacail mhóir o chian," ors esan, "siod mise mach," ors esan.

Dh'éirich a' fear sin 's e . . . 'na chadal, ann am breislig, a' fear a mhaoidh air leis an tuaigh agus thòisich sliochd slachd . . air an fheadhainn a bha 'tachairt roimhe.

"Tud, tud!" ors O Ccallaigh, ors esan, "Mo nàire, mo nàire!" ors esan. "Tha thu air móran marbhaidh a dheanamh a seo-ach a nochd," ors esan.

" 'N do mharbh mi 'n Ceatharnach?" ors esan.

" 'N dà 's fìor mo bharail nach do mharbh," ors O Ceallaigh.

Agus stad e aige sin-ach.[19] Agus bha 'n Ceatharnach a' gabhail roimhe agus thachair bodach beag ris agus:

"Dé do naigheachd a Mhùgain?" ors esan.[20] Agus sheall am bodach air 'n uair a chual e 'n t-ainm a thug e air.

"Chan eil," ors am bodach, "gabadh," ors esan, "do naigheachd ùr agam-s'," ors esan.

"Cà'il thu 'dol?" ors esan.

"Tha mi," ors esan, "a' dol a thaigh O Ceallaigh," ors esan.

" 'N dà," ors esan, " 's colann gun cheann a bhiodh tu," ors esan, "mar a tha iomadach duine bharrachd ort 's iad ann romhad," ors esan.

"Dé seo?" ors am bodach.

Dh'innis an Ceatharnach dha mar a bha.

"Ach ma ghabhas tu mo chomhairle-s'," ors esan, "nì thu glé mhath air," ors esan, "agus dean thusa . . mar a dh'iarras mis ort," ors esan, "agus bidh thu orra dheagh phàidheadh air a shon. Bheir mise dhut," ors esan, "lùibh bheag fo shàil mo choise deiseadh," ors esan, "air barr machair," ors esan, "agus cha bhi agad," ors esan, "ach a suathadh ri deud gach duine dhiubh sin," ors esan, "agus éiridh iad fo'n driùchda mìne fala mar a bha iad riamh," ors esan. "Ach," ors esan, "bheir an aire," ors esan, "nach toir iad ort," ors esan, "a leigheas uileag," ors esan, "ma faigh thu do thuarasdal," ors esan, "agus," ors esan, "cuir *charge* gu math air," ors esan . . . "airson a leithid a dheanamh."

O thubhairt am bodach gun deanadh esan sin agus dh'fhalbh e mach—an Ceatharnach—agus bhuain e luibh a bha seo-ach dha 's dh'fhalbh am bodach leatha agus ràinaig e taigh . . O Ceallaigh a seo agus dh'innis O Ceallaigh dha mar a bha.

" 'N dà," ors am bodach, "ma bheir thu leithid . . seo-ach dhomhs ' ", ors esan, "a dh'airgiod," ors esan, ". . . bheir mi beò," ors esan, "a chuile duine dhiubh air ais," ors esan.

"Seall sin dhomh," ors esan, "air aon duin' ac'," ors esan.

Dh'fhalbh am bodach 's a' luibh seo aige thug an Ceatharnach dha 's ghabh e null 's shuath e ris an deud aig e 's dh'éirich an duine na sheasamh suas beò.

"Siuthad," . . ors O Ceallaigh, ors esan, "lean romhad."

"O cha lean," ors esan, "mi romham," ors esan, ". . . gos an toir thu dhòmhsa 'n t-suim tha mi 'g iarraidh," ors esan.

Agus thug O Ceallaigh sin-ach dha agus dh'éirich am bodach orr' as a lethoir 's na bha marbh dhiubh thug e beò a chuile duin' aca 's dh'fhalbh e.[21]

Ach bha seo-ach fear ann, fear ris an canadh iad Seathain Mac an Iallain Deas Mumhain Cnoc Aine 'n Eirinn[22] agus e 'g iarraidh seirbheiseach.

Agus có chunnacas a' tighinn ach an Ceatharnach caol riabhach le leth chlaidheamh nochdte an taobh siar dha thòin an déigh a dhuille teirgeann, a dhà bhròig sgith feadalaich 's a dhà chois is barr a dhà chluais 's an treun uaine.

"Gum banna dhuibh," ors an Ceatharnach.

"Gum banna dhuibh fhéin," orsa Seathain. "Có as a shnàgas tu ugainn a Cheatharnaich?"

"Còmhla ri O Ceallaigh a bha mi raoir," ors esan, " 's còmhla ri O Dòmhnaill an oidhche roimhe sin, 'm Baile Mola Rìgh Albainn an oidhche roimhe sin. Bitheam-s' oidhche 'n tìr, oidhche 'n Ile, oidhche Marainn, oidhche 'n Arainn, air Sliabh Fuaite failmide air rìgh seachd mìle fichead 'n taobh muigh a Luimreach a rugadh mi, 's Ceatharnach suarach, sealltach, siubhlach mi."

" 'S gu dé 's soicheard dhut . . ."orsa Seathain.

"Tha mi," ors esan, "ag iarraidh maighistir," ors esan.

" 'N dà, slàn na dé fhéin orm fhìn," ors esan, "dh'fhalbh an gille bhuam an dé,"[23] ors esan, "agus tha mi," ors esan, "ag iarraidh," ors esan, "fiach a faigh mi," ors esan, "gill'," ors esan, "na àite," ors esan, "agus b'fhearr leam fhìn gu fasdaigheadh tu agam."

"Nì mi sin," ors esan. "Fasdaighidh mi agad air cùmhnantan," ors esan.

"Dé na cùmhantan tha sin?" orsa Seathain.

"*Well* innsidh mi sin dhut," ors esan. "Bidh thu fhéin," ors esan, "a falbh," ors esan, "ann a shin-ach," ors esan," 's math dh'fhaoidte gu bheil duin' eile còmhla riut. Bidh 'n t-acras ort," ors esan, " 'n uair a thig thu dhachaidh," ors esan. "Gabhaidh tu," ors esan, "go d'bhiadh," ors esan, " 's cha toir thu for," ors esan, "gu bheil duine còmhla riut ach thu fhéin," ors esan, " 's ithidh tu do bhiadh," ors esan, " 's chan fhaighneachd thu," ors esan, ". . . bheil beul air an duin' eil'," ors esan. "Tha math dh'fhaoidte,"ors esan, ". . . gu bheil duin' aig an teine sin-ach còmhla riut," ors esan, " 's theid thu fhéin suas go d'bhiadh," ors esan, " 's gabhaidh tu do bhiadh," ors esan, " 's chan fhaighneachd thu dha'n duine sin an gabh e greim. Agus sin na cùmhnantan . . . air a fasdaigh mis' agad," ors esan.[24]

"O glé cheart," orsa Seathain, ors esan, ". . . fasdaighidh tu air a sin," ors esan.

"O nì mi sin," ors an Ceatharnach.

'S ann mar seo-ach a bha. Thugadh a staigh an Ceatharnach co-dhiubh 's fhuair e biadh is deoch agus ghabhadh aige . . . an oidhche sin agus bha niste Seathain a' falbh a la-airne-mhàireach . . . Bha aige ri creach na Cailleach Eileartach . . . a thogail far . . . na Cailleach Olartach[25] agus 'n uair a fhuair iad deiseil am braiceast 'sa mhaduinn dh'fhalbh e fhéin agus an Ceatharnach. Agus rànaig iad . . . a Chailleach Eileartach agus thog iad a' chreach agus . . . rànaig iad a sin a Chailleach Olartach agus rinn iad a leithid eile agus dh'fhalbh iad. Agus bha feasgar a' tighinn agus dh'fhalbh . . . an Ceatharnach agus bha slatag bheag aig' agus bhuail e air a bheothach[26] bu ghiorra dha e agus fhreagair am beothach a b'fhaid air falbh e agus cho fad 's gu robh 'n t-astar bhuapa, cha b'fhada 'ga ruighinn iad. Agus bha beul na h-oidhch ann 'n uair a rànaig iad agus bha nise Seathain, bha e air *fatigue* fhaighinn air falbh agus cha do rinn e ach gabhail a staigh agus bha 'm

biadh deiseil agus e air a' bhòrd 'ga feitheamh agus ghabh e go bhiadh agus ghabh e bhiadh agus cha tug e smaointinn riamh gu robh gill' aige agus cha tug e smaointinn riamh air na cùmhnantan aig an fhear eile. Agus . . . 'n uair a bha e air a bhiadh a ghabhail 's ann a *stud*aig e seo-ach ach dé rud a rinn e agus thuirt e riuth' a staigh: "Cuireabh," ors esan, "am bòrd," ors esan, "as a cheart urrachd as a robh e," ors esan, " 'n uair a thanaig mis' uige," ors esan, "agus tha mis' ", ors esan, "agus gura h-è an aon rud a bha eadar mi fhìn agus an gille b'fhearr dhe na gillean a fhuair mi riamh," ors esan, "e," ors' esan, "gun fhàgail gun bhiadh," ors esan, "agus tha mise 'dol a mach," ors esan, " 'ga iarraidh, 'ach gu dé nì e."

Dh'fhalbh Seathain a mach 's rànaig e 'n Ceatharnach.

"Tha mi duilich," orsa Seathain, ors esan, "mar a rinn mi," ors esan.

"O tha," ors an Ceatharnach, "tha mi creidsinn gu bheil," ors esan, "ach thug mise 'm bàirligeadh dhut air a shon," ors esan.

Agus . . . "Ach thig thusa staigh," ors esan, "agus tha 'm bòrd," ors esan, "air a chuir as a cheart shuidheachadh," ors esan, " 's a robh e," ors esan, "ma'n do shuidh mis' aige," ors esan.

"O," ors esan, an Ceatharnach, ors esan, "agad-sa gum bitheadh i, 's mise . . . nach gabhadh bhuat i."

" 'N ann a falbh tha thu?" ors esan.

" 'S ann," ors an Ceatharnach.[27]

" 'S co aige ghabhas tu do dhinneir an ath-oidhch?" ors esan.

"Gabhaidh," ors esan, "aig . . . duine ris an can iad Mac Sheoicein,"[28] ors esan.

Agus bha seo-ach fear ann ris an canadh iad Mac Sheoicein agus bha 'chas briste agus bha chuile lighiche b'fhearr . . . bha 'san àite agus timchioll agus ann an àiteachan eil' air tighinn uige agus cha do . . . rinn iad sion ri chois.

Agus có . . chunnacas a' tighinn ach an Ceatharnach agus:

"Gum banna dhuibh," ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan.

"Gum banna dhut fhéin," orsa Mac Sheoicein, ors esan, "Có as a shnàgas tu ugainn a Cheatharnaich?"

"Còmhla ri Seathain Mac an Iarla bha mi 'n dé," ors esan, "còmhla ri," ors esan, "O Ceallaigh an oidhche roimhe sin," ors esan, "còmhla ri O Dòmhnaill an oidhche roimhe sin," ors esan, "am Baile Mola Rìgh Albainn an oidhche roimhe sin. Bitheams' oidhche 'n tìr, oidhche 'n Ile, oidhche Marainn, oidhche Arainn. Air Sliabh Fuaite failmide air rìgh seachd mìle fichead 'n taobh muigh a Luimreach a rugadh mi. 'S Ceatharnach suarach, sealltach, siubhlach mi."

" 'S gu dé 's soicheard dhut an diugh? ". . . orsa Mac Sheoicein ris.

" 'S e lighiche math a th'unnam," ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan.

" 'N dà, slàn na dé fhéin orm fhìn," ors esan, "agus tha mi," ors esan, "o chionn a leithid seo-ach a dh-uine," ors esan, "le m' chas briste," ors esan, "agus tha chuile lighiche," ors esan, "a b'fhearr a bha 'san àit'," ors esan, "air ruith orm," ors esan, "agus," ors esan, ". . . cha do leighis duin' i," ors esan.

" 'N dà, leighisidh mis' i," ors an Ceatharnach.

Agus 's ann mar seo-ach a bha co-dhiùbh . . . Bhuain e lùibh fo shàil a choise deiscadh air barr machair agus shuath e ri cas a bhodaich e agus ann an beagan lathaichean cha robh sion air cas a bhodaich.[29]

" 'N dà," ors am bodach, ors esan, "chan eil agams'," ors esan, "ach an aon nighean," ors esan, "agus," ors esan, "bheir mi dhut," ors esan, "air son a pòsadh i," ors esan.

"Biodh i," ors a Ceatharnach, "dubh, geal, no bròdach," ors esan, "gabhaidh mis i nc̀ò cha ghabh," ors esan.[30]

Agus dh'fhalbh am bodach a seo-ach agus . . . chuireadh fiathaichean a mach airson banais a Cheatharnaich agus na h-inghinn aige.

Agus bha e fhéin agus am bodach a' gabhail cuairt a' feasgar a bha seo-ach agus chunnacas na daoine 'tighinn.

"Dé na daoine," ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan, "a tha seo?" ors esan.

"O nach eil," . . . ors esan, "daoin' airson na bainnseadh agad fhéin," ors esan, " 's aig an inghinn agam," ors esan.

" 'N dà, agad-sa bhitheadh i," ors esan, " 's misc nach gabhadh bhuat i," ors esan.

"Bheil thu 'falbh?" ors am bodach.

". . . Tha," ors an Ceatharnach, ors esan.

" 'N dà nì mise," ors esan, "duan dhut," ors esan.

"Cluinneam e," ors an Ceatharnach.

"Tha leth-chomadh air Ciolla Dé," ors esan,
" 'S guma h-olc dhan teud a bh'ann" ors esan,
" 'S innseabh do mhac òg a rìgh," ors esan,
"Gu bheil leth-chomadh air Ciolla Dé," ors esan.[31]

"Fhalbh, fhalbh," ors an Ceatharnach. "Fàg mar sin fhéin e."

'S dh'fhalbh an Ceatharnach 's chan fhaca mise na 'm bodach tuilleadh an Ceatharnach 's chan eil fhiosam dé dh'éirich dha.[32]

The Lean Grizzled Ceatharnach

Well, once upon a time in Ireland there was a man called O Dòmhnaill and on this night he had gathered together all the best players to see who would perform the best trick and he had set (a prize of) three hundred marks for each trick.

And while they were at this work, who was seen coming but the lean, grizzled Ceatharnach with half his sword exposed behind his backside since the scabbard had worn out (------).[1]

"Greetings to you," said the Ceatharnach.

"Greetings to yourself," said O Dòmhnaill. "From where have you come to us, Ceatharnach?"

"In (- -) of the King of Scotland I was last night," said he. "I am one night in Kintyre, one night in Islay, one night in Man, one night in Arran. On Sliabh Fuait (- - -) twenty seven miles outside Limerick I was born. I am a worthless (?watchful) wandering Ceatharnach".[4]

"And what skill have you tonight, Ceatharnach?" said O Dòmhnaill.

"I am a good juggler," he said.

"Indeed, God's own protection upon me,"[6] said O Dòmhnaill, "and here I am with all the best jugglers in the place gathered together tonight," said he, "to see who can perform the best trick."

"And what (prize) have you set on each trick?" said the Ceatharnach.

"Three hundred marks,"[7] said he.

"Fine," said the Ceatharnach.

And they went in. There was one there when the Ceatharnach went in—there was one there standing on his head and another doing *car a mhìn mhoiltein* and one doing *car a' sgairbh*[8] and every kind of trick. The Ceatharnach let them be anyway, and then they stopped.

"Can you not do better than that?" said the Ceatharnach.

"Can you," said one who was there, "do better?" said he.

"Well, I don't know," said the Ceatharnach, "but we shall try anyway," said he.

He went and leapt to the floor and he lay flat on his back on the floor and lifted his leg above him—his right leg above him, and he shook it and he took it down and he rose to his feet.[9]

"There," said he. "Is there anyone here," said he, "who can do that?"

"Well, indeed," said one who was there, "that is not difficult to do," said he. "I shall not be long doing it," said he.

"Go on then," said the Ceatharnach. "Do it."

That man went down and threw himself flat on his back on the floor and lifted his right leg above him as the Ceatharnach had done and he shook his leg and the leg fell off him.

"Have you done it now?" said the Ceatharnach.

"O no, he has not," said O Dòmhnaill, "and it is my opinion that they will not do any of your tricks tonight," said he.

"Well," said the Ceatharnach, "we shall try another trick then," said he.

He went down and stood on the middle of the floor and took hold of his right ear in his right hand and he gave his ear a shake[10] and:

"There," said he. "Is there anyone here who will do that tonight?" said he.

"Yes," said a man there answering up among the company that was there. "Yes. I shall do it," said he.

And he went down and stood on the middle of the floor as the Ceatharnach had stood and he took hold of his right ear with his right hand and he shook his ear and his ear was in his hand coming down.

"Have you done it now?" said the Ceatharnach.

"O no," said he.

"O no," said O Dòmhnaill, "and you will not if you take my advice," said he, "you will not do the tricks of the Ceatharnach tonight and you will give them up," said he.

"All right then," said the Ceatharnach. "We shall give up these nasty, horrible tricks, and we shall do another trick," said he.

He went and started to feel around himself—in his pockets and he went and took a ball of silken thread from his pocket and he seized it and threw it over a rafter.[11] And he began to feel in his pockets again and he took a maiden out of his pocket and he trimmed and dressed her and let her up on the thread and up the thread she went and he began to search himself again and he took out a neat, short, brown-haired young man then and let him away on the thread.

"A hah on me!" said he after letting him go, "though I have let you go I would not stand surety for you, but if any harm comes to the maiden, from the time she leaves me till she comes to me it will be the end of you."[12]

Up went that man and he began to molest the maiden who was up there and the Ceatharnach began to measure in the thread in great long strong fathoms and despite him, before he got the thread down off the rafter the maiden had been interfered with by the man who had gone up. And he took her and rubbed her and put her in order and put her in his pocket and he seized the man and twisted the head off his neck.

"Tut, tut, my shame!" said O Dòmhnaill. "I would not regard all the tricks that were done here tonight as compensation for having a headless body here," said he.

"Indeed," said the Ceatharnach, "if I get three hundred marks, I shall put the head on him as it was before," said he.

"Oh, indeed, in the name of goodness you shall get that," said O Dòmhnaill, said he, "and put it on him."

He went and took the head in his left hand and the body in his right and stuck the head on him and when he looked, his face was to the back.

"Away, away!" said O Dòmhnaill. "He was better the way he was than like that," said he.

"Indeed," said the Ceatharnach, "if I get three hundred marks I shall take it off him," said he, "and put it on him as it was before."

"You shall get that," said O Dòmhnaill.

He went and plucked the head off him and caught the head in his right hand and the body in his left hand and stuck the head on him and the head was on him as it had been before. He went and rubbed him and put him in his pocket[13] and:

"Well," said the Ceatharnach, "I am leaving now," said he.

"O you must not go," said O Dòmhnaill, said he, "till you get what is yours."

And he counted out for him at the head of a table what he was due for his tricks and the Ceatharnach went and put across his hand and caught and took a handful of what was on the table and put it (? in his pocket)[14].

"Away," said the Ceatharnach, "you have many a man to pay here tonight over and above me," said he, "and I shall be saying farewell to you."

But the next night then, who was working . . . giving . . but a man there called O Ceallaigh and he had gathered together all the best musicians in the place.

And they had not been (?long[15]) at this business, when who was seen coming but the lean, grizzled Ceatharnach with half his sword exposed behind his backside since the scabbard had worn out (- - - - - - - -)

"Greetings to you," said the Ceatharnach.

"Greetings to yourself," said O Ceallaigh. "From where have you come to us, Ceatharnach?"

"With O Dòmhnaill I was last night," said he, "in (- -) of the King of Scotland the night before that," said he. "I am one night in Kintyre, one night in Islay, one night in Man, one night in Arran. On Sliabh Fuait (- - -) twenty seven miles outside Limerick I was born. I am a worthless (?watchful) wandering Ceatharnach."

"And what skill have you tonight?" said O Ceallaigh.

"I am a good musician," said he.

"Indeed, God's own protection upon me," said he, "and here I am with all the best musicians in the place gathered together tonight along with us," said he.

"And what (prize) have you set on each tune?" said he.

"I have set three hundred marks," said he.

"Fine," said he, the Ceatharnach. They went in and they were busy there playing music and then they stopped.

"Are these not good, Ceatharnach?" said O Ceallaigh.

"O yes indeed," said the Ceatharnach. "It is good, but I have been in the house of Manus and I have been in the house of MacIntosh, and if there was ever shrieking or screeching in Hell, that was just as good as it," said he.[16]

"Can you do better than that yourself?" said a big gallowglass up at the other end of the room.

And: "I will or I will not," said he.

"Unless you do," said the man, "I shall make a round curl of you," said he, "on the back of my axe."

And he went and took up the harp and began and rubbed and cleaned it and set it in order and tuned it and he did not play a note on it or anything.

"Can you not do any better than that?" said he.

"I will or I will not," said the Ceatharnach. "I will not expect when I want to myself," said he.[17]

And he went then and took up the harp again and began to play it strong to lamentation and strong to laughter that would send women in child-bed to sleep until at last he had no one but himself and O Ceallaigh who was not fast asleep,[18] and the Ceatharnach went and stopped playing the harp and rubbed it and put it in order and set it aside. And he said as he was going:

"Man who talked so big before, I'm on my way," said he.

That man rose up in his sleep, in confusion, the man who had threatened him with the axe and *sliochd slachd* began on those who happened to be in his way.

"Tut, tut!" said O Ceallaigh, "My shame, my shame! You have done much killing here tonight," said he.

"Have I killed the Ceatharnach?" said he.

"Indeed I truly believe that you haven't," said O Ceallaigh.

And he stopped on that.[19] And the Ceatharnach was going on his way and he met a little old man and:

"What is your news, Mùgan?" he said.[20] And the old man looked at him when he heard the name he had called him.

"I have not a syllable of news," said he.

"Where are you going?" said he.

"I am going to the house of O Ceallaigh," said he.

"Indeed," said he, "a headless body you would be like many a one besides you who is there before you," said he.

"How so?" said the old man.

The Ceatharnach told him how it was.

"But if you take my advice," said he, "you will do very well out of it, and you do as I tell you and you shall be well paid for it. I shall give you a little herb from under the heel of my right foot on machar land, and you need only rub it on the teeth of every one of these and they will rise up (? as healthy) as they ever were. But take care that they do not make you heal them all before you get your reward, and charge him plenty," said he, "for doing such a thing."

O, the old man said that he would do that and he went out—the Ceatharnach—and plucked this herb for him, and the old man went off with it and came to the house of O Ceallaigh and O Ceallaigh told him how things were.

"Indeed," said the old man, "if you give me so much money I shall bring every man of them back to life," said he.

"Show me that on one of them," said he.

The old man took the herb which the Ceatharnach had given him and went across and rubbed it on his teeth and the man rose up alive.

"Go on," said O Ceallaigh, "keep going."

"O, I shall not keep going till you give me the sum I want," said he.

And O Ceallaigh gave him that and the old man started on them one after the other and all those who were dead he brought to life, every one of them, and he went away[21].

But there was a man there, a man called Seathain, Son of the Earl, in Desmond, Cnoc Aine in Ireland[22], looking for a servant.

And who was seen coming but the lean, grizzled Ceatharnach with half his sword exposed behind his backside since the scabbard had worn out (------)

"Greetings to you," said the Ceatharnach.

"Greetings to yourself," said Seathain. "From where have you come to us, Ceatharnach?"

"With O Ceallaigh I was last night," said he, "and with O Dòmhnaill the night before that, in (--) of the King of Scotland the night before that," said he. "I am one night in Kintyre, one night in Islay, one night in Man, one night in Arran. On Sliabh Fuait (---) twenty seven miles outside Limerick I was born. I am a worthless (?watchful) wandering Ceatharnach."

"And what skill have you?" said Seathain.

"I am looking for a master," said he.

"Indeed, God's own protection upon me," said Seathain, "my lad left me yesterday[23] and I am searching to try and find a lad in his place," said he, "and I wish you would engage with me."

"I shall do that," said he, "I shall engage with you on conditions," said he.

"What conditions are they?" said Seathain.

"Well, I shall tell you," said he. "You go about there and perhaps there is someone else with you. You are hungry when you come home. You go straight to your food, and it never occurs to you that there is anyone with you but yourself and you eat your food and you do not ask whether the other person has a mouth. Perhaps there is someone at the fireside with you and you go up to your food and take your food and you do not ask that man if he will have a bite. And these are the conditions on which I will engage with you," said he.[24]

"O, quite right," said Seathain. "You shall engage on these terms," said he.

"O, I shall do that," said the Ceatharnach.

So it was. The Ceatharnach was taken in anyway and he got food and drink and was well cared for that night, and now Seathain was going away next day. He had to lift the cattle-spoil of the Cailleach Eileartach from the Cailleach Olartach,[25] and when they had finished their breakfast in the morning he and the Ceatharnach went off. And they reached the Cailleach Eileartach and lifted the spoil and then they reached the Cailleach Olartach and did the same, and they went off. And evening was coming and the Ceatharnach went and he had a little rod and he struck the beast[26] that was nearest to him and the beast that was furthest away answered it, and long though the distance was, they were not long in arriving. And it was nightfall when they arrived and now Seathain had had a wearying trip, and what he did was to go right in and the food was ready on the table waiting for them and it never occurred to Seathain that he had a lad and he never gave a thought to the conditions of the other. And when he had had his food, it was then that it occurred to him what he had done and he said to them in the house:

"Put the table," said he, "in the exact order it was in when I came to it, and I—and it was the one thing that was agreed between me and the best lad of all the lads I have ever got, that I should not leave him without food—and I am going out," said he, "to get him to see what he will do."

Seathain went out and came to where the Ceatharnach was.

"I am sorry," said Seathain, "for the way I have acted," said he.

"O yes," said the Ceatharnach, "I believe you are, but I warned you about it," said he.

And: "But you come in," said he, "and the table has been set in the exact order in which it was before I sat at it," said he.

"O," said he, the Ceatharnach, "you can have it. It is I who would not take it from you."

"Are you really going?" said he.

"Yes," said the Ceatharnach.[27]

"And with whom will you have your dinner tomorrow night?" said he.

"With a man who is called MacSheoicein[28]," said he.

And there was a man there who was called MacSheoicein and his leg was broken and all the best doctors in the place and round about and in other places had come to him, and they had done nothing for his leg.

And who was seen coming but the Ceatharnach.

"Greetings to you," said the Ceatharnach, said he.

"Greetings to yourself," said MacSheoicein, said he. "From where have you come to us, Ceatharnach?"

"With Seathain Son of the Earl I was last night," said he, "with O Ceallaigh the night before that," said he, "with O Dòmhnaill the night before that," said he, "in (- - -) of the King of Scotland the night before that. I am one night in Kintyre, one night in Islay, one night in Man, one night in Arran. On Sliabh Fuait (- - -) twenty seven miles outside Limerick I was born. I am a worthless (?watchful) wandering Ceatharnach."

"And what is your business today?" said MacSheoicein to him.

"I am a good doctor," said the Ceatharnach, said he.

"Indeed, God's own protection on me," said he, "and here I am since such a time with my leg broken and all the best doctors in the place have had a go at me and no one has healed it," said he.

"Indeed, I will heal it," said the Ceatharnach.

That's what happened, anyhow. He plucked a herb from under the heel of his right foot on machar land and he rubbed it on the old man's leg and in a few days there was nothing wrong with the old man's leg.[29]

"Indeed," said the old man, said he, "I have nothing," said he, "but the one daughter and I shall give her to you to marry," said he.

"Let her be," said the Ceatharnach, "black, white or swarthy, I shall take her or I shall not," said he.[30]

And the old man went now and invitations were sent out for the wedding of his daughter and the Ceatharnach.

And he and the old man were taking a stroll this evening and the people were seen coming.

"What people," said the Ceatharnach, "are these?" said he.

"O, are they not," said he, "people for your own wedding and my daughter's?" said he.

"Indeed you may keep her," said he. "It is I who would not take her from you," said he.

"Are you going?" said the old man.

"Yes," said the Ceatharnach, said he.

"Indeed, I shall make a rhyme for you," said he.

"Let me hear it," said the Ceatharnach.

"(----------[31])," said he.

"Away, away!" said the Ceatharnach. "Leave it at that."

And the Ceatharnach went away and neither I nor the old man saw the Ceatharnach again and I do not know what happened to him[32].

APPENDIX

This story is a version of the Early Modern Irish romance *Eachtra an Cheithearnaigh Chaoilriabhaigh*, or *Ceithearnach Uí Dhomhnaill*, frequently found in Irish MSS of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—I know of some fifty MSS. It has been published by O'Grady (1892 1:276–89) and Henry Morris (1912), and some notes on the story and its history may be found in the English preface to the first (O'Grady 1892 2:xii–xiii) and in a withering review of the second by O'Rahilly (1912). I know of no oral version worth naming from Ireland, but the story has been long known to exist in Scottish Gaelic oral tradition since the publication of two versions, one from Islay and one from Gairloch, by J. F. Campbell (1890:297–329.)

Campbell had also heard a version from South Uist: Donald MacPhie, from near Iochdar, told it to him, and the visit is described in Campbell's MS volume 13 in the National Library of Scotland. The printed note (Campbell 1890:329) in fact suggests that Campbell heard it on two different occasions. Unfortunately Campbell, who noted that it was 'very like the version told by James Wilson, blind fiddler in Islay', made no attempt to summarise it as he did other stories, and there is no record that Hector MacLean or any other of his helpers was sent to take it down, and no trace of the story in any of the likely parts of the Campbell MSS. It seems possible, however, that MacPhie's version is the ancestor of that printed here from Mr Johnson, who lives only a few miles from Iochdar. There is, moreover, evidence that the story was known at the other end of the island, for the hero's helper in another story related to Irish romance, which Campbell summarised from Angus MacDonald, Garrynamonie, in 1871, is called *An Ceatharnach Caoil-riabhach* (Bruford 1969:142). So it is possible that Mr Johnson's father learned the story in Eriskay, where he was born. In either case the ultimate source is likely to have been a manuscript which had belonged to the MacMhuirich family of bards (*cf.* Bruford 1965.)

Of the three existing oral versions, the Islay version (referred to below as I) reproduces the personal names of the written romance most accurately, and is alone in retaining the pseudonyms by which the hero introduces himself. The Gairloch version (G) in-

cludes an episode which the others do not: its wording is further from the MSS, but a verse of one of the decorative poems is included (see note 31). Mr Johnson's version (U) is the best in reproducing and indeed adding to the complex of runs and dialogue which introduces the Ceatharnach to each of his hosts, and the narration shows the imaginative use of detail which is the mark of the best Gaelic story-telling. It seems to me that there is no certain proof of a connection between the three versions as folktales, though at least one phrase in G and U does not seem to derive from existing MSS (see note 1); it is at least as likely that they passed into oral tradition separately from different MSS and at different dates, encouraged perhaps by the celebrity of the story. Indeed I have suggested (Bruford 1969:64, 153) that the story may have been learned by heart by tellers because of its difficult language, as an exercise or a feat of memory: why else should modern Scottish folktales accurately preserve the names of sixteenth-century Irish princelings? Their foibles, which are the basis of the satirical plot, are long since forgotten, but the language and descriptions of the satire are well worth preserving.

Detailed verbal comparisons between the three versions and the written romance are in the notes: see also Bruford 1969:202–3. For the comparisons the MS generally used is National Library of Scotland MS 72.1.36, formerly Gaelic MS XXXVI in the Advocates' Library: this has the double advantage of being the earliest extant MS of the story in the British Isles,[33] and the only known one written in Scotland. It was written by Hugh MacLean (Eoghan MacGhilleoin) an Argyll schoolmaster, who finished transcribing this story on 9th December 1690. It is referred to as A[34]; occasional references are made to the more accessible text in O'Grady (1892) as SG.

The relationship between the structure of the different versions is presented below in the form of a table. It will be seen that the episodes preserved in U are those which recur in all three oral versions. Of the other episodes in the MSS, II seems to be largely an exercise in nostalgia for the great days of the Fianna, and contains little incident worth remembering; VI is almost a duplicate of I, and can only be said to survive in G because the musical details alone make up one episode, and the bodyguard made to fight among themselves the other; VII is a brief and rather pointless detail. The four names which survive in U are likewise those which appear in both I and G also. There is nothing to prevent a change in the order of the episodes, and in fact, according to O'Rahilly (1912:207), though the sequence in A is the normal and presumably original one, at least three variant sequences can be found in eighteenth-century Irish manuscripts. Apart from the insertion of an extra episode, the main difference in these, as in the oral versions, is in the placing of episode V—presumably because this is the most striking part of the story, it is brought in earlier, except in one MS group which gives it the climactic position at the end. In addition to this U reverses the order within the two pairs of episodes as they stand in I, but this is not of much importance. All the oral versions agree that O Dòmhnaill is the host of the first visit, and Mac Eochadha has the broken leg; otherwise the names are distributed more or less at random. (See Bruford 1969:83–4, 169–70 for parallel instances.)

For the purposes of the table the episodes are numbered as follows: Ia: Hero enters castle without passing porter; Ib: he plays better than the resident harpers; Ic: he leaves against his host's will by playing the company to sleep, and—Id: making the guards kill each other; Ie: he gives the porter a herb to resurrect the dead guards. II: He will not play harp for his host until satirised; reminisces about his experiences with the Fianna. III: He cures his host of a broken leg, but leaves while host is preparing to marry him to his daughter. IV: He helps his host in a cattle-raid, but leaves when host breaks agreement by taking drink (or food) without offering him any. Va: As a juggler, he blows a straw off his palm[9]; a rival loses fingers; Vb: similar episode moving one ear; Vc: "Indian rope trick", *etc.* as in text above. VI: Hero insults host's harpers; they attack him but their blows land on one another; host's foster-brothers try to hang hero but only hang one another; he resurrects them next day. VII: Hero given meal of wild apples and thick milk, disappears. The table shows the order of episodes in each version and the name of the hero's host in each episode.

A	I	G	U
I a, b, c, d, e. O Domhnaill.	I a, b, d, e. O Domhnuill.	I b, c, e var. O Domhnuill.	Vb & var., c. O Domhnaill.[35]
II. Seán mac an Iarla Deasmumhan.	V b, c. Mac Seathain an t-Iarla Deas.[36]	V a, b. Ie var. Seathan mòr Mac an Iarla.	I b, c, d, e. O Ceallaigh.
III. Mac Eochadha.	III. Am Bodach Mac Ceochd.	VI. Ie. Fear Chuigeamh Mhumha.	IV. Seathain Mac an Iallain Deas Mumhain Cnoc Aine...
IV. O Conchubhair Sligeach.	IV. O Conachair Sligeach.	III. Rob Mac Sheoic Mhic a' Lagain.	III. Mac Sheoiccin.
V a, b, c. Tadhg O Ceallaigh.		IV. Taog mòr O Ceallaidh.	
VI. Rí Laighean.			
VII. Uillioch a Búrc.[37]	VII. Am Bodach Mac Ceochd.		

A.J.B.

NOTES

1 This follows quite closely the description of the hero which similarly introduces each episode in the MSS (except III, where he is dressed more suitably for a doctor.) A[34] . . . 'an ceitharnach caol riabhach . . . agus leth a chlaoidhemh nochtuighe don taob tsiar da thoin, agus sena-bhroga lan a d'uisce ag fedoil*each* fana chos*aibh*, agus barr a dha chluas trena shen-shuan*aigh*, agus tri gaoithe boga cuill (*var.* bonsach bhacain) 'na lethlaimh.' (A kern in narrow stripes (?) with half his naked sword [sticking out] beyond his backside, and old shoes full of water squelching under his feet, the tips of his two ears [sticking] through his old mantle, and three soft hazel javelins [*var.* a crooked (?) javelin] in one hand.) The last phrase, which may be a parody of the conventional descriptions of heroes in the romances, is not in G or U (the run is not in I); on the other hand 'an déigh a dhuille teirgeann' in U is virtually identical with 'an déigh dh'an scabard (*var.* do'n truaill) teireachdainn' in G. This could indicate an oral connection, but it may be merely a reading from a lost MS or group of MSS. The hero's title is difficult to translate. *Ceatharnach* (*ceithearnach*) originally denotes a member of a warband (*ceithearn*), but it has picked up different overtones in different regions and periods, so that it can mean a robber, a bully, a strong man or simply a soldier. In Uist today it is quite an admiring term; to the author of the romance it may well have been rather derogatory. O'Grady (1892:12) suggests that *caolriabhach* follows the presumed original meaning of *riabhach*, 'striped', and refers to the hero's dress, as he is offered a *léine riabhach* by O'Donnell in the MS text; but whether it refers to the dress or the man, the storytellers and probably the scribe of A seem to have understood *riabhach* in the modern sense of an uneven mixture of greys and browns, and *caol* as denoting a thin man, not thin stripes.

2 Though at first sight this looks like a drastically shortened version of 'go mbenaighe Dia dhuibh' (God bless you), a greeting which appears in A, Mr Johnson insists that 'gum banna dhuibh' is a known form of greeting in South Uist.

3 Very likely another MS form, for 'thángais' (Ir., you have come), but understood as relative future / present of *snàg*, creep. SG reads 'cá thaob as a dtángais?' here, though A puts it differently: 'Ca haite a rabhas areir?' (Where were you last night?)

4 In some minor details the translation follows the MS text, which reads in A: 'An Dun Monaidh, 'm baile ri Alban do choidlas areir . . . agus a nOilech na riogh do rugadh me. Bim la 'n Ile agus la a cCintire, bim la a Manain agus la a Rachlain agus la a bFioncharn na Forare ar Sliabh Fuaid. Duine siobhlach suarach siobhal me.' All of this is reproduced in Mr Johnson's version except 'a nOilech na riogh do rugadh me' (I was born in Ailech of the kings) and part of the final place-name, Fioncharn na Forare, which appears in I as 'carna fuara faire'. 'Oidhche' (night) has been substituted for 'là' (day), and 'ceatharnach' for 'duine' (man): both of these also appear in I. They make as much sense as the original reading, and improve the rhythm of the passage, which in telling is probably more important than the meaning. Perhaps for the same reason, 'la a cCintire' has been shortened to 'oidhche 'n tìr' (literally, a night in a land), to balance 'oidhche 'n Il' ' (the last syllable is hardly heard); and following the substitution of Arran for Rathlin, because the name is more familiar to Scottish hearers, 'Manainn' (Man) has been changed to 'Marainn' to rhyme perfectly with 'Arainn'—Mr Johnson no longer recognises it as Man. Among the words in U which do not follow the MS here, I cannot explain 'failmide, air rìgh', but 'seachd mìle fichead 'n taobh muigh a Luimreach' represents A's '5 mile deg amach o Luimn*each*' (fifteen miles out of Limerick), referring to the situation of Seán mac an Iarla's seat at Cnoc Áine, which the MSS mention, with the distance, not only in episode II but in all the other episodes, when the Ceatharnach is asked where he is going next or where he has been. The figure is also mentioned in I and G, where it is thirteen miles; it varies also in the MSS, for SG has it as twelve miles.

5 'Soicheard' is one word according to Mr Johnson, presumably a combination of the prefix *so-* and *ceard*, which seems a possible form though not known to dictionaries—'good craft'? The meaning is evidently the same as A's 'ca healadh duit?' in episodes III and V.

6 Mr Johnson does not take 'slàn na dé' as being connected with God, but it is no doubt a reflection of a common asseveration which appears occasionally in the MSS: in A, O'Donnell's porter swears 'dar righslana De' that the Ceatharnach never came in past him, and in SG O'Donnell himself swears 'dar slán Dé' that the Ceatharnach's music is the best he has ever heard. Something like this seems to have been taken up by a storyteller and generalised to all the episodes. Our translation is based on an intermediate form, 'slàna' or 'slànadh Dé'.

7 The sum has been subject to inflation: in the MSS it is five marks (doubled in I). Money only appears in this episode (V) in the MS, but in this version the detail is duplicated in the next (I).

8 These details are added colour in the oral version: *car a' mhoiltein* and *car a' sgairbh* are both terms current in Uist for somersaults.

9 This trick is apparently modelled on the next, and takes the place of a trick in the MSS where the Ceatharnach lays three reeds or blades of grass ('3 sibhthine' A) on his palm, holds down the outer two with the tips of two fingers, and blows away the middle one. An onlooker who tries the same trick blows the fingertips right through his hand! G gives a very simplified version of this. After both this and the next trick in the MSS the Ceatharnach cures his unfortunate imitator (free, not for money as in I.)

10 The MSS make it clear that the point of this trick is to move one ear without moving the other—which would be quite a good trick if the Ceatharnach had not used his hand!

11 In the MSS this incident is less realistic: it is in fact a version of the 'Indian rope trick' in miniature. The rope is hung from nothing but air ('i bhfroigh*thibh* na fiormameinte' A) and disappears into a cloud at the top ('co ndechaid i nél in aicoir' SG.) First a hare is sent up, then a hound; then after a pause a boy is sent up to see that the hound does not eat the hare, and finally a girl to make sure that he does it. They all come out of a 'bag of tricks' (*mála cleasaidheachta*) rather than the Ceatharnach's pockets.

12 The translation follows Mr Johnson's own interpretation of the phrase, which he says is quite commonly used as a threat.

13 The girl's fate is given with rather less frankness than in the MSS—both dog and boy are caught in the act, and O'Grady's translation breaks into asterisks—but otherwise this passage is very well told here. The picture of the Ceatharnach grooming his little people before he lets them go and coiling his rope in lengths like a sailor helps to make the scene more convincing.

14 This detail must be a result of the inflation mentioned in note 7: in the MSS the Ceatharnach takes all the money, but it is only twenty marks—five for each trick and five for the girl, who is going to have a son. He praises O'Kelly (who is the host in this episode in the MS) for his generosity, and no doubt the author felt that O'Kelly deserved such praise.

15 Possibly 'Cha b'fhada dhaibh' (they were not long), but influenced by 'Gum banna dhuibh'.

16 Two parts of the Ceatharnach's comments seem to have been run together. In A he first lists devils in Hell, Beelzebub, Abiron, Satan and some more obscure characters, to whose noise he compares the harping he has just heard, and then some famous fairy harpers he has heard. In SG the second comparison is made by his host on hearing the Ceatharnach's playing. Here, 'Brugh Mhanais' and 'Brugh Mhic an Toisich' must be fairy dwellings, and in fact they probably derive from a description of sweet music which can be found in another story in the same MS as A: '[Níor] chualus canain siothbhaobh no lochda garduidh [Br]ogh Mananain no Brogh mac Naoi, ceoil sioth no codalta ba bhinne lem . . . ' (I [never] heard song of sirens or the festive throng of Manannán's fairy dwelling or the dwelling of (?) Angus [O.I. Maice ind Óic], peace-music or sleep-music that I found sweeter . . . (Bruford 1968:313, rev. D.A.M.).) The phrase may come from the presumed MS original of U, or perhaps from an oral version of the other story, well-known in Uist as 'Fear na h-Aibid'. *Cf.* note 18.

17 This detail seems to be borrowed from the lost episode II of the MS, where the Ceatharnach refuses to read or play the harp for his host until the latter makes up a *rann* satirising him.

18 The words follow the same theme as those in the MSS: 'Fir ghonta agus mna re niodhnaibh, agus lucht fiabhras agus treablaid an domhan, do choideoildais le foghur an cheoil chainbhin . . .' (A: Wounded men and women with child, [all] the fevered and suffering folk of the world, would fall asleep at the sound of that soft sweet music . . .) But this is a run found elsewhere (see further Bruford 1969:203, which also gives another parallel to a phrase in note 16.) Here, as in G, it is made clear that the music did indeed put the hearers to sleep: the MSS simply repeat the run, which occurs twice in this episode, and leave it to be deduced that this time the music had the desired effect. In 'trom gu guir' here we have taken 'guir' to be for 'gul' (weeping.)

19 In the MSS the guard of gallowglasses outside the door are still awake, and are made to hit each other by the Ceatharnach's magic, though they are aiming at him. But this version, with the following dialogue, is more amusing.

20 The character is usually nameless: in the MSS he is O'Donnell's porter, who has a grievance against the Ceatharnach for appearing in the court without passing through the gate. In G, where the incident is repeated after three different visits (I, V and VI), he is in turn a herdsman, a thresher and a poor man. For 'Mùgan' compare the word in Dwelly ('gloomy, surly or morose fellow; snuffler') and possibly the Uillioch a Búrc who is the Ceatharnach's last host in A (*cf.* note 36). See also note 28 below.

21 This incident is very much expanded from the MS, especially the way in which Mùgan makes sure he is not cheated of his reward. To make good dialogue out of a brief summary of plot as has been done here is one of the ways in which a line of good storytellers can improve a story. The detail that the herb is to be pressed to the teeth, not as one might expect the lips, follows the MSS, where it is the upper gum or jaw (*carbad uachtair.*)

22 Again the translation of the name follows the MSS in part: Seán is there son of the Earl of Desmond, and his residence is Cnoc Áine (Knockany, Co. Limerick). 'An Eirinn' (in Ireland) is frequently added to the names of characters by Scottish Gaelic storytellers: it seems to confer added respectability.

23 In the MSS O'Connor-Sligo (who is the host in this episode) has already set out on the cattle-raid which follows; but though he has plenty of men with him, and they indeed object to him hiring another, he takes on the Ceatharnach.

24 In the later recordings Mr Johnson made it quite clear that the sort of inhospitable behaviour described here was a bad habit of Seathain's, and the Ceatharnach wanted to make him mend his ways—which may indeed have been the intention of the original author of the story in satirising O'Connor.

25 In the MSS O'Connor is going 'do dhioghuilt cleibhin na call*aighe* Conachtuidh ar in chaill*igh* Mhuimhnidh'. (A: to get satisfaction from the Munster granny for the Connacht granny's jug (*or* little basket.)) It seems likely that another of O'Connor's faults was a tendency to go on a cattle-raid on the slightest pretext, though there may be a disguised reference to some actual incident. It should be only the one old woman's cattle which are taken to give to the other.

26 'Air a' chraoibh . . .' in SA 1969/107; 'air a' bheothach' is supplied from the later recordings. In the MSS the Ceatharnach not only drives the cattle at top speed, but also keeps off the pursuers with his bow and arrows, though he had only undertaken to do one or the other.

27 In the MSS O'Connor is handed a drink and drinks it off without thinking, a rather more trivial affair than a whole meal. Once more the incident, especially the dialogue, is very much expanded. The poem in the last episode really belongs to the end of this one: see note 31.

28 In SA 1969/107 Mr Johnson could not remember the name of this character, and borrowed the name of the minor character Mùgan. 'Mac Sheoicein', which he remembered later, is here substituted throughout from the later recordings. The fact that all the oral versions have a *c* or *chd* sound in the

name in place of the *ch* of the MS 'Mac Eochadha' could be taken as evidence of a connection between the oral versions; but it seems equally possible that they arise independently from a misreading of the MS contraction 'Mac Eoc—a' (*cf.* note 2).

29 This is very matter-of-fact. In the MSS and the other oral versions the Ceatharnach tells Mac Eochadha to get up and run a race with the eighteen doctors who have failed to cure him, and he is better at once and wins the race. The description of the herb here is the same as that used by Mùgan to cure O Ceallaigh's men.

30 The ambiguous reply is in A: 'Mata si glan, mata si grana, biaidh si agam no ni bhiaidh' (if she be bonny or if she be ugly I will have her, or I won't,) though not in SG.

31 This poem belongs to the end of the previous episode. Another verse of it is quoted in G. For this verse, A reads:

'Leith chumaidh ar Ghiolla De	(Cheating Giolla Dé of his due—
Neimhchoman don te do ní:	No thanks to him who does it;
Innus uaimsi don fhlaith	Tell the prince from me
Nach breith mhath do rug an rí.'	That he [*lit.* the king] did not judge well.)

'Giolla Dé' (Servant of God) is the Ceatharnach's pseudonym in that episode. Here the poem is evidently taken for a reproach by Mac Sheoicein on the Ceatharnach.

32 The end of the story is never very satisfactory: the Ceatharnach simply disappears as suddenly as he appeared. In I he chokes, but this is merely the storyteller's attempt to give a function to the curious meal of crab-apples and thick milk which he is given just before he disappears finally in the MS. Some Irish MSS add that the Ceatharnach was in fact Manannán, a supernatural being who might well be credited with such feats, but, *pace* O'Rahilly, this seems to be a later accretion: there is certainly no trace of it in A.

33 A slightly older MS (1684) is in the University Library of Giessen.

34 In quotations from A contractions are expanded, missing lenition supplied, and punctuation added silently, except that I have italicised entire syllables expanded from one stroke. I have not supplied accents or made any effort to regularise the rather eccentric spellings.

35 In his first fragmentary recording Mr Johnson made the host in this episode O Ceallaigh, which corresponds to the MS.

36 The original host in this episode does appear in I in the form of the rival juggler, 'Taog pratach Mac a' Cheallaich'.

37 *Sic* A; 'Seán O Domhnallán' SG; 'Seán O Dornáin' is the usual Irish reading according to O'Rahilly (1912:207.)

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Lizzie Higgins, and the Oral Transmission of Ten Child Ballads

AILIE MUNRO

The value of exact transcription of musical events has often been questioned: such transcriptions are laborious and time-consuming to make—and hard to read. Their chief *raison d'être* is to aid the comparison of different aspects of musical performances. While nothing can take the place of recorded sound, exact visual representation avoids dependence on memory and facilitates a more detailed study.

As nine out of the ten ballads transcribed here were learned orally by Lizzie Higgins from her famous mother Jeannie Robertson—first of the travelling folk to gain the M.B.E.—and the remaining one from her maternal grandmother, Maria Stewart, it seemed that a comparison of exact transcriptions of performance by mother and daughter might be fruitful and that some points of interest and value might emerge. This comparison can only be made by close reference to James Porter's and Herschel Gower's study of Jeannie Robertson in the previous issue of this journal, with its accompanying transcriptions of these same ballads*.

The backgrounds of the two singers are very different. In addition to the generation gap (Lizzie is now 40, while Jeannie is 62), Lizzie was born and bred in Aberdeen, attended school there until the age of 14 and thereafter worked for no less than 23 years as a fish-filleter. In time she became so skilled at this work that she was champion filleter for the whole of N.E. Scotland at the age of 27, acquiring her nickname 'The Fastest Knife Alive'! The work was arduous and gruelling, with long hours and all too frequently no pay for overtime. The women had to plunge their arms up to the elbow in water which was often unheated and as icy as the water around their booted feet. They had to lift 10-stone boxes of fish from the ground on to high tables, also load them into lorries (the latter is now done by men), and there was constant danger of accidents from the razor-sharp knives they were required to use. Yet these women, especially the highly skilled, felt a pride in their work, and Lizzie becomes almost lyrical on the subject of lemon soles: 'Clean and nice like little works of art when they're finished and turned out.' And although this work was essential to one of Aberdeen's most important trades, there was a stigma attached to it: it was difficult to obtain other work once you had been a fish-filleter. To quote Lizzie again, she 'felt trapped in a

* The transcriptions in the present article are arranged in the order in which Lizzie chose to sing them.

jungle'; and . . . 'navvies on the roads were not working the way we young girls was working'. The prejudicial effects of this work on a woman's health and stamina were aggravated in Lizzie's case by a serious accident at work, when she was struck by a moving trolley. One indirect result of this is that she now suffers from a mild form of diabetes. She also developed heart trouble four years ago, and not until she left the fish-filleting trade some two years later did this condition clear up.

In addition to work and health problems, Lizzie has had much heartbreak and sorrow of a nature too personal to describe here, and only in the last two years (purely coincidental, she says, with her becoming a professional folk-singer) has her life become happy and relatively carefree. Many years ago, Jeannie told her daughter that she had not suffered enough to be a really good folk-singer. 'Well,' says Lizzie, 'now I *have* been through it, I know what I'm singing about and I can put my whole soul into the song.' That this tremendous feeling flows out of her singing and is communicated to her audience can be in no doubt to anyone who has heard her perform in a ceilidh situation, or has listened to recordings of her ceilidh and studio performances. Lizzie is now on the threshold of her career, with a great tradition behind her and at a time when unaccompanied traditional folk-singing has never been more appreciated in the folk-scene, particularly throughout Britain.

Another factor which should be mentioned in Lizzie's development as an artist is of a more subtle nature, but it is common to all those who follow in the footsteps of an illustrious parent. Jeannie herself is the first to appreciate this and understand it. But although at first Lizzie felt daunted by her mother's fame, and felt especially that the 'big classical ballads' were associated with Jeannie and that audiences would resent her attempting to sing them, she is rapidly gaining confidence and finding that her voice *has* the power to deliver the ballads as well as the more lyrical songs: in fact having Jeannie as her mother is now a positive help to her. This quality of voice is one of the most striking differences between the two: Lizzie's has a husky element to it, very expressive and attractive, with a strength and steadfastness which contains hardly a trace of vibrato.

Yet her singing is even more highly ornamented than her mother's. Lizzie herself is convinced that *all* her ornamentation has been strongly influenced by bagpipe music and in particular by the playing of her father, the piper Donald Higgins, whom she has listened to from her earliest years. There was no such influence on Jeannie in her youth. As it is impossible to imitate vocally the complex ornaments of pipe-music, it seems fair to assume that Lizzie's conscious attempts to imitate these ornaments have resulted in her more frequent use of the mordent*—and, in songs to actual pipe-tunes such as 'MacCrimmon's Lament' (not transcribed here), she uses the inverted mordent and the turn, both in a rather slow and deliberate manner.† To the careful listener these

* Mordent. This term is used according to the accepted usage of the present day, *viz.*: the given note followed by the note above and a return to the original note, in quick succession.

† Lizzie uses rather loosely the terms 'trebling', 'trilling' and 'looping the loop' (the latter an original description of the turn!) in referring to these vocal ornaments.

suggest the ornamentation of eighteenth-century 'art-music' rather than that of the pipes. Be that as it may, Lizzie says her father taught her these decorations, and also used pipe-diddling—a kind of lay-piper's substitute for canntaireachd—in teaching her some of the tunes, *e.g.* 'Lady Mary Bell' (an older form of 'The College Boy', not transcribed here). There can be no doubt of Lizzie's genuine love of pipe music: 'the pipes just sends me daft—or maybe my Highland blood gets up—but I love this music best in the whole world.' And . . . 'when my father starts playing a sad air I've heard his fingers sobbing like a human voice'. And although 'little or no animation', to use Herschel Gower's expression about Jeannie's singing, is usually a feature of the traditional ballad-singer's style, especially as regards dynamics, I believe that subtle variations in the tune and in the use of ornaments often convey the meaning of the words with great dramatic power and precision. (See notes on transcriptions below for examples, especially notes on 'The Bonnie Hoose o'Airlie'.)

This brings us to the more technical side of this study, and before giving the exact transcriptions it is necessary to say something about my approach to time-signatures and the whole question of pulse or beat. Two of the ballads—'The Trooper and the Maid' and 'The Gypsy Laddie', *i.e.* those with the most overtly rhythmic and almost march-like tunes, with similarities of shape and structure—have a very regular beat over two-line 'stretches' (see transcriptions and comments for exceptions to this), but at the end of each couplet of the text the bar is lengthened. In these two cases I have adopted the clear beat within the line as the unit. In the other eight, after listening to each version repeatedly and trying out various speeds of metronome beat to find the one which seemed nearest to what the singer 'had in mind' (Bronson 1959, I: XXVII), the transcription was then made and exact time-lengths ascribed to the notes, including all but the very shortest of grace-notes (the latter are marked but the tails stroked through in the usual manner, thus ). The bar-lines were decided by the metrical accents of the verse. When the exact time-lengths of each bar were added up and the total divided by the number of bars (in 'The Jolly Beggar' the change in the last two bars of the basic tune must be taken into account), the average in each case approximated very closely to the time length indicated by the time-signature. (For the assistance of anyone who cares to check this I have added the temporary time-signature or time-length [11/8, 15/16, *etc.*] *above* the bar-line before the numerous bars which do not exactly correspond to the time-signature given at the beginning.) This seems a reasonably mathematical proof of what I have felt from the first in listening to folk-song, and especially ballads—that the metre of the words of the poem and an accompanying pulse-structure, govern in a subtle and instinctive way the timing of most singers from an *over-all* viewpoint.

The conclusion seems to be that these ballad performances show, within a fairly rigid frame, *rubato* in its truest sense—that rubato for which Peter Pears, a superlative singer in another field, recently made such a powerful plea: ' "Rubato" means "robbed" —but in practice, it means something much more civilised than stolen. It is a transaction for mutual advantage, an agreed contract that you may borrow as much time or sound

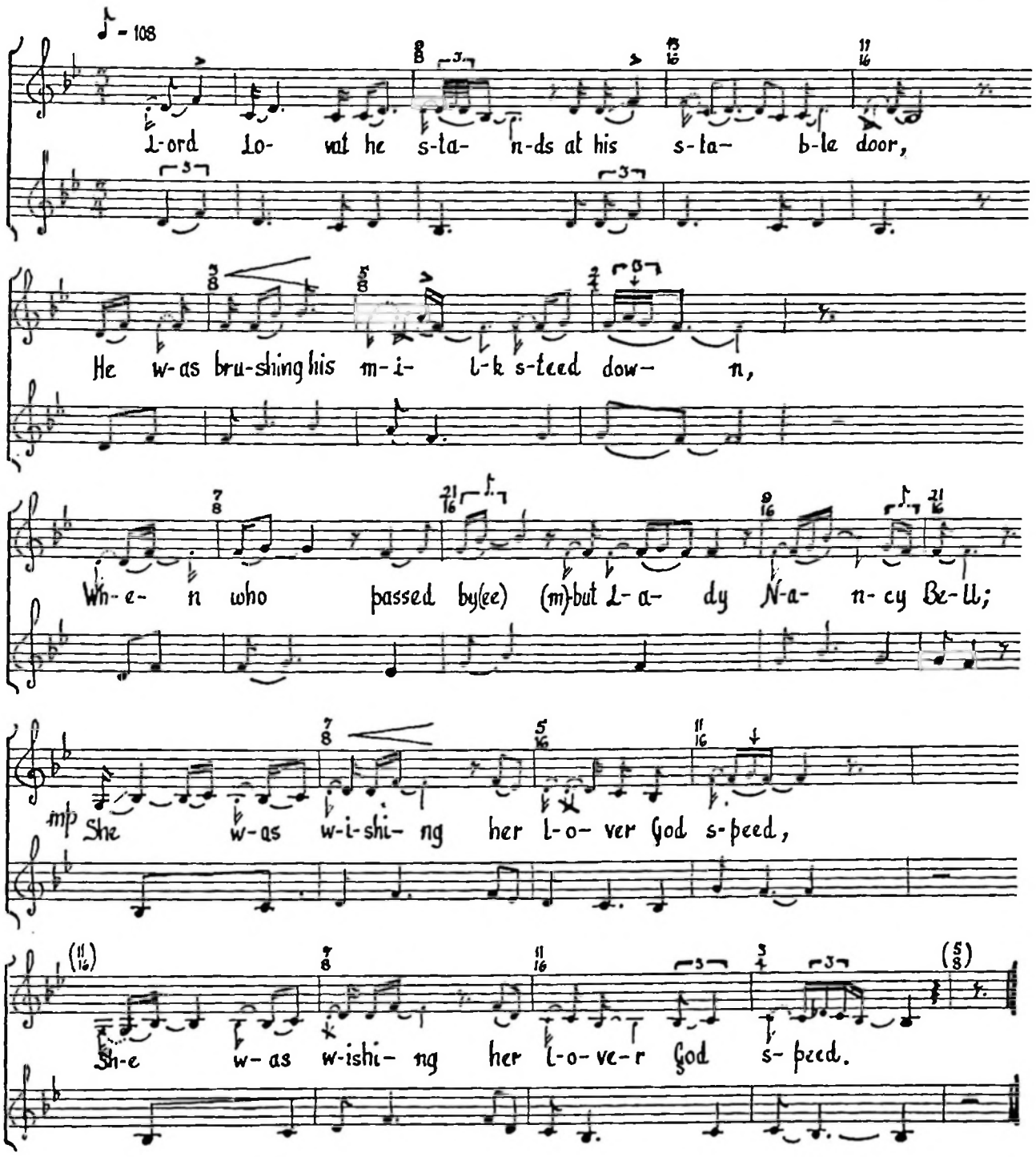
as you like as long as you are prepared to pay it back . . . . The simplest of phrases cannot come to life without give and take, freedom, *rubato*' (Pears 1970 : 15). But the rubato in strophic songs such as ballads, where the tune is bound to the metrical structure of the words, is quite different from the rubato of recitative and its folk equivalent, *i.e.* musical settings of speech which is not metrical in the usually accepted sense of metre, as Ossianic ballads in Gaelic which have a set number of syllables per line: the pulse of the latter is probably nearer the 'internal pulse', to which James Porter refers (p. 37). I think the ballads have an over-all external pulse, and I do not understand his reasoning here (see p. 37 from 'The rhythmic pulse' . . . to 'supplies the metrical structure'); I would argue rather that the metrical structure of the words, which are *in verse form*, suggests the metrical structure of the tune and/or is fitted into the over-all pulse-grouping of that time. I may be accused of strait-jacketing the tunes, but the speed of pulse was arrived at by listening *first* to the whole performance, and the calculations made only *after* transcription gave the findings I have described.

An interesting comparison would appear to be provided in pibroch music. In R. L. C. Lorimer's 'Studies in Pibroch' (Lorimer 1962 : 9), also referred to by James Porter, the author concludes that *all* types of urlar, or ground, consist of 16 bars, including the small group which the Piobaireachd Society say are in metre 4 : 6 : 4 : 1(or 2); (p. 9): 'In principle, no extant pibroch in this metre which does not have 16 (4 : 6 : 4 : 2) bars in a measure will here be accepted as regular.' One may query whether 'bar' is the correct term to apply to pibroch analysis, but it is possible that pibroch performance, lingering as it does on some notes and hurrying over others, may provide a true example of rubato. Even apart from the additional factor of words in the ballad-tunes (and we do not yet know for certain if pibroch *may* have had word connections in its earliest days) this judgment is not entirely unconnected with our subject here: traditional non-Gaelic music in Scotland would appear to have a predilection for symmetry, at least as regards over-all time-structure, and this partiality extends to pibroch music.

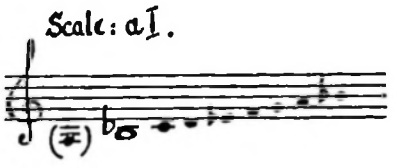
The question of ornaments poses a problem for the transcriber: they are so lavishly used by Lizzie that it would make the transcriptions more difficult to read if they were all written as grace-notes. It is hoped that the 'basic shape' given line by line under the transcription will be an aid to clarity: it was arrived at by listening to *all* the verses. In general, mordent, appoggiatura and anticipatory note are written as part of the tune, while the notes shown as grace-notes are (*a*) the acciaccatura type already mentioned () which are too short to have any time-length assigned to them, (*b*) notes used for consonants (given their exact time-values where these are measurable), and (*c*) notes showing a change of vowel sound *at the same pitch*, as my-(ee). The implied pitch of a voiceless consonant, *e.g.* t, p, tends to be subjective to the transcriber and is suggested by the note immediately preceding or the note immediately following it.

LORD LOVEL (Lovat) Child 75

Collector: A. Munro SA 1970/20A4



Scale: aI.



Form: ABCDE

(Note: Throughout this article the time-signature of the last bar is bracketed where it includes the anacrusis before the first bar)

1 Lord Lovat he stands at his stable door,
He was brushing his milk steed down,
When who passed by but Lady Nancy Bell;
She was wishing her lover God speed,
She was wishing her lover God speed.

2 'Oh whair are you going, Lord Lovat?' she said.
'Come promise, tell me true.'
'Going over the seas strange countries to see,
Lady Nancy Bell I'll come and see you,
Lady Nancy Bell I'll come and see.'

3 He hadn't been gone a year or two,
Scarcely had been three,
When a mightiful dream came into his head,
'Lady Nancy Bell I'll come and see you,
Lady Nancy Bell I'll come and see'.

4 He's passed down through Capelton church,
An doon through Mary's haa;
An the ladies were aa weeping for,
An the ladies aa weeping for.

5 'Who is dead?' Lord Lovat he said.
'Come promise, tell me true.'
'Lady Nancy Bell died for her true-lover's sake,
An Lord Lovat was his name,
An Lord Lovat was his name.'

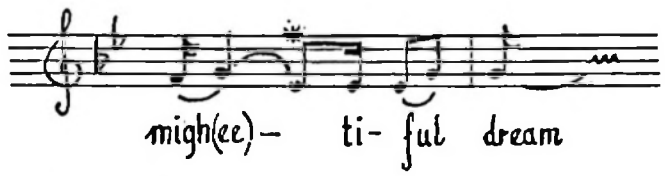
6 He's ordered the coffin to be opened up,
And the white sheet rolled down;
He's kissed her on the cold-clay lips,
An the tears came trickling down,
An the tears came trickling down.

This ballad occupies a special place in Lizzie's affections (and she only sings it when 'in top form'), for Jeannie sang it to her every night of her childhood up to the age of about eleven, as a lullaby. I cannot agree with Bronson's dismissal of the story: 'this too, too insipid ballad', which is popular only because of its fine tune (Bronson 1962, II: 189). The girl dies, as Child points out, 'not of affection betrayed, but of hope too long deferred', yet the tragedy is real and reflects one of the problems of the man-woman relationship which has only recently been resolved. A young man wants to see something of the world before settling down to marriage with its immediate family responsibilities: nowadays his girl could accompany him and postpone these responsibilities—or alternatively could pursue her own independent life, instead of passively waiting while the durability of their love is tested—and the tragedy of 'Lord Lovat' would be unnecessary.

Comparison of performances by mother and daughter here show at once (in addition to the absence of vibrato already mentioned) two differences which recur in all their singing: (1) Lizzie uses the mordent decoration more often than Jeannie, and here almost universally for the last word of each line; (2) she hardly slides at all from one note to the next, preferring to land straight on the new sound—a contrast to Jeannie's frequent use of the slide (marked ⁄ or ⁄, between two adjacent notes).

Differences in the basic tune

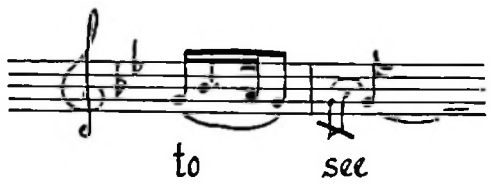
(1) Lizzie in verses 1 and 2, at bar 9 (word 'passed' in line 3, verse 1) sings the fifth of the scale, but by verse 3 and thereafter to the end of the song (except verse 4 which omits this line) reverts to Jeannie's stronger version using the fourth* of the scale, *e.g.*:



(2) In bar 5, Lizzie again uses the fifth instead of Jeannie's sixth of the scale (verse 1: 'brushing') and keeps consistently to this throughout: she seems to have a strong preference for the notes of the tonic chord (one, three and five) in all her versions.

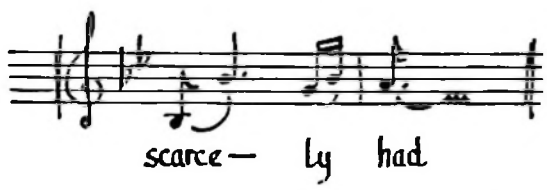
Word-painting (*or musical expression of the meaning of the words*)

(1) Verse 2, line 3 ends:



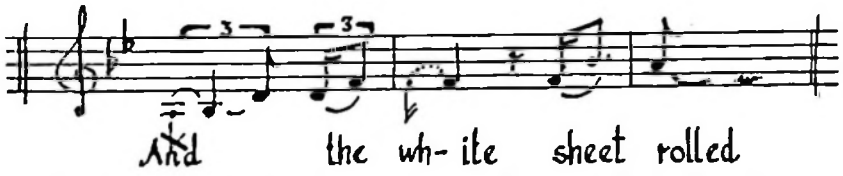
The 'wandering' shape of the four notes for 'to', where A, the seventh of the scale, is used for the only time at this part of the tune, is most graphic.

(2) Verse 3, line 2 begins:



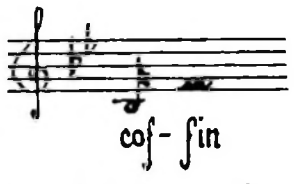
The unique octave leap up at this point suggests a sudden shock of discovery and resolution.

(3) Verse 6, line 2 begins:



The octave span of rising arpeggio (one, three, five, eight) plus the momentary silence after 'white' (a favourite trick of Lizzie's, as we shall see) underlines the drama here and gives us the tragic climax of the story.

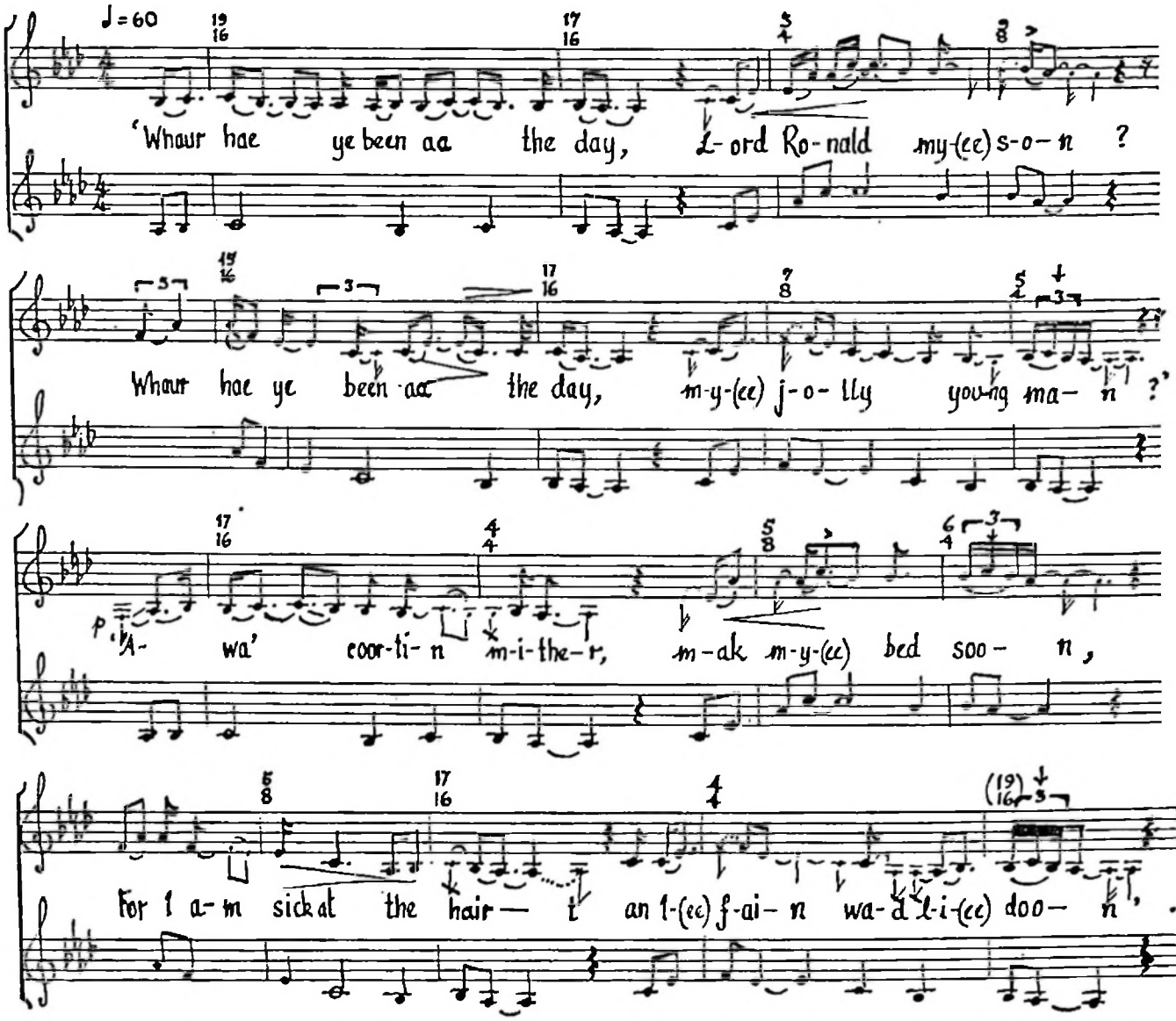
An exact similarity in detail between the two singers appears in verse 6, line 1:

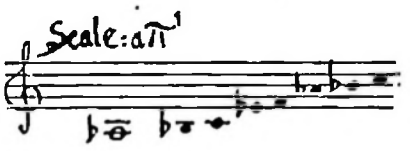


Lizzie's tempo is faster by about one-eighth, and her pitch is a minor 3rd higher.

LORD RANDAL (Lord Ronald) Child 12

Collector: A. Munro SA 1970/20 B4





Form: ABCD (for 8 bars)

1 'Whaur hae ye been aa the day, Lord Ronald my son?
Whaur hae ye been aa the day, my jolly young man?'
'Awa coortin, mither, mak my bed soon,
For I am sick at the hairt, and I fain wad lie doon.'

2 'What got ye for supper, Lord Ronald my son?
What got ye for supper, my jolly young man?'
'I got little smaa fishes all speckled around,
Mother make my bed soon,*
I am sick at the hairt, and I fain wad lie doon.'

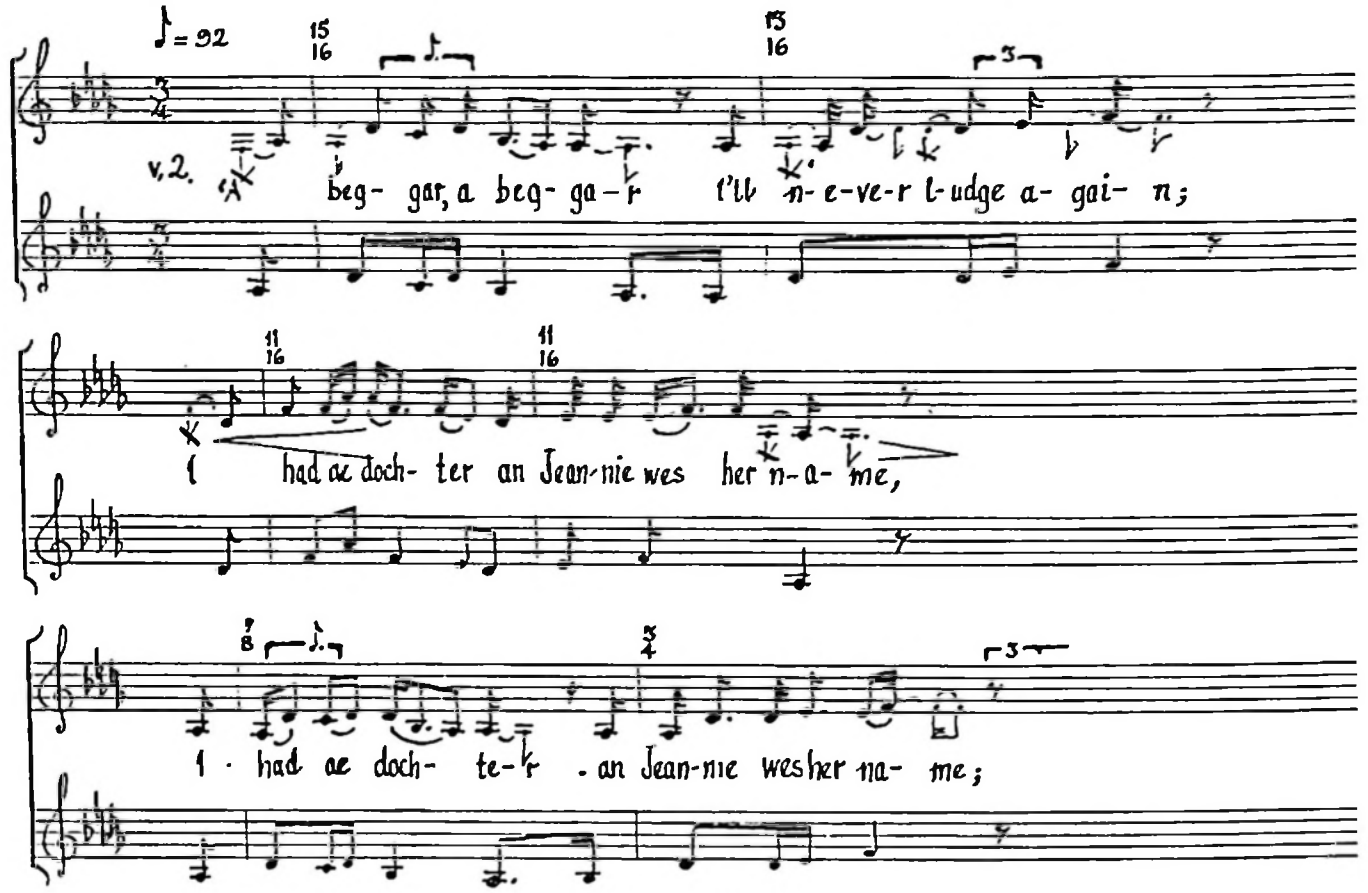
The singer clearly feels least at home in this ballad—witness her uncertain start to the tune—and for the listener it is the most difficult of the ten to apprehend rhythmically. Feeling that the folk-clubs associate this with Jeannie, Lizzie hardly ever sings it and could only remember two verses (*i.e.* double verses, with the tune repeated for the second half).

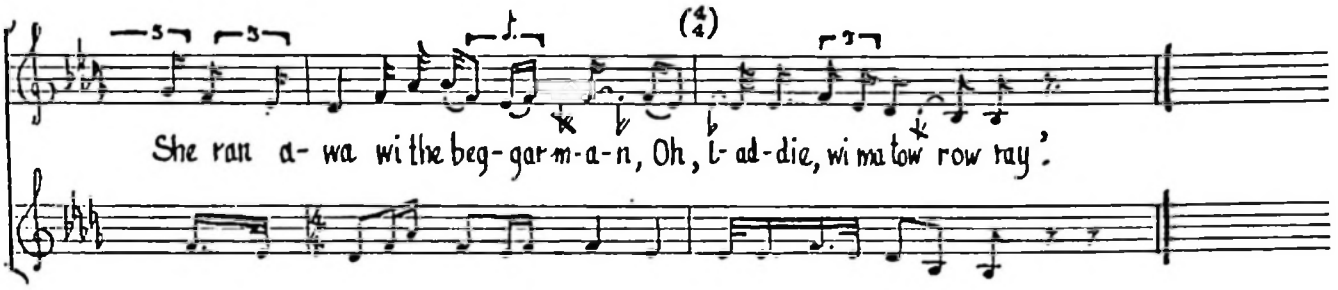
Lizzie's fondness for the common chord notes is again shown in the upward arpeggio at 'Lord Ronald', in the first line of both verses, where she avoids the sixth note of the scale with which Jeannie starts 'Donald'. (The difference in this name suggests a mixture of 'Donald' and 'Randal'.) Jeannie uses the mordent more frequently here, but Lizzie prefers again to keep this ornament for the final word of a line. Lizzie's tempo again is slightly faster, and the pitch is only one semitone higher. She starts the accented 'hae' in line 2 on the upper tonic note: this adds emphasis to the word.

* This line is sung to section C of the tune, which is repeated in the first half of the next line.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR Child 279

Collector: A. Munro SA 1970/20 B7





Form: ABAC

1 A beggar, a beggar come owre the lea,
He was askin lodgins for charity,
He was askin lodgins for charity:
'Wad ye ludge a beggar-man?
Oh, lassie, wi ma tow row ray.'

2 'A beggar, a beggar I'll never ludge again;
I had ae dochter an Jeannie wes her name,
I had ae dochter an Jeannie wes her name,
She ran awa wi the beggar-man,
Oh, laddie, wi ma tow row ray.'

3 'I'll bend my back and I'll bou my knee
And I'll pit a black patch owre my ee,
And a beggar, a beggar they'll tak me to be,
And awa wi you I'll gang,
Laddie, wi ma tow row ray.'

4 'Oh lassie, oh lassie ye're far too young,
And ye hannae got the cant o the beggin tongue,
Ye hannae got the cant o the beggin tongue
And wi me ye winnae gang,
Lassie, wi ma tow row ray.'

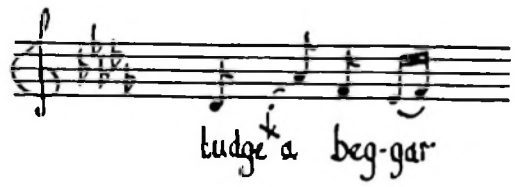
5 But she's bent her back an she boued her knee,
And she put a black patch owre her ee,
She's kilted her skirts up abuin her knee,
And awa wi him she's gane,
Oh, laddie, wi ma tow row ray.

6 'For yer dochter Jean comin owre the lea,
And she's taking hame her bairnies three,
She's one on her back and anither on her knee
And her other een toddlin hame,
Oh lassie, wi ma tow row ray.'

This is Jeannie's original version (Child calls it 'The Gaberlunzie Man') which she passed on to her daughter: the version shown in the previous issue of this journal is one which Jeannie learned later from someone in the folk-world. Lizzie sings this ballad with great spirit and compassion: verses 3 to 5 are a 'flash-back' and the last verse brings a happy ending. Note that the last line varies 'lassie' or 'laddie' according to the sex of the person addressed—the beggar, the mother or the girl—so one feels the refrain is *said by* each character in turn: this is implicit in verse 5. In Jeannie's earlier version this line has 'laddie' every time and is the usual kind of refrain. Also, in verses 3 and 4, where the lovers speak to each other, the 'Oh' is omitted from this line. The tune ends not on the tonic but on the 6th of the scale. It is interesting that although Jeannie's tune here is quite different it is also the only one out of the ten which does not end on the key-note. In the folk music of most West European Countries melodies end on the key-note of the scale or mode. When the ending is on a different note (and Scottish music has some interesting examples) the effect, on the writer at least, is of something unfinished—or perhaps the end of the story has not been told. Lizzie's performance here is further distinguished from her other nine by the complete absence of mordents.

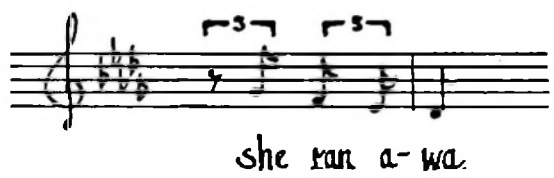
Word-painting

(1) In verse 1, where the beggar asks for lodging, the variant (bar 7) is:



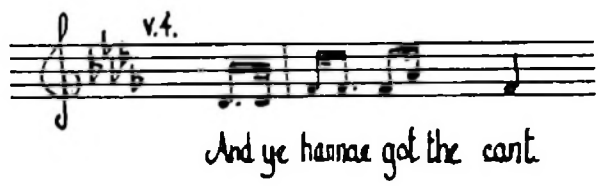
Here the 'a' has an aggressive ring to it.

(2) In verse 2 shown above, note the variant which starts the fourth line:



This downward scale passage with its lilting rhythm expresses the words most effectively. This is the only occurrence of the fourth of the scale ('she') in the whole song; it is not an ornament but is part of the scale and clearly shows the singer has the Ionian mode in mind.

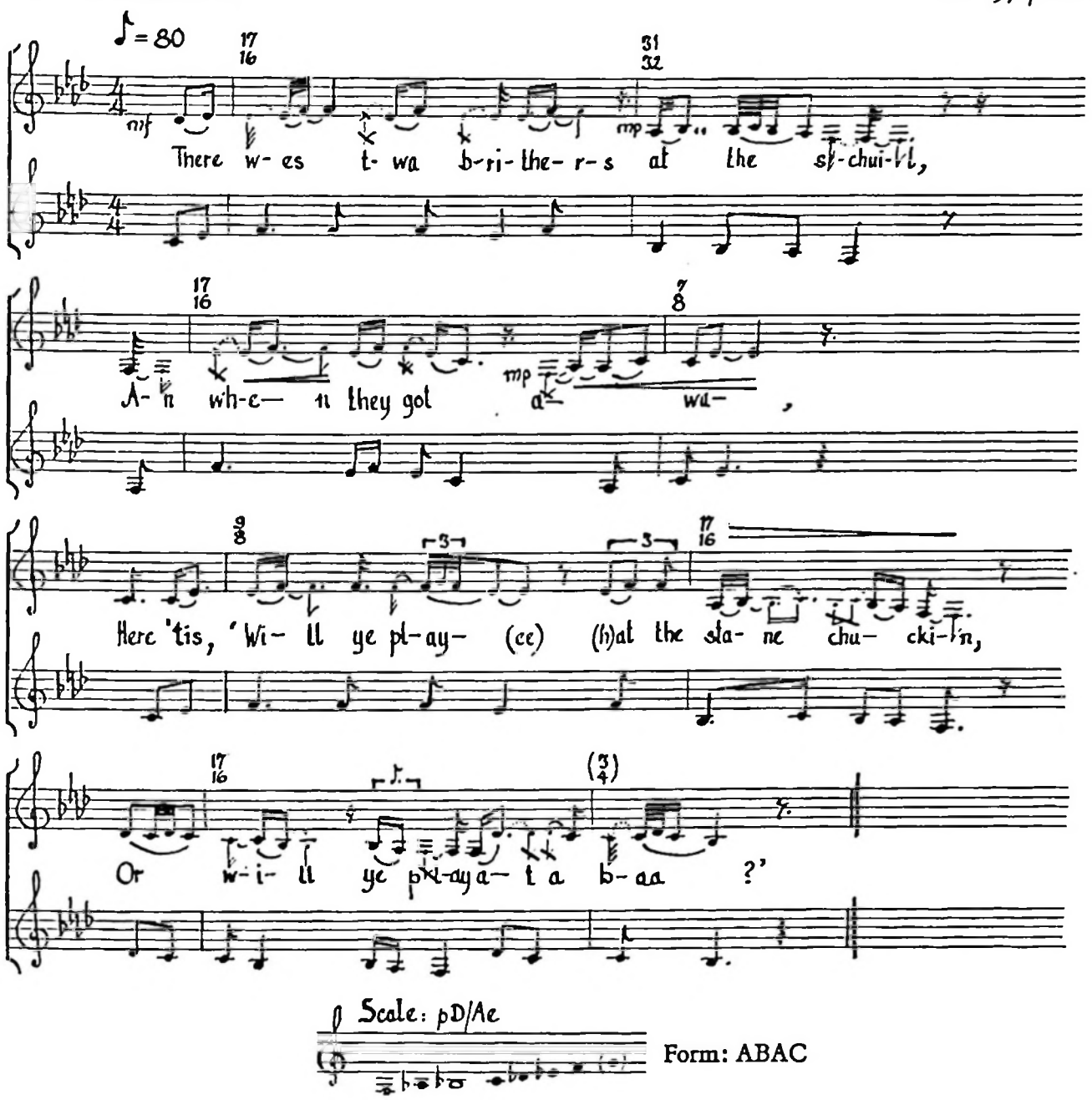
(3) Verse 4, line 2:



The three-fold repetition of the third of the scale ('hannae got') suggests an argumentative tone, an attempt to drive home the point.

THE TWA BROTHERS Child 49

Collector: A. Munro SA 1970/21 A1



Scale: pD/Ae

Form: ABAC

1 There wes twa brithers at the schuil
An when they got awa,
Here 'tis, 'Will ye play at the stane-chuckin,
Or will ye play at a baa?
Or will ye gae up tae yon bonnie green hills
An there we'll wrastle an faa?'

2 'I winnae play at the stane-chuckin,
Or will I play at a baa,
Bit I'll gae up tae yon bonnie green hills
An there we'll wrastle an faa.'

3 They wrastlet up and they wrastlet down
Till John fell to the ground;
A dirk came out of William's pooch
Gave John a deadly wound.

4 'Lift me, lift me on yer back,
Tak me tae yon well sae fair,
Wash the blood frae off my wounds
So it may bleed nae mair.'

5 He's liftit him upon his back,
Taen him to yon well sae fair,
He's washed the blood frae off his wounds
But aye they bled the mair.

6 'Ye'll tak aff yer holland sark,
Reive it frae gair tae gair,
Ye'll stap it in the bloody wound
So it may bleed nae mair.'

7 He's taen off his holland sark
Reived it frae gair tae gair,
He's stapt it in the bloody wound
But aye it bled the mair.

8 'Lift me, lift me on yer back,
Tak me tae Kirkland fair,
Dig a grave baith wide an deep
An lay my body there.

9 'Lay my arrows at my head,
My bent bow at my feet,
My sword an buckler by my side
As I wes wont tae sleep.'

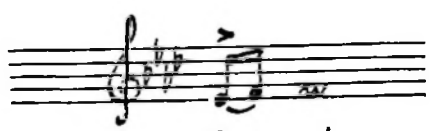
Lines 5 and 6 of verse 1 have the same basic shape as lines 3 and 4.

This is basically the same tune as Jeannie's, but I cannot agree that its initial tonality is E-flat (a major key here) for Jeannie, or D-flat (major) for Lizzie; the minor feel is implicit right from the start, *i.e.* the relative minor of this major key (C minor for Jeannie, B-flat minor for Lizzie) and is explicitly confirmed by the first note of bar 2—'at' in verse 1. All verses except the first start as in the basic shape. The note G above middle C, often slightly flat but still nearer G than G-flat, only appears as the upper note of mordents on F—so the ambiguity of mode, Dorian or Aeolian, is not resolved by it.

Word-painting

(1) In verses 4 to 7 the word 'bled' or 'bleed' in the last line is short and is followed by a rest. Jeannie does the same in 3 of the 4 verses. The absence of this rest at the same point of the tune, which is the lowest note in the range, in any other verse except the last (and this final line of the song slows down considerably) is partly due to the fact that this note comes in the middle of a two-syllable word in all other verses; but the abrupt treatment of this active verb at these four points of the narrative and dialogue is arresting.

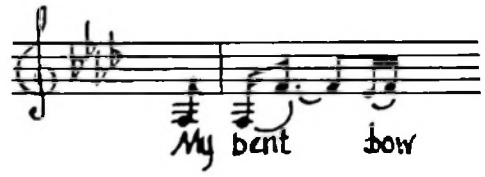
(2) The imperatives 'Lift', 'Wash', 'Reive', 'Dig', and 'Lay', first words of lines in verses 4, 6, 8 and 9 are sung thus



on a strongly accented beat; also 'Reived' in verse 7.

Jeannie has both 'Reive' and 'Reived' on a weak beat, the anacrusis of line 2; she has the other imperatives on the strong beat, but Lizzie has omitted the preceding 'Oh', 'An' and 'Ye'll', and the result is more commanding. (She also omits the first words in verses 6 and 7.)

(3) Lizzie's one difference in the basic shape of the tune, *viz.* the lower 5th of the scale (F) with which she starts line 2, gives rise to a unique and arresting variant in verse 9:



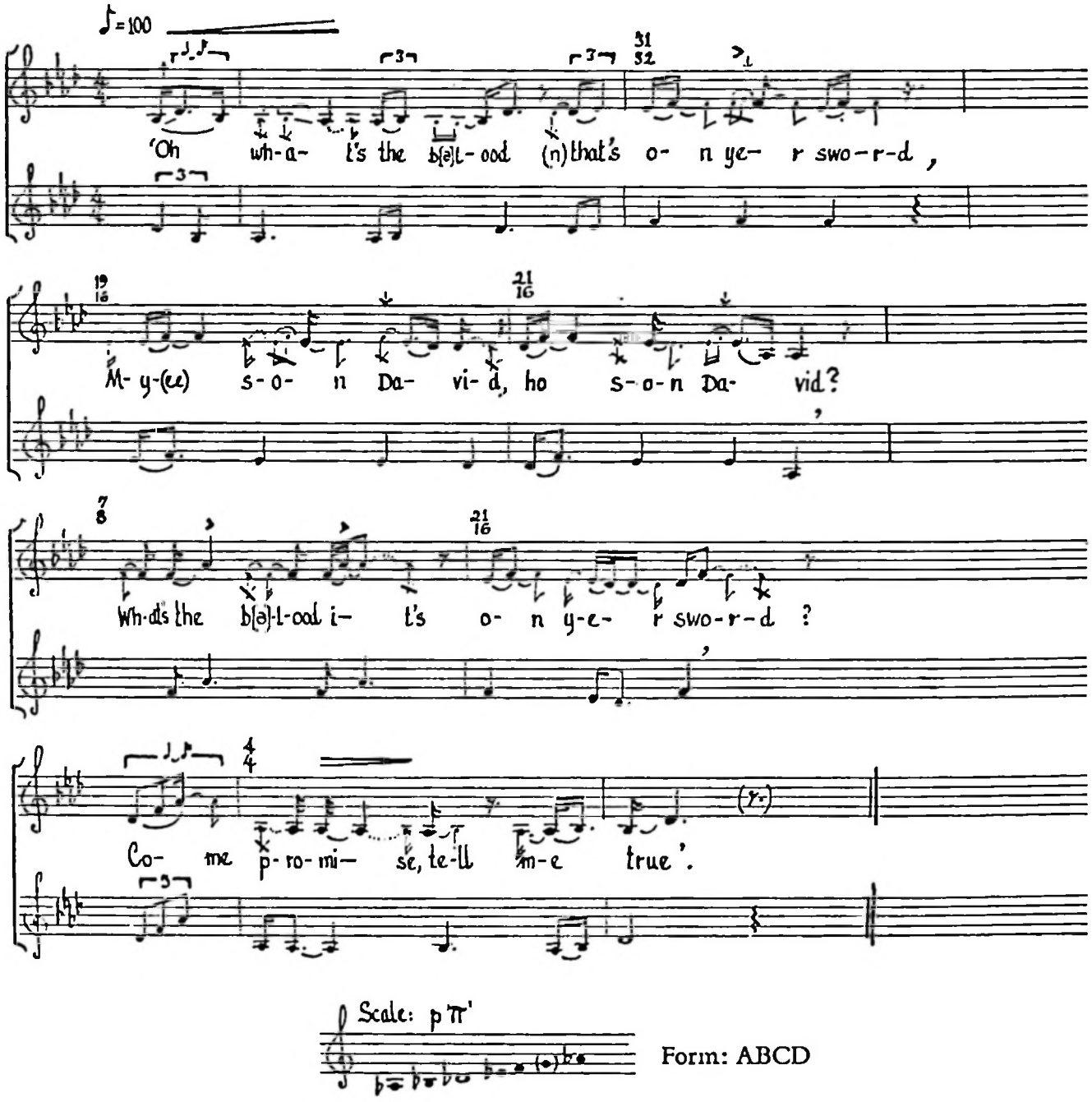
The octave leap from the grace-note for' bent' gives a faithful impression of effort and tautness to the word.

Mordents are used freely here by Lizzie; an average of five per verse, usually including the last word of line 4, but the final words of other lines are not so musically suitable for this ornament. Jeannie uses only five mordents throughout the whole song.

The *tempo* gradually increases throughout the song until the 'dying away' of the very last line. But the pace generally is slower: Lizzie's time spent on one verse is almost one-third again as long as Jeannie's. The pitch is one tone lower.

EDWARD (Son David) Child 13

Collector: A. Munro SA 1970/21 A3



Form: ABCD

1 'Oh what's the blood that's on yer sword,
My son David, ho son David?
What's the blood it's on yer sword?
Come promise, tell me true.'

2 'Oh that's the blood o my grey meer,
Hey lady Mother, ho lady Mother,
That's the blood o my grey meer,
Because she wouldnae rule by me.'

3 'Oh that blood it is owre clear,
My son David, ho son David,
That blood it is owre clear,
Come promise, tell me true.'

4 'Oh that's the blood o my huntin-hawk,
Hey lady Mother, ho lady Mother,
That's the blood o my huntin-hawk,
Because it wouldnae rule by me.'

5 'Oh that blood it is owre clear,
Hey son David, ho son David,
That blood it is owre clear,
Come promise, tell me true.'

6 'Oh that's the blood o my brither John,
Hey lady Mother, ho lady Mother,
That's the blood o my brither John,
Because he wouldnae rule by me.

7 'But I'm gaun awa in a bottomless boat,
In a bottomless boat, in a bottomless boat,
Oh I'm gaun awa in a bottomless boat,
An I'll ne'er return again.'

8 'Oh when will you come back again,
My son David, ho son David?
When will you come back again?
Come promise, tell me true.'

9 'When the sun an the moon meets in yon glen,
Hey lady Mother, ho lady Mother.
When the sun an the moon meets in yon glen,
For I'll return again.'

This is a very different interpretation from Jeannie's: the slower of Jeannie's two versions (version 1) is *twice as fast* as this and she sings both with tremendous impetus and urgency, whereas Lizzie chooses a much steadier, doom-laden style and pace. A comparison of the two singers' interpretations of this ballad would almost suggest the difference between Toscanini at his fastest and Klemperer at his slowest! The contrast is striking, but each conception has its own integrity and the listener is persuaded that both are equally valid.

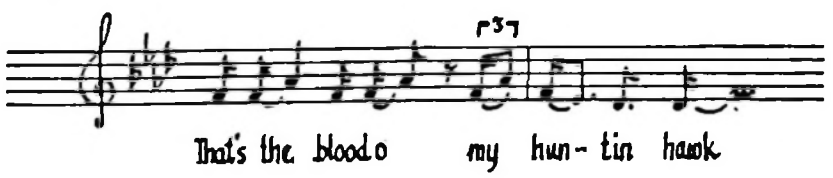
Differences in the basic shape

(1) The first note of line 2 (*i.e.* bar 3) is the tonic in Jeannie's version and the supertonic in Lizzie's (for one crucial exception, see last example on p. 172).

(2) For the start of the fourth line, Jeannie has the fifth of the scale, preceded by the third as a virtual grace-note, while Lizzie has a slow rising triplet phrase in her favourite doh—me—soh, which has a pleading effect in the word 'Come' at verses 1, 3, 5 and 8.

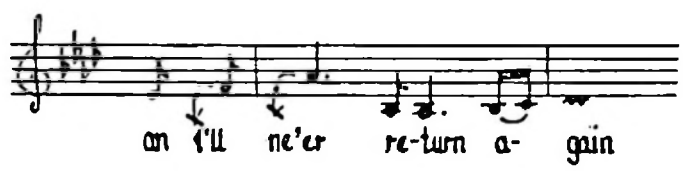
Word-painting

(1) Verse 4, line 3:



This has a false, blustering jauntiness to it. (Jeannie keeps strictly to the basic shape here.) A similar variant occurs in the same line of verse 6, but less rhythmically, and it hurries over 'my brother John'.

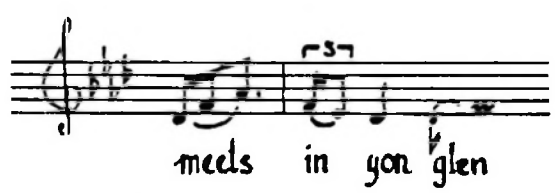
(2) Verse 7, line 4:



—at 'ne'er' the note is an octave higher than in any other verse at this point (it is really the third note of the usual triplet, but postponed to the following strongly accented beat.) This gives great stress to the word. (Lines 2 and 3 of this verse depart from the basic shape, with three-fold repetition of 'in a bottomless boat'.)

(3) The mother's repetition of her hopeless question, in line 3 of verse 8, has a break *at a different point* in the middle of the line, *i.e. before* the second appearance of the 5th note of the scale: 'When will you'—(rest)—'come back again?' It suggests a break in the voice, as if she cannot take in the finality of the parting.

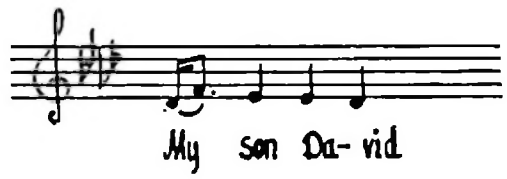
(4) Last verse, line 3:



expresses the dramatic words and again shows Lizzie's favourite rising doh—me—soh.

Variant showing a single reversion to Jeannie's

Verse 8:



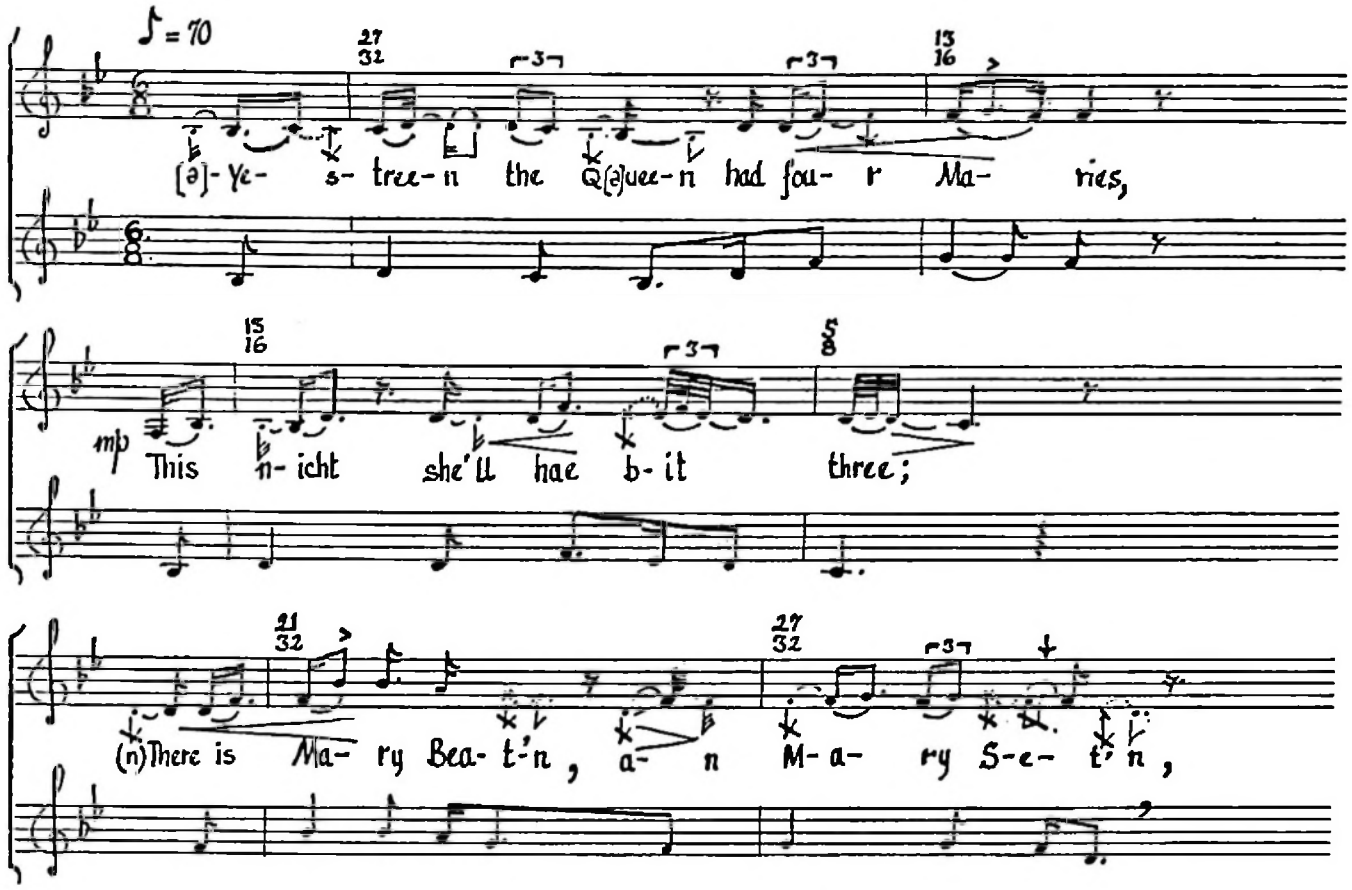
This is a stronger 'my' and this is the last time she says 'My Son'.

The difference in speed between the verses is interesting. Lizzie as usual has gradual accelerando, but verse 6 with its reluctant confession is slower, the urgency of verse 7 gives rise to the fastest speed of all, verse 8 is slower again and the final verse reverts to the speed of the first.

The incidence of mordents here and in Jeannie's two versions is in inverse proportion to the speed, a slower pace allowing more time for decorations, but Lizzie has the largest number proportionately: 12 mordents throughout her 9 verses.

MARY HAMILTON Child 173

Collector: A. Munro SA 1970/21 A4-B1



Form: ABCD

1 Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
This nicht she'll hae bit three;
There is Mary Beaton, an Mary Seton,
An Mary Carmichael an me.

2 Often I hae dressed my Queen
An put gowd in her hair,
An little I thought for my reward
Wes the gallows tae be my share.

3 Oh little did my mither ken
The day she cradled me,
The land I wes tae travel in
Or the daith I wes tae dee.

4 Oh happy, happy is the maid
That's born o beauty free;
It wes my dimplin rosy cheeks
That wes the ruin o me.

5 A knock come tae the kitchen door
It sounded through aa the room,
That Mary Hamilton had a wean
Tae the highest man in the toon.

6 'Whaur is this wean you had last night,
Whaur is this wean I say?'
'I hadnae a wean tae you last night,
Nor yet a wean the day.'

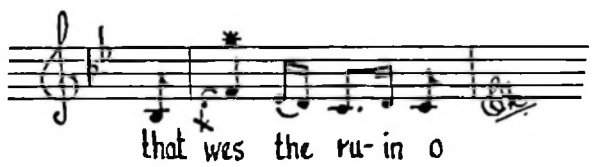
7 They searched high and they searched low,
An they searched below the bed,
And there they found her ain dear wean;
It wes lyin in a pool o blood.

Here again we find some striking contrasts to Jeannie's way of singing this ballad, though the basic tune is still almost identical with its source. (For two exceptions, see variants 1 and 3 below.) Lizzie uses the same verses as Jeannie, with slight changes, but in a different order: after the opening verse (which she does not repeat later, as Jeannie does twice) she then gives us the reflective part and ends with the story behind Mary's downfall.

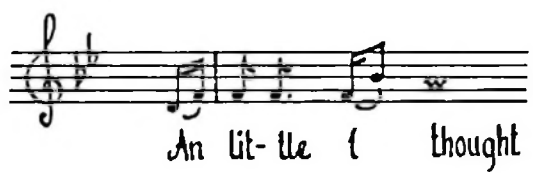
Lizzie's average time-length per verse is about one and a quarter times Jeannie's, and this slower tempo, as already suggested, may partly account for her greater use of mordents; but a comparison of the transcriptions shows that she also uses many other grace-notes, in contrast to her mother's simpler and more restrained rendering.

Variants

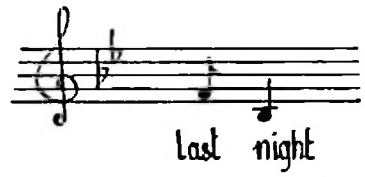
(1) At the start of the last line in verses 4, 5 and 7 the tune rises to the fifth * of the scale as in Jeannie's version, instead of the usual 4th ($E^{\flat}$ here) shown above; *e.g.* in verse 4:



(2) In line 3 of verses 2 and 5, the top $B^{\flat}$ is delayed, showing her love of the common chord again; *e.g.* verse 2:

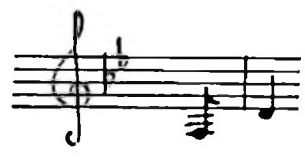


(3) The end of line 3: by verses 6 and 7, Lizzie reverts more closely, though not exactly, to Jeannie's verse 1, *e.g.* verse 6:



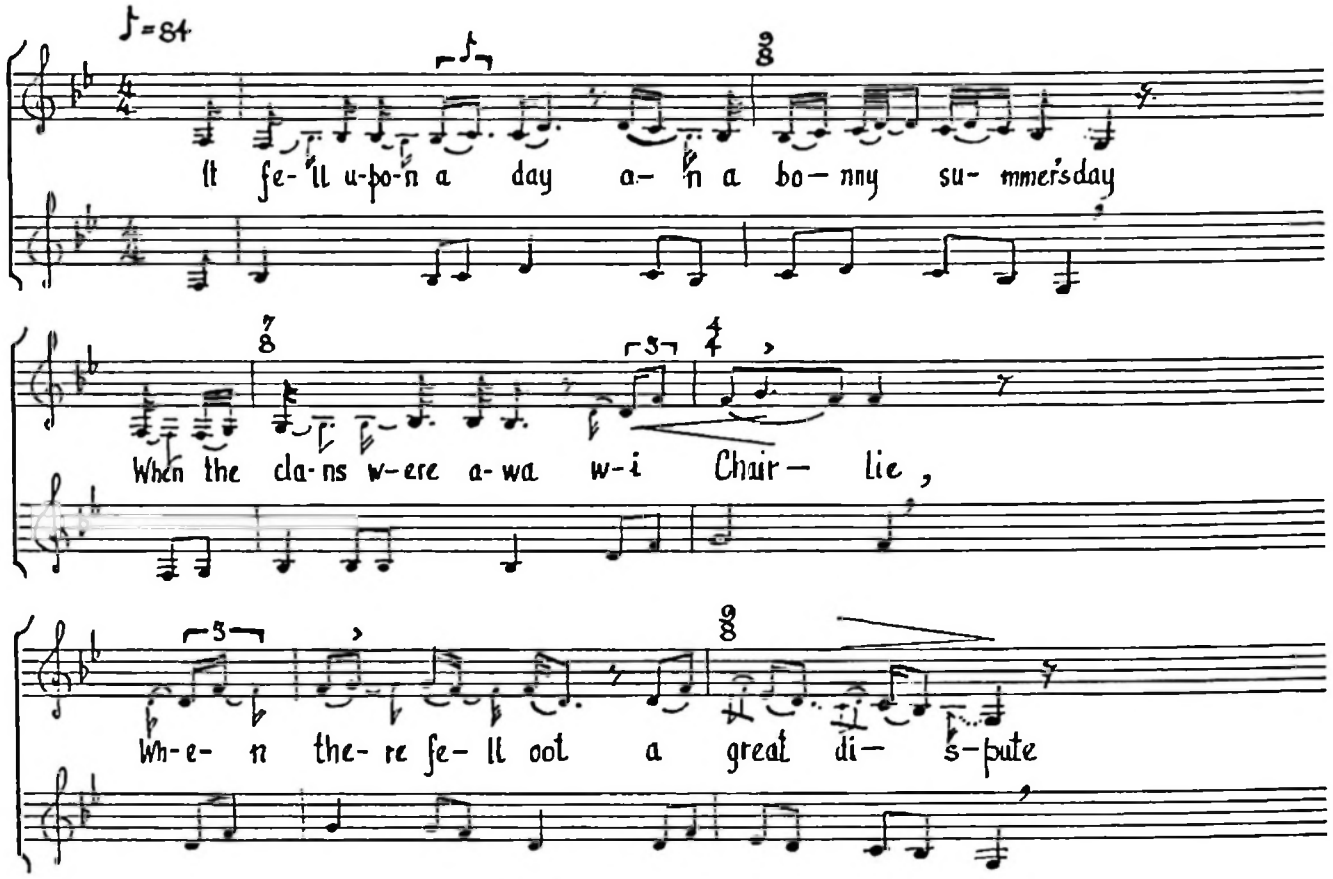
In verses 1–5 Lizzie consistently drops to the 3rd here, as shown in the basic tune; Jeannie stops on the 5th in all verses except the first and its repetitions.

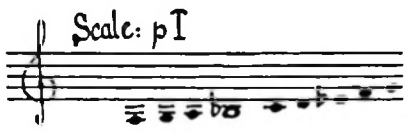
(4) Lines 1 and 2 of some verses begin:



THE BONNIE HOOSE O AIRLIE Child 199

Collector: A. Munro SA 1970/22 A3





Form: ABCD

1 It fell upon a day an a bonny summer's day
When the clans were awa wi Chairlie,
When there fell oot a great dispute
Between Argyll an Airlie.

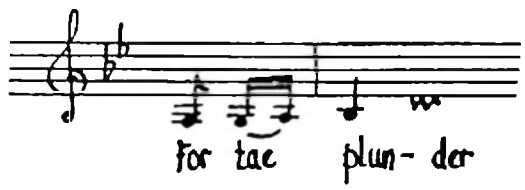
2 Argyll he hez raised one hundred of his men
It is [?ch] bein the mornin airly,
An he hes gane doon by the back o Dunkeld
For tae plunder the bonnie hoose o Airlie.

3 Lady Ogilvy looked frae her high castle waa,
An oh but she sighed sairly
Tae see Argyll an aa his men
Come tae plunder the bonnie hoose o Airlie.

4 'Come doon, come doon, Lady Ogilvy,' he cried,
'Come doon an kiss me fairly,
For ere the mornin's clear daylight
I will no leave a stanin stane o Airlie.'

5 'I widnae come doon, you false lord,' she cried,
'Or wid I kiss thee fairly,
I widnae come doon, ye false Argyll,
Tho ye dinnae leave a stanin stane o Airlie.'

In verses 2, 4 and 5, line 4, the seventh of the scale is included in the rising melody, *e.g.* in verse 2:



(Jeannie does this *once*, at the same point in verse 4 of her words.) This places the tune firmly in the (heptatonic) Ionian mode.

Exactly the reverse is true about the relative tempi of the two singers here as compared with 'Mary Hamilton': yet Lizzie has twice as many mordents as Jeannie in proportion to the number of verses sung, so in this case one cannot correlate their frequency with the amount of time available.

The pitch here is a minor third lower and seems to intensify the whole difference of style between the two singers. Lizzie, with practically no vibrato and considerably less variation in dynamics*, has a steadier, more detached quality in her singing, and achieves expressiveness through the variants of phrase, ornaments, rests, *etc.*, which have been described: Jeannie's singing is more emotional, is freer as to rhythm, has many more sliding notes and employs wider dynamic differences—is in fact more suggestive of what may be a separate tradition of the travelling folk and which may have something in common with singers of the streets, the pubs and the music-halls (*cf.* James Porter's comments on the tune of 'The Golden Victoree'). Charlotte Higgins, Andy (Andra) Stewart and Belle MacGregor or Stewart all show in their singing these thumb-prints of what seems to be the tinkers' style. Another mannerism is the insertion of an extra syllable into a word, *e.g.* 'hairit' for 'hairt', 'doctoree' for 'doctor', 'purisue' for 'pursue', 'britheris' for 'brithers', *etc.* (The last-named cannot be a perpetuation of the archaic form which although written as three syllables was pronounced as two.) It is just possible that there may be a connection here with the Gaelic intrusive vowel which appears between certain consonants in that language.

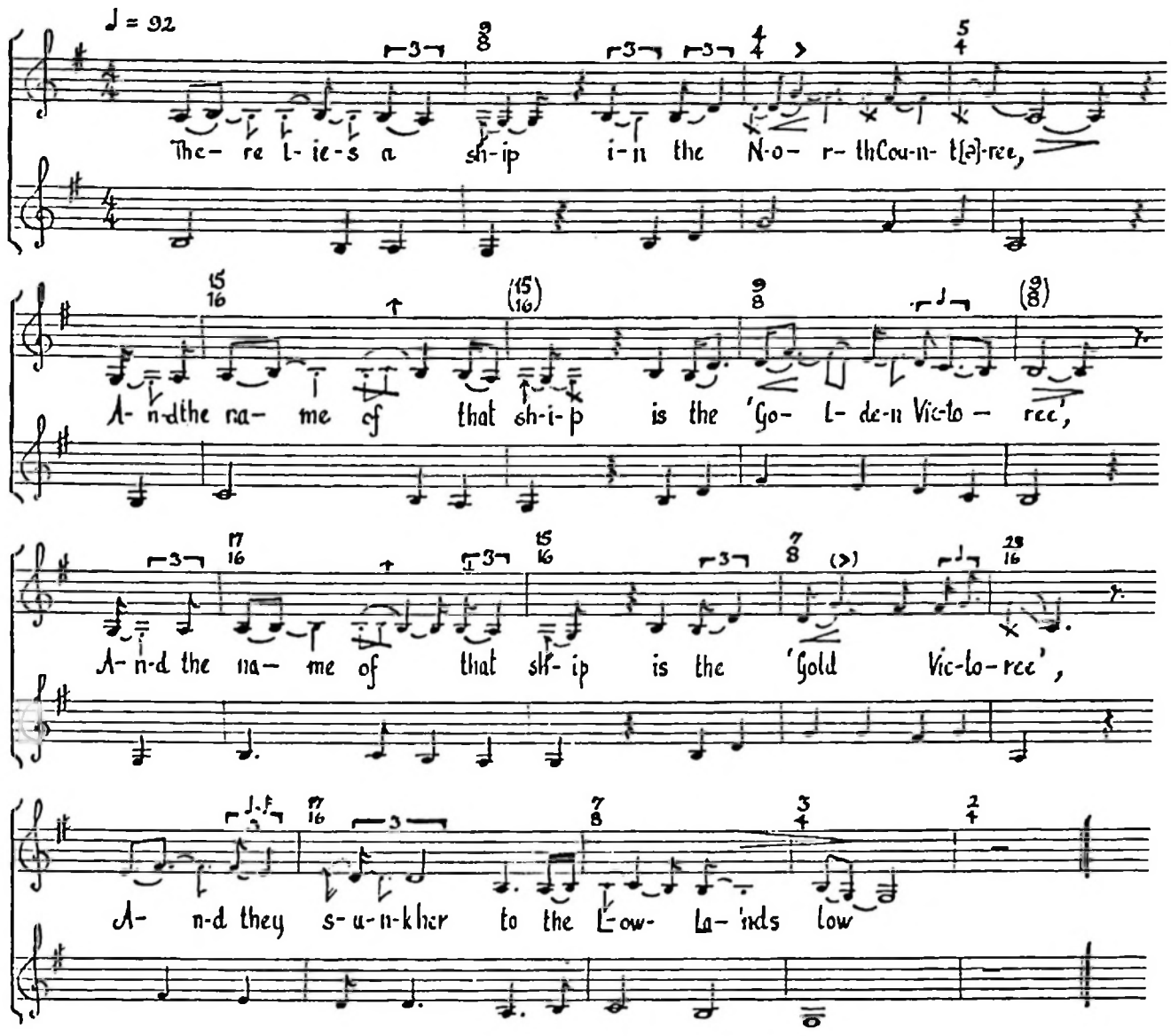
* Change of tone, mainly in volume.

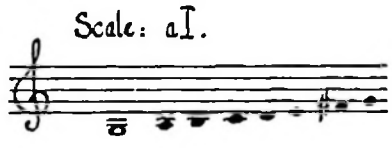
Whatever the origins of this whole style, it has been raised to new heights by the most gifted artist the travellers have yet produced, and one of the supreme artists of all folksong. Jeannie conjures up a picture of the campfire with an audience, probably small but always responsive and inspiring the singer to sway them in the style that moves them most—and she had this from her earliest years, long before she was acclaimed by the folk clubs.

By contrast, there is Lizzie's distance from the travelling way of life by the gap of a generation, her lack of an audience *of this type*, and her comparative inexperience of any large audience until the last year or so; the fact that she learned from her mother's singing in the home ('every day of my life', says Lizzie); her definite statement that she heard no-one else sing these ballads—and if, as seems probable, she *did* hear others from time to time, she has forgotten the singers but may unconsciously have remembered some of their variants; the possibility that Jeannie may have sung somewhat differently in her own home while going about her work and with no audience but her own family; Lizzie's own temperament; and finally the influence of her father's pipe-playing. All these combined to produce a very different style from Jeannie's. It is of course impossible to make hard and fast distinctions: in every art-form there are many different styles and disciplines all of which contribute to that art and none of which are immune from mutual influence. What is certain is that Lizzie, like her mother, has transformed a style by her own highly individual artistry. And it is possible that her comparative lack of dynamic variation and her freedom from vibrato may be attributable to the strong influence of pipe-music since one of the chief characteristics of this music is its unwavering uniformity of volume.

THE 'SWEET TRINITY' (The 'Golden Victoree') Child 286

Collector: A. Munro SA 1970/22 A5





Form: ABAC

1 There lies a ship in the North Countree,
And the name of that ship is the 'Golden Victoree',
And the name of that ship is the 'Gold Victoree',
And they sunk her to the Low Lands low.

2 Up spoke the captain an up spoke he,
'Is there any man on board who will sink this ship for me?
Is there any man on board who will sink this ship for me,
Who will sink her to the Low Lands low?'

3 Up spoke the cabin-boy an up spoke he:
'What will ye give to me if I sink this ship for thee?
What will ye give to me if I sink this ship for thee,
If I sink her to the Low Lands low?'

4 'I'll give you silver and I will give you gold,
Likewise my youngest daughter if you turn bold,
Likewise my youngest daughter if you turn bold,
If you sink her to the Low Lands low.'

5 Some was playin dominoes an others playing draughts,
An the water coming in gave them all a great start,
The water coming in gave them all a great start,
And he sunk her tae the Low Lands low.

6 'Oh captain, dear captain, it's will ye let me in?
Oh captain, dear captain, it's will ye let me in?
Oh captain, dear captain, it's will ye let me in?
For I've sunk her to the Low Lands low.'

7 'We'll shoot you, we'll drownd you, we'll stab ye to the heart,
We'll shoot you, we'll drown you, we'll stab ye to the heart,
We'll shoot you, an drown you, and stab ye to the heart,
An we'll sink you tae the Low Lands low.'

This is the only one of these ten ballads which Lizzie learned from her grandmother: 'I used to hear her singing it steady on', she says. Although her words omit the boy's reply to the captain's appeal (which Jeannie gives), this is implicit in the prompt action described in the following verse. It is not clear whether the scuttling was carried out from inside or from outside the vessel; Jeannie's 'He bendit his breast' suggests the latter. Lizzie adds two verses: the boy's despairing appeal, 'Oh captain, dear captain, it's will ye let me in', could be uttered while he was still in the water, but from the captain's treacherous reply which includes 'We'll stab ye to the heart' it would appear that the boy was then back on board ship.

Lizzie thought she only remembered two verses of this song, as she had not sung it since she was a teenager, but 'at the second verse I seemed to keep going and remembered aa the thing. I got a surprise the day!' The tenacious memory of the artist who learns

from oral transmission also amazes those of us who learn almost entirely from the written page, whether it be words or music.

Differences in the basic tune

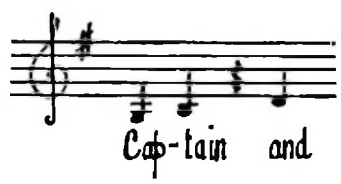
(1) For the beginning of lines 2 and 3, Jeannie consistently sticks to the notes of her 1st verse, starting on the 2nd of the scale and going to the 3rd, while Lizzie's most frequent practice is as given above, starting with the tonic note and in line 2 proceeding to the fourth.

(2) Jeannie gives much less *time* to the first word of 'Low Lands' except in the last verse.

Word-painting

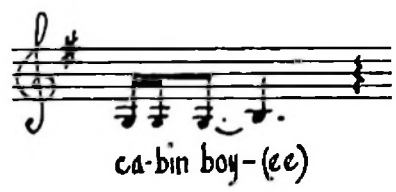
(1) The 7th of the scale (F♯ above) at the start of line 4—which is surely the climax of the tune—is held rather longer for the cabin-boy's final 'If' in verse 3. This coincides with the climax of the boy's attempt to bargain and also his wavering in face of the crucial decision confronting him.

(2) Wherever the first half of bars 2, 6 and 10 accompanies a two-syllabled word, the rhythm becomes:



but in verse 3, instead of:

we get:

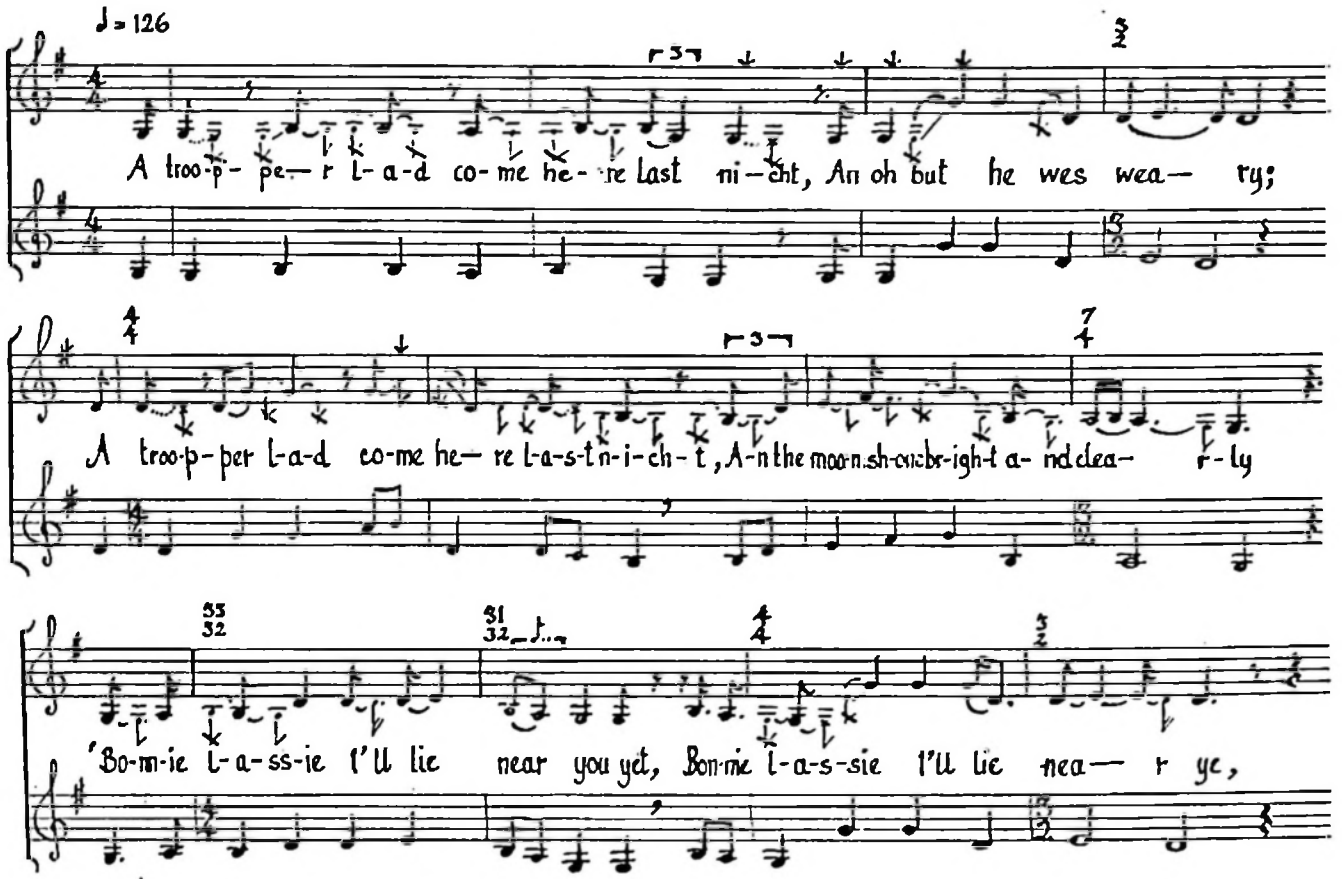


which assumes a perky, jaunty air. The same variant in verse 5 adds a carefree atmosphere of play to the word 'dominoes'.

Mordents are sparingly used here: more in verse 1, but elsewhere an average of one per verse, though Jeannie uses 3 more than this. Lizzie's pitch is again lower, by 1 tone, and her tempo throughout is a little slower. Variations of speed as the song progresses are slight, verse 1 again being the slowest.

THE TROOPER AND THE MAID Child 299

Collector: A. Munro SA 1970/22 B1



Form: ABCD+A¹BCD

1 A trooper lad come here last nicht,
An oh but he wes weary;
A trooper lad come here last nicht,
An the moon shone bright and clearly.

Chorus
'Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near you yet,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye,
An I'll gar all yer ribbons reel
In the morn or I leave ye.'

2 She's taen his horse by the bridle-head
An led it awa to the stable,
An corn an hay for a pretty soldier boy
To eat while it was able.
(Chorus)

3 She's taen him by the lily-white haun,
And she's led him up tae her chamber,
She's gied him a stoup o wine for to drink
An it's flaired tae his lugs like aimber.
(Chorus)

4 She stript off her lily-white goon
Also her hat an feather,
He stript off his shoes an his spurs
And they both lay down together.
(Chorus)

5 They hadnae been in bed an hour
An hour but a quarter,
When the drums come beatin owre the hill
An ilka beat grew sharper.
(Chorus)

6 'When will you come back again
Tae be the wee thing's daddy?'
'When cockleshells grow in silver bells
Bonnie lassie we'll get mairried.'
(Chorus)

7 She's kilted her petticoats up tae her knees
And she's efter her trooper-laddie;
Her stays got 'at fou that she cannae bou
An he's left her in Kirkcaldy.
(Chorus)

As with 'The Jolly Beggar' Lizzie's version is substantially the same as her mother's original one (recorded by Hamish Henderson in 1959 as a duet by Jeannie and himself). Lizzie must have learnt this version from her mother. At some time Jeannie picked up another tune, the one transcribed by James Porter, and in this case kept the original story and most of the words, except for the first verse which was clearly added with the new tune. Margaret Stewart of Aberdeen also sings this unusual first verse with slight differences in words; but her tune has a major seventh in line 3 which puts it in the Ionian mode. As in all the nine ballads which Lizzie says she learned from her mother, there are two possibilities to account for word differences: (1) both may vary their words from time to time, as do most traditional singers; (2) Lizzie may have heard other singers and chosen some words or verses which she prefers—also tune-variants; but her long hours of work left her little time for listening to others.

The pace of the tune shown here is twice that of Jeannie's and is sustained throughout: it is in any case a tune which lends itself to a more regular, march-like rhythmic treatment and a quicker tempo. (Jeannie uses twice as many mordents in comparison.) There is a broad symmetry in the time-structure of the basic tune: a two-fold repetition of 4+4+4+6 crotchet beats, for every 4 bars, or 2 lines of the verse; the one exception —the 5/4 at bar 14, just before the last line of chorus—is rarely exact and always appears

hurried, so that it may have been originally a 4-beat measure and an extra rest has been added to dramatise a break between the last two chorus-lines.

Word-painting

In fact, the chief method used here to bring out the meaning of the words is the skilful use of extra rests.

(1) Verse 3: There are two extra crotchet rests after 'She's taen him by the lily-white haun', which underline a dramatic moment in the story.

(2) Verse 3: There is an *extra* minim rest, before the chorus, while the wine 'flairs tae his lugs like aimber'.

(3) Another eloquent pause occurs in verse 6, after 'When will you come back again?'

(4) In the same verse there is a striking mid-line break of almost 2 beats in the third line after 'when cockle-shells . . .' before the impossibility of return is expressed in a traditional figure of speech (*cf.* 'When apples grow on a pear-tree', *etc.*)

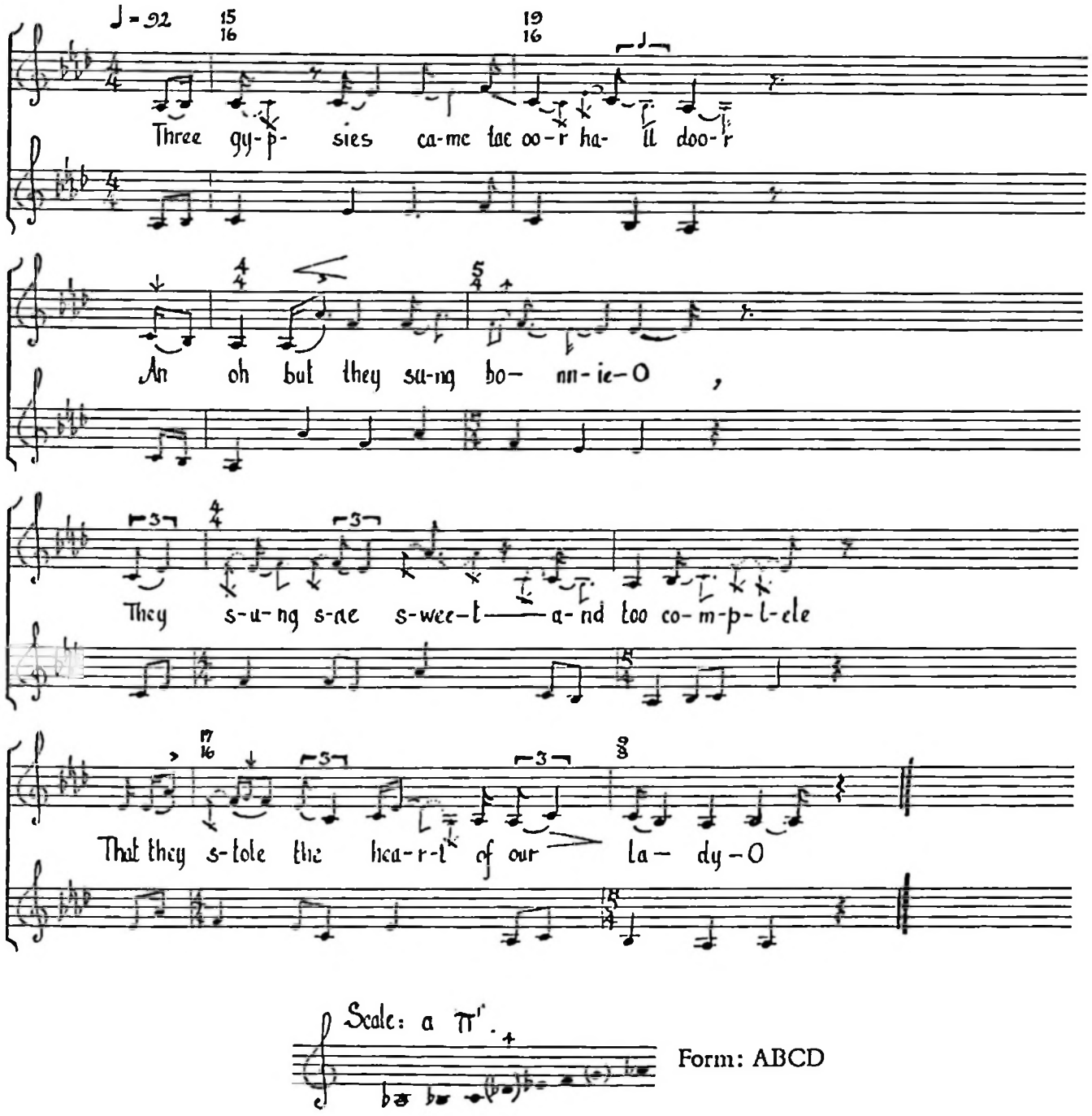
(5) An extra rest in the last verse, after 'she cannae bou', precedes the girl's realisation that she is deserted.

(6) In the final refrain there is another mid-line break, after 'I'll gar all . . .', which highlights this ultimate repetition.

There is very little variation in dynamics throughout.

THE GYPSY LADDIE Child 200

Collector: A. Munro SA 1970/78 2



1 Three Gypsies came tae oor hall door
An oh but they sung bonnie-O,
They sung sae sweet and too complete
That they stole the heart of our lady-O.

2 She came trippin doon the stairs
Her maidens too before her-O,
An when they saw her weel-faur'd face
They throwed their spell aroun her-O.

3 When her good lord came home that night
Askin for his lady-O,
The answer the servants gave tae him,
'She's awa wi the gypsy laddies-O.'

4 'Come saddle tae me ma bonnie bonnie black,
Ma broon it's ne'er sae speedy-O,
That I may go ridin the long summer day
In the search of my true lady-O.'

5 He rode east and he rode west
An he rode through Strathbogie-O,
Until he's seen a gey auld man
He wes comin through Strathbogie-O.

6 'Did ye come east, did ye come west,
Did ye come through Strathbogie-O,
An did ye see a gay lady?
She wes followin three gypsy laddies-O.'

7 'I've come east and I've come west
An I've come through Strathbogie-O,
And the bonniest lady that e'er I saw
She was followin three gypsy laddies-O.'

8 'The very last nicht I crossed this river
I had dukes an lords to attend me-O,
This nicht I must put in ma warm feet an wide
An the gypsies widin before me-O.'

9 'Last night I lay in a good feather bed
With ma own weddit lord beside me-O,
This nicht I must lie in a caul[d] corn-barn
An the gypsies lyin aroun me-O.'

10 'Will you give up yer houses an yer lan[d]s?
Will you give up yer baby-O?
An will you give up your own weddit lord
An keep followin three gypsy laddies-O?'

11 'I'll give up ma houses an ma lan[d]s,
An I'll give up my baby-O,
An I'll give up ma own weddit lord
An keep followin three gypsy laddies-O.'

12 There are siven brothers of us all,
We all are wondrous bonnie-O,
An for this very night we all will be hung,
For the stealin o the Earl's lady-O.

This tune is very similar in shape and structure to that of 'The Trooper and the Maid', although the pace is slower—and both are sung to a far more march-like rhythm than any of the others. The cadence-points at the end of each line are the same, with the exception of line 3, where the harmonic implications are the same although the melodic shape of the last three beats is reversed. The time-structure is also similar, but instead of the added 2 beats after every pair of lines, one beat is added here after each single line (4+5) except the first: Lizzie usually sings the first two lines with no departure from the march rhythm.

The D$^{\flat}$ and the G (4th and 7th notes of the scale) appear only as the upper notes of mordents, the D$^{\flat}$ five times and the G more often. The mordent is used frequently and more than one and a quarter times as often as in Jeannie's version. The tunes are the same except for two points of difference: (1) the second note of bar 3, where Lizzie consistently uses the lower tonic in a compelling octave-wide upward leap ('but' in verse 1). When Jeannie does use a grace-note here, as in verse 1, it is the 6th of the

scale, with a leap of a third up to the tonic. (2) The first 2 quaver-notes of line 4: Lizzie starts on the 5th and Jeannie on the 6th. In both these differences I suggest that Lizzie's avoidance of the 6th makes the *next* note (which is *always* the 6th in both versions—line 2, 'they', and line 4, 'stole') more telling, with a greater element of surprise. The mid-line break, used with such effect in 'The Trooper', appears once here: the last verse, line three, which reveals the fatal consequences of the adventure, has a one-beat break after 'all' and before 'will be hung'.

Lizzie's tempo is somewhat faster than Jeannie's here, but it is interesting that both singers slacken their pace as the song proceeds.

The pitch is a major 3rd lower than Jeannie's.

Second performance

One ballad, her favourite 'Lord Lovat', was recorded by Lizzie on a second occasion some weeks after the first, in order to provide a clue as to how much difference might be expected between separate performances by the same singer. Her pace the second time is a little slower throughout but again gradually increases; all the instances of word-painting are there except the octave leap in 'scarce-' (verse 3, line 2) which is reduced to an upward leap of a third, *i.e.* from the 6th to the upper tonic, and is thus less compelling; but she uses decorations of *all* the kinds previously observed even more lavishly. The 'wandering' phrase used for 'to' in the first performance (verse 2, line 3) is used again, and is *also* applied to 'his' in verse 3, line 3—the 'mightiful dream' embodies *his* wandering thoughts; the dream idea is also present in the words of verse 2, for he has dreamed of the 'strange countries' so much that he has an overpowering urge to travel. The pitch is virtually the same in the second performance (one semitone lower). As regards the basic tune, she uses the 4th (after Jeannie's version) in line 3 of verse 1 this time ('passed'), the 5th in verse 2, and thereafter reverts to the 4th for the other three verses; this confirms the basic shape of tune given, and suggests that she uses the 5th here only occasionally, as the mood takes her. The general shape, mood and style are the same and many details present in her first performance are exactly reproduced; we may safely assume therefore that the performances transcribed above are a faithful representation of Lizzie's singing.

Conclusion

Of the two singers, Lizzie uses the mordent considerably more *on average* (this includes the one song where she uses none at all), and the other grace-notes—the appoggiatura, and the anticipatory note—with invariably greater frequency. It is difficult to compare the incidence of acciaccature, voiced consonants and unvoiced consonants as the

two transcribers may have approached this differently, but my impression is that Jeannie makes more of the plosives while Lizzie lingers more on the voiced consonants, especially m, n, l and r. Lizzie's pitch is on average slightly lower, but the huskier, 'furry-er' quality of her voice often creates an illusion of lower pitch. Their speeds are roughly the same, though Lizzie sings more slowly in some songs and Jeannie in others. Both, but especially Lizzie, tend to increase their tempi as the song proceeds, with a few exceptions: Lizzie gradually slackens her speed in 'The Gypsy Laddie', but keeps it at the same level in 'The Trooper and the Maid' (the fastest), and 'Lord Randal (a fragment); both occasionally vary the speed of individual verses in sympathy with the meaning of the words, and Jeannie sings action verses more quickly, *e.g.* in 'The Jolly Beggar', 'Son David', 'Mary Hamilton', and 'The Golden Victoree'. Lizzie shows very much less change in dynamics, uses the slide sparingly and has no vibrato: these three differences, plus her greater reliance on all types of ornament, may stem from the strong influence of pipe-music which she was exposed to from earliest childhood. Lizzie 'paints' the meaning of her words by these ornaments and by subtle variants in the tune and the dramatic use of rests—Jeannie by greater accenting and variation of dynamics, by a natural and unforced vibrato, and by a greater emotional voicing of her words. To quote Hamish Henderson, she is more histrionic: this word sums up many factors in her style. (See also pp. 177–8.)

Lizzie's singing undoubtedly bears the hall-mark of her mother's words and tunes, plus that indefinable something which suggests that if one were to hear them both separately and with no knowledge of their relationship, a likeness would be immediately discernible. But she is very, very far from being a carbon copy. In some respects each singer is *sui generis* in style and temperament. Lizzie inherits so much of her mother's superb artistry and adds her own unique contribution in the finest tradition of Scottish unaccompanied singing.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank my colleagues for their help on various points; Robert Garioch who checked the texts; and above all Lizzie Higgins herself.

Notes on Collection and Research

The Lothian Witches of 1591, and a link with Burns

(EDITORS)

For the latest in the series of annual greetings to the School's helpers and informants, a rare contemporary woodcut relating to the Lothian witches of 1591 was reproduced (Plate III), by kind permission of the Librarian of the University of Glasgow, where one of the few known copies of the broadsheet *Newes from Scotland* printed by Wright in London is preserved. This purports to give an account, 'according to the Scottish coppie', of the 'examinations' of a notable sorcerer, Dr Fian, *alias* John Cunningham, schoolmaster of 'Saltpans in Lowthian', and a number of associate witches, 'as they vttered them in the presence of the Scottish king . . . discouering [among other things] how far they pretended to bewitch and drowne his Maiestie in the Sea comming from Denmarke' with his bride.

Much as one would welcome pictorial information on the domestic scene in sixteenth-century Lothian, there is no reason to believe that the engraver—perhaps a Londoner, like Wright the printer—had either worked from drawings made on the spot, or was concerned to do more than whet the English readers' appetite by imaginary embellishment of the events reported in the text. The brick-like background to the cauldron and its log fire is but one of several hints that the incidents depicted represent a generalised English, rather than Lowland Scottish, impression of the appropriate setting. In such a source this is hardly a surprise.

What is surprising, and seems to have escaped previous remark, is the complete irrelevance to the text of some of the incidents emphasised in the woodcut (right centre and foreground). These evidently refer to the 'incredible' tale of 'the poore Pedler trauailing to the towne of *Trenent*', who is mentioned in the preface to Wright's account merely because previously-circulated 'written copies' of the news (now lost) had quite wrongly named him as the first to reveal the witches' intention to destroy that great opponent of the Devil, King James VI. This spurious incident, had, according to the preface, described the 'wonderfull manner . . . [whereby the pedlar] was in a moment conuayed at midnight, from *Scotland* to *Burdeux* in *Fraunce* . . . into a Marchants Seller there', but, through the merchant's loyalty, had been returned in time to provide evidence that supposedly saved the King, and at least unmasked the unfortunate

PLATE III. Woodcut illustration from *Newes from Scotland*, 1591. Reproduced by courtesy of the Librarian of the University of Glasgow.

witches. Despite its irrelevance to Wright's edition of the *Newes*, which the woodcut purports to illustrate, this has for us a special interest since it represents an early version of a migratory legend still popular in Gaelic tradition, though apparently an import from further south (Bruford 1967: 27–30). A lively Ayrshire version, in which the witch-carousal also takes place in 'a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux', appears in a letter of 1790 given below, written by Robert Burns.

The retention of the pedlar incident in the woodcut, despite its rejection in the text, reflects the formidable unreliability of many of the sixteenth-century news-sheets. This particular blunder may suggest that Wright had been in the process of pirating the earlier 'written' account (whether printed or manuscript), adding his own woodcut embellishments, when fresh 'news from Scotland' led him to abandon his original text. Probably haste, and lack of conscience, led to the retention of the illustration.

Of the other scenes in this woodcut, only the shipwreck (top left) is clearly described in the text. In the event the King's ship was not wrecked, so this presumably represents the destruction of a 'vessell comming ouer from the towne of Brunt Iland to the towne of Lieth, wherein was sundrys Iewelles and riche giftes, which should have been presented to the now Queen of Scotland, at her comming [from Denmark] to Lieth'. The cauldron scene (top right) is not mentioned in the text, nor yet in the Dittays in Pitcairn (1829), but is no doubt a stock idea about witches. The Devil in the tree-stump pulpit is not explicitly mentioned, though there are references to 'the Diuels readings', and to the Prestonpans schoolmaster writing down his commands to the witches. Of those unfortunate people, only the school-master clerk is clearly identifiable in this woodcut.

One other incident in the text, the story of the cow made to take the place of the girl, can with some probability be recognised in another woodcut in the pamphlet. This also represents a form of a legend still living in Scotland, a version of which has lately been recorded in South Uist for the School's archives.

Robert Burns to Captain Francis Grose: Letter 401 (undated), 1790
(Ferguson 1931, 2:22–24)

Sir,

Among the many Witch Stories I have heard relating to Aloway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three . . .

The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former, with regard to the scene: but as the best authorities give it for Aloway, I shall relate it.—

On a summer's evening, about the time that Nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the chearful day, a shepherd boy belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Aloway Kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the Kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant ragwort. He observed that as each person pulled a ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out, 'Up horsie!' on which the ragwort flew off, like Pegasus,

through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his ragwort, and cried, with the rest, 'Up horsie!' and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt, was a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux where, without saying, by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, untill the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.—

The poor shepherd lad, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Aloway, and by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale—

I am, D^{r} Sir
ROB^{T} BURNS

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Place-Names from Oral Tradition—An Informant's Repertoire

IAN FRASER

The purpose of this paper is to examine briefly the extent and nature of information supplied by two informants, who were interviewed by the writer for the purpose of collecting place-name information. As can be seen from the accompanying maps, both of these informants live in crofting townships, which have a fair amount of hill pasture, and a considerable coastline. Knockrome in Jura is probably the largest crofting township in the island. The crofts are larger than one normally finds in the islands, and the township's hill land is extensive, with good sheep and cattle grazing, despite competition from Jura's large deer population. The emphasis is on stock rearing, and the growing of hay and fodder for winter feed. The township enjoys a pleasant, sunny position on the northern curve of Loch na Mile, about four miles from the pier at Craighouse. In 1961 Knockrome had a population of 16.

Achmelvich, on the other hand, is sited on its own bay on the West Sutherland coast. It has a rugged, highly-indented coastline, with a limited amount of arable land and a common grazing which was described by the informant as 'poor and rocky, with a number of dangerous places in which sheep were liable to be lost.' In keeping with the economy of the area, there was a good deal of fishing activity in Achmelvich, but since the decline in manpower in the village (the population is now down to 16, like Knockrome), the emphasis has been on lobster- and crab-fishing.

The informants selected for these two townships had backgrounds typical of their neighbours in the village. The Knockrome informant spent almost all his time in cultivating his croft, and rearing sheep and young cattle for the Oban market. The informant in Achmelvich, now semi-retired, had been a crofter-fisherman, with more emphasis on fishing when prices were good. Both of these men, then, were ideal informants. They had an interest in the subject of place-names, since by reason of their occupations, the names of the various features in and around their villages were of importance to them in their daily work. They had both been brought up in families which laid much emphasis on village lore of all kinds, and it was obvious that they held a deep attachment to the history and development of their communities.

It is probably relevant at this juncture to examine briefly the techniques used for recording place-name information of this kind, *i.e.* names which occur in the oral tradition of a community. A six-inch Ordnance Survey plan is used. The informant and the fieldworker discuss the names on the map, the conversation being recorded on tape.

Care is taken to record pronunciations for each name already in use on the map, and in addition, the informant supplies the names of all the places which do not appear, thus providing a complete place-name coverage for the village, as far as the informant's knowledge goes and his memory serves.

When we examine the maps of the two townships involved, we can see that each informant has provided about seventy place-names for his own community, never before recorded. Not surprisingly, the occupation of each man is immediately apparent from the distribution of names. The Knockrome man, whose chief preoccupation is the land, is extremely well-versed in the place-names of his common grazing as well as those of his arable land. Generally speaking, the higher the density of unmapped place-names in a given township, the more conscious and interested is the informant in the history of his surroundings. There are other factors as well, of course. A landscape with a lot of physical detail in the form of little hills, streams, lochs, or an indented coast, will obviously require a great number of names to distinguish one feature from the next. A flat, featureless moor or plain, or a straight, unbroken stretch of coast will naturally lend itself to fewer place-names. From the point of view of the Knockrome informant, however, the limits of his place-name knowledge are plainly seen from the map. *At the six-inch scale*, he is not very knowledgeable about place-names outside the bounds of his own township, although he is able to give an extremely comprehensive list of names for the entire area of the township lands. Essentially, this is generally the distinguishing mark of the crofter informant in place-name collection in the field.

The repertoire of the Achmelvich informant differs from that of the Knockrome man in several vital respects. About fifty per cent of the unmapped place-names which he provides are situated on or near the coast. Admittedly, the coast and the sea play a much more significant part in the economy of Achmelvich as compared with Knockrome, and the informant's occupational background has necessitated an intimate knowledge of coastal features not only of his own township but of neighbouring townships as well. Being a crofter, of course, he has the same detailed knowledge of the village lands and grazings as his counterpart in Knockrome, although the Achmelvich common grazings are of considerably smaller extent.

Thus, we can see that both of these men provided comprehensive place-name information for their respective townships. In this way, by studying the kind of place-name information collected, we can also come to some general conclusions about the upbringing of both of these individuals, the traditions which they learned from their forebears and the attitudes which they adopt towards the lore of their community. This particular branch of name studies is therefore a most valuable exercise in that the collection of these minor place-names provides not only a highly detailed record of the entire place-name fabric of a community, but also an insight into many of its historical and linguistic aspects.

It is obviously impossible in this short article to give a detailed list of the place-names collected from these two informants, but appended is a representative one.

SOURCES

(1) *Place Names and Population, Scotland.* H.M.S.O. 1967.
(2) Ordnance Survey Maps (six-inch), County Series, ARGYLL No. 199; SUTHERLAND No. 69.
(3) School of Scottish Studies Archive PN 1967/19, 1968/6, 1969/32 and 33.

Appendix

Examples of Place Names from Oral Tradition

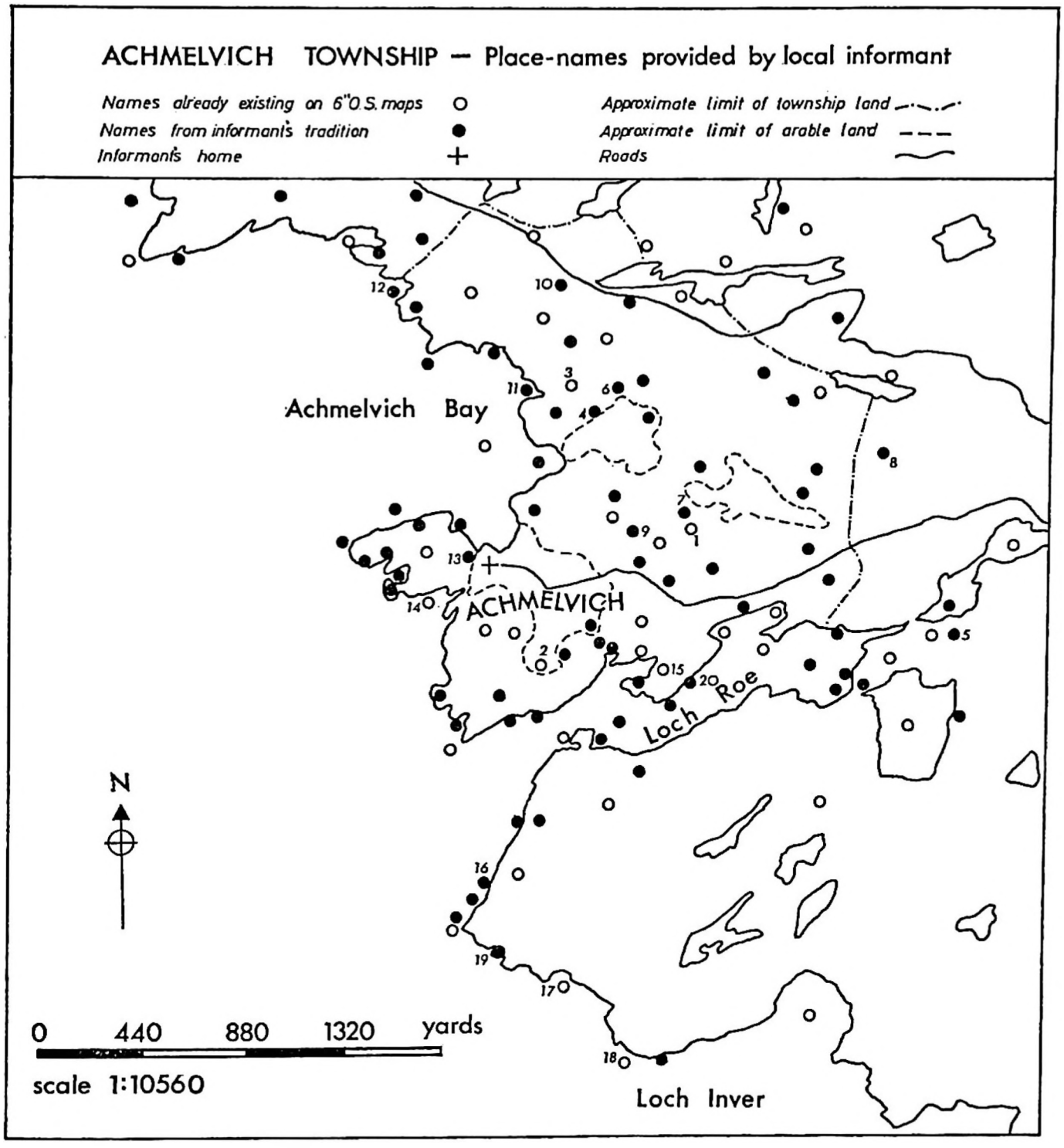
ACHMELVICH

(a) Inland

1	*Cnoc an Taghain*	Polecat's Knoll
2	*Cnoc a' Chlamhain*	Buzzard's Knoll
3	*Gleannan an Fheadair*	The Whistler's Little Glen
4	*Gead nan Caorach*	Sheep's Plot
5	*Cadha na Circe*	The Hens' Pass
6	*Bealach na Cnaimhean*	The Pass of the Bones
7	*Catha Bhaile Gheamhraidh*	The Pass of the Infield
8	*Glac na Ciste*	The Ravine of the Coffin
9	*Baile an Fhoghair*	Another infield. Presumably a small plot of ground where cattle were kept in the autumn.
10	*A' Chabhairnidh Ruadh* ['kavar'nih]	Similar to the more common *cachaleith*—The Red Gate.

(b) Coastal

11	*Geodha nan Gobhar*	Goats' Geo
12	*Geodha nam Muc*	Swine's Geo
13	*Geodha nan Earaichean*	Boats' Geo
14	*Port an Tairbh*	The Bull's Port
15	*Port an t-Seilisdeir*	The Iris Port
16	*An Luinge*	The Ship (a ship-shaped rock). The dative case is used here instead of *Long*.
17	*Camas a'Mhaide*	The Bay of the Stick
18	*Rubha a' Bhacain*	The Point of the Tether-stake. There are a number of meanings for *bacan*, and the informant was uncertain as to the origin, but he guessed that cows were tethered here to prevent them wandering too near the cliff edge.
19	*An Cat*	The Cat. Rock shaped like a sitting cat; a good landmark.
20	*Port Falaichte*	The Hidden Port. Boats used in poaching expeditions were kept here.


ACHMELVICH TOWNSHIP — Place-names provided by local informant
Names already existing on 6"O.S. maps
Names from informant's tradition
Informant's home
Approximate limit of township land
Approximate limit of arable land
Roads
Achmelvich Bay
ACHMELVICH
Loch Roe
Loch Inver
N
0 440 880 1320 yards
scale 1:10560

KNOCKROME

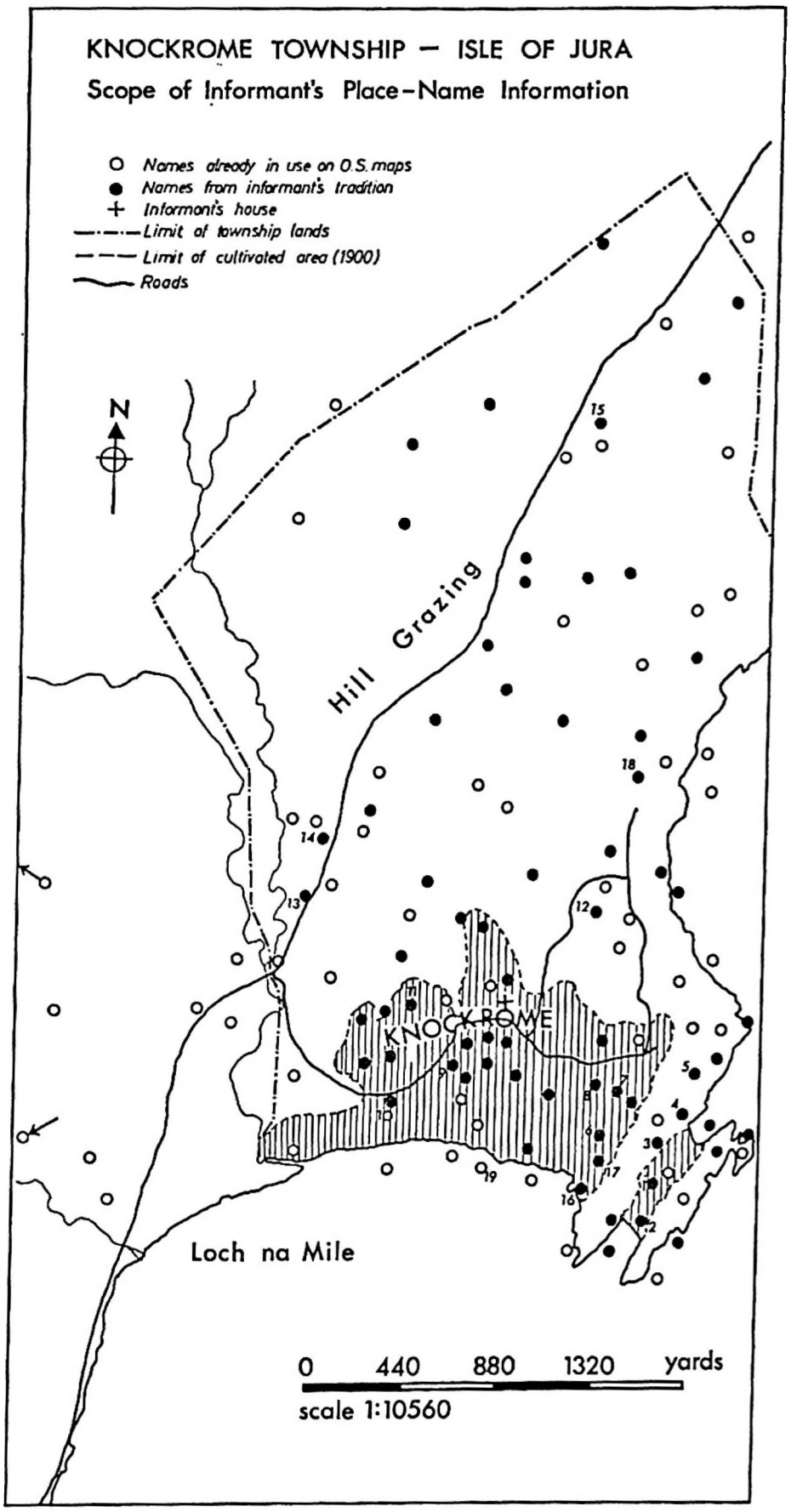
(a) Inland

1 *Lag na h-Iollain*	Hollow of the Fishing Rock
2 *Fearann nan Iosgairean*	The Fishermen's Land, beside the shore
3 *Cnoc an t-Seann Duine*	The Old Man's Knoll
4 *Leathad an Eirinnich*	The Irishman's Lea
5 *Muinntir Eachann*	Hector's Household or Family (name attached to a now deserted croft)
6 *Am Màs*	The Buttock (a field)
7 *Ruighe Iain Chaimbeal*	John Campbell's shieling
8 *Geadhail a' Chruithneachd*	The Wheat Park
9 *A' Bhuaile Earrach*	The Spring Fold or Enclosure
10 *Eadar à Iùra*	Lit. 'Between two Juras'—the space between two prominent standing stones, by tradition commemorating the graves of two 'kings' iù and Rà. These were supposed to have given their names to the island.
11 *Goirtean Creadh*	The Little Clay Field
12 *Cnoc an Lín*	The Flax Hillock (where flax was dried at one time)
13 *An Gàradh Breac*	The Speckled Dyke
14 *Na Geadan Riabhach*	The Brindled Plots
15 *Sruthan na h-Airigh Bhuidhe*	The Burn of the Yellow Shieling
16 *Geadhail na Mùrlach*	The Slattern's Park (according to tradition). Ir. *muirleach* is a marsh or puddle; *mùrlach* is a dogfish in Islay.
17 *Iomar Uidsean*	Hugh's Rig (Uidsean is the Jura equivalent of the personal name *Uisdean*)
18 *Gàradh na Beisde Duibhe*	The Otter's Dyke

(b) Coastal

19 *Rubha na Togsaide*	Hogshead Point (*Togsaid* is a corruption of the English hogshead)

Significantly, the bulk of the Knockrome informant's lore is related to the land and the agricultural economy of the community. At the same time the Achmelvich man's repertoire is much more varied, and shows the dual local tradition of fishing and crofting in a very marked manner.


KNOCKROME TOWNSHIP — ISLE OF JURA
Scope of Informant's Place-Name Information
Names already in use on O.S. maps
Names from informant's tradition
Informant's house
Limit of township lands
Limit of cultivated area (1900)
Roads
N
Hill Grazing
KNOCKROME
Loch na Mile
0 440 880 1320 yards
scale 1:10560

Book Reviews

The Historic Architecture of Scotland by John G. Dunbar. Batsford, London 1966. Pp. 268, 208 photographs, 199 plans, 1 map. 105s.

The purpose of this book is succinctly defined by its author as an attempt to provide 'a general introduction to the historic buildings of Scotland as they exist today'. The survey begins with the Celtic Church and ends—for reasons that are never very clearly stated—in 'the beginning of the Victorian era'. In effect, Mr Dunbar is primarily concerned with the period from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century when Scottish architecture had its most characteristic identity. At one end he shows how simple native forms and borrowings from the common architectural stock of early medieval Europe grew into 'a distinctively national style', and at the other how this tradition eventually related itself 'to the development of British architecture as a whole'. Thus the book has a defensible unity of content, though this might well have been elucidated more explicitly at the outset.

After the brief historical introduction the plan of the work is analytical, the buildings being arranged under seven type headings. The first of these deals with 'Castles, Towers, and Palaces', a study that is extended, rather awkwardly, beyond the medieval period to include seventeenth century 'courtyard houses' like Drumlanrig (as 'stemming directly from the castles of the later Middle Ages') and eighteenth-century 'artillery fortifications' like Fort George (as the later representatives of a series originating with the introduction of gunpowder into European warfare in the fourteenth century). From this section the author moves to the 'Lairds' Houses' or 'residences of lesser landholders of the later sixteenth, seventeenth, and early eighteenth centuries'. If the isolation of this particular group seems rather arbitrary at first sight, Mr Dunbar provides persuasive reasons for giving them separate treatment. This section is, indeed, one of the most original and illuminating of the whole book. It is followed by a study of the bigger 'Country Mansions' of the period 1600–1840 when conditions of life were more settled, estates larger, and buildings increasingly designed by professional architects. Once again, this is an admirably lucid and scholarly account, covering much new ground in remarkably brief compass.

The fourth section, entitled 'Abbeys and Churches', embraces the whole range of ecclesiastical architecture from the primitive structures of the Dark Ages, through the Abbeys and Cathedrals of the Middle Ages, to the buildings of the Reformed Church. This daunting task is accomplished with commendable skill and enlivened by some apposite comment, particularly in the discussion of later medieval developments. Here,

although 'the native ecclesiastical style cannot be said to possess great aesthetic merit . . . its directness of form and frankness of expression give it an attraction of its own'. At the same time the author scarcely does justice, either in his text or illustrations, to the most notable architectural product of this period, the immense and stately churches of the greater burghs. Burgh architecture—in its secular aspect—forms the fifth section of the book. 'Contrary to popular belief scarcely a single urban building of medieval date now remains in Scotland', but it was from this period that the burghs derived the street plans that formed the setting for the splendidly distinctive buildings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These buildings are now receiving belated, though not always discriminating, recognition, but it is still insufficiently appreciated that as great merits are to be found in the burgh architecture of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. To this architecture Mr Dunbar provides a discerning introduction that gives due credit to the achievements of local architects in the smaller towns as well as to those of the more celebrated designers in the great cities.

At this point, it is possible to feel, the book might well have concluded, and any additional space employed to enlarge the scope of these major sections. Instead, it continues with two further sections, on 'Industrial Architecture' and 'Small Rural Houses, Farms, and Villages'. One can sympathise with the author's desire to pay tribute to the 'inventive genius' of the great engineers who embellished the eighteenth and nineteenth century scene with works of undoubted architectural significance, however practical their intention, and to draw attention to the 'architectural legacy' of the Industrial Revolution. But the discussion of 'buildings of traditional character' in the countryside moves out of the realm of architecture into social history. Their inclusion has presumably been prompted by Mr Dunbar's concern to make the reader aware of the whole field of Scottish construction when he is led, as the author hopes, 'to go out and look at buildings for himself'.

The book is pleasantly printed, the argument of the text being amplified by numerous excellent plans. In the half-tone illustrations the desire for comprehensiveness has produced an effect of quantity rather than quality, but this was perhaps difficult to avoid in a work of this kind. Taken as a whole, it is by far the best single-volume survey of Scottish architecture yet published, deliberately not a specialist study but a scholar's book written for the intelligent general reader, from which all who are interested in the subject must derive both benefit and pleasure.

R. G. CANT

The Place-Names of Birsay by Hugh Marwick (edited by W. F. H. Nicolaisen). Aberdeen University Press, Aberdeen 1970. Pp. xi+135. 24s.

It is very unusual for a book about place-names to be as attractive in appearance as this one. The dust jacket, with its evocative drawing of the Brough of Birsay at high tide,

combines with the bold, spacious print to give a sensation of aesthetic pleasure which is not as a rule one's first reaction to a book entitled 'The Place-Names of x'. This is a beautifully produced book, and is in marked contrast to the economical format of Hugh Marwick's two earlier books on Orkney place-names, printed in Kirkwall in 1947 and 1952. The second of these is *Orkney Farm-Names*, a book of fundamental importance, now difficult to obtain. If Aberdeen University Press could be prevailed upon to reprint *Orkney Farm-Names* (and perhaps *The Place-Names of Rousay* also) in the attractive format of *The Place-Names of Birsay*, this would be a great service to Scottish place-name studies, and would be much appreciated by everyone in Britain and Scandinavia concerned with the history of Norse settlement in the British Isles.

The aspect of the material in this book which most impresses an English student is its linguistic homogeneity. About 90 per cent of the names are Norse. A few comparatively recent names are English, and a very few may be pre-Norse. The implications of this should be considered in the context of the perennial problems of why one language supersedes another, and whether the imposition of a new language and a new set of place-names implies numerical superiority on the part of the new settlers. These problems lurk behind all etymological studies of place-names, but they have as yet received only the most superficial and perfunctory consideration from philologists and historians in the British Isles. There can be little doubt that Orkney was well-populated before the Norsemen came, but we know most of the famous prehistoric sites by their Norse names, not by the names in use among the builders of Maes Howe and Skara Brae, nor even by the names used by the people of the brochs, who were much nearer to the Norsemen in time.

The place-names of Birsay, and the place-names of Orkney in general, must be considered primarily as a great collection of Norse nature- and settlement-names. Much valuable work could be done on the specialised local development of some Old Norse words. Hugh Marwick was well aware of this. *Orkney Farm-Names* has a final section entitled *Chronology* in which he discusses the particular Orkney use of such terms as *kví*, *setr*, *skáli*. The last is especially interesting. In Orkney it means 'hall', and the names Skaill and Langskaill are recognised by archaeologists as denoting places where substantial Viking stone-built dwelling-houses are likely to be found. Elsewhere, however, the word means 'a temporary hut or shed', and this is the only definition given in A. H. Smith's *English Place-Name Elements* and in E. Ekwall's *Oxford Dictionary of English Place-Names*. In addition to marked differences of significance in Old Norse elements as between Orkney and other areas of Norwegian settlement, there is the interesting problem of why certain words are used in one area and not in another. To take one example, Old Norse *þveit*, which gives Twatt in Orkney, does not occur in the Isle of Man. Since it appears to have been a woodland term, its absence from the Isle of Man is less surprising than its presence in Orkney, where trees must have been at least as rare. Old Norse *skáli* does not occur at all in Man, either in the special Orkney sense 'hall', or with reference to the many mountain shielings which

are known to have been in use in the Norse period and for which it might have seemed the obvious term. Old Norse *kví*, which is one of the commonest elements in Orkney settlement-names, is barely evidenced in Man. The reasons for these discrepancies are not obvious, as the Norse occupation of both countries is considered to have taken place at much the same date. It is true that Man has a great many Gaelic names which may have displaced Norse names, but there is no reason why names containing *kví* and *skáli* should have been systematically Gaelicised while other Norse elements are still well represented. The accident of familiarity with Man and Orkney has made this reviewer aware of the contrast between them; acquaintance with the Hebridean material would probably make the position still more complex.

The study of place-names has two aspects. There is need first of all for the detailed regional studies, representing many years of devoted labour, of which Dr Marwick's works are outstanding examples. Then there is infinite scope for collation of the regional studies, which may, by isolating what is peculiar to each region from what is general to them all, open up the way to a new understanding of the conditions of settlement in each area. For the moment we need a great many more regional surveys, particularly for Scotland, where the coverage is much more uneven than it is in England. That some of us are thinking, however tentatively, in terms of comparison between different regions is partly due to the influence of Professor W. F. H. Nicolaisen, the editor of the work under review. By establishing the Council for Name Studies in Great Britain and Ireland Professor Nicolaisen encouraged place-name students to take a much wider view than was formerly considered appropriate. But this wider view is only possible if the material is made available by people working on small areas. We need many more scholars of the calibre of Hugh Marwick to make all the Scottish material available, and we need a reprint of his most important work, *Orkney Farm-Names*. There is no reason why this should not be as attractively presented as *The Place-Names of Birsay*.

MARGARET GELLING

Schottische Sagen, herausgegeben von Christiane Agricola. Europäische Sagen, hrsg. von Will-Erich Peuckert, Band V. Erich Schmidt Verlag, Berlin 1967. Pp. 325. DM 39.

German readers should find this a very readable book. Will-Erich Peuckert, general editor of the series in which this is the first non-German collection, seems from his writings to have a real love of *Sagen*—'local legends' is the usual inadequate English translation for the term—not only as reflections of former beliefs but as literature. In his introductory volume (*Sagen*, Berlin 1965) he rightly distinguishes between *Sage*, a story told of a named individual on a defined occasion, and a mere report (*Bericht*) that in certain circumstances such and such was supposed to happen. I have pointed out elsewhere (*Scottish Studies* 11 : 14) that oral tradition has a habit of giving force to *Bericht*

by dressing it up with names and places, and this sort of dramatised belief hardly seems to me to deserve the title of story: but Peuckert's distinction ensures that most of the stories in this volume at least *look* like stories. Moreover Frau Agricola's translation specifically sets out to render the style of the original, whether dialect or the sardonic or circumstantial re-telling of a collector, as closely as possible: even Scots rhyming verse has been turned into German rhyming verse where possible. A better-qualified judge than myself tells me that this is quite successfully carried through.

To readers in this country, who may hope to find in this volume a scholarly and representative selection, it may prove less satisfactory. Perhaps on the premise, false for Scotland at least, that local legends have almost died out, the series is designed to consist of reprints from earlier collections which most readers might find hard to locate or come by. In earlier volumes these were all from periodicals, and over half the present volume follows the same pattern. Unfortunately only one series is used: *Folklore* and its predecessors. Such journals as the *Celtic Review* or the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, which often give Gaelic stories in English re-tellings or translations, have been ignored, though their contributors often knew their subject better than the enthusiastic amateurs for whose offerings *Folklore* has long, alas, been notorious. Frau Agricola has partly redeemed herself by drawing on reliable authors of the last century such as John Gregorson Campbell and Hugh Miller, but it is unfortunate that there is next to nothing directly translated from Gaelic. Valuable material has been missed from the Scots area also, since none of the publications of local societies from Dumfries to Shetland has been drawn on. The result is that few stories are represented by a version much above the standard of those scraps of folklore inserted in guidebooks to break the tedium of the author's blow-by-blow account of each village he has visited. To take a random example, the well-known Mull story of Eoghan a' Chinn Bhig (No. 43) is represented by a poor summary, interspersed with editorial explanations, of a worn-down version from Skye. Other stories, for instance about witch hares, appear in half a dozen different versions, sometimes but not always under the same heading, most of which add little to the reader's enjoyment or understanding and could as well have been simply listed in the notes.

The material has indeed not been organised on a selective basis at all, apparently: it seems more as if everything relevant in the source-books has been extracted and reprinted. It has then been roughly grouped by subject. Unfortunately the volumes in this series do not use a uniform scheme of classification: less than half the chapter headings in one volume can be found in all the others, though different volumes may contain very similar material under different headings. This partly reflects the different types of supernatural beings which are believed in in the areas concerned—a useful distinction to the student of belief, but confusing to the student of comparative folktales since, for example, as Peuckert himself points out in the foreword to this volume, in Scotland it is witches who sail in sieves, in the East Frisian Islands *Maren*: the actors are different but the action is the same. In the present volume instances of second sight are

distributed over three sections, *Seher*, *Spuk* and *Doppelgänger*. In other respects the division is not a bad one: witchcraft (*die schwarze Kunst*) and fairies in the widest sense (*Dämonen und Elben*) between them account for sixty per cent of the stories in this volume, a proportion which could stand for Scottish tradition as a whole, at least if one leaves out the more realistic historical legends, as the editors evidently do. Water-horses, which can appear in human form, are rightly included in the second category, not with dragons under *Tierdämonen*.

A critical apparatus as thorough as one expects from a German publication takes up the last quarter of the book. The notes are slightly disappointing: the fullest lists of comparative material turn out to refer again to beliefs rather than stories—the connection between spirits and the colour green, the Devil in the form of a black dog. But there remains, once one has found it, a very useful body of references to similar legends in Germany and elsewhere. Moreover the notes sometimes contain further Scottish versions for comparison, in summary or complete translation, which may be as interesting or better than those in the text. The index of places, which the jacket blurb calls 'meticulous' (*sorgfältig*), has already been criticised in detail in a review by Nicolaisen (*Folklore* 78:308–11). The eccentricities in the spelling of Gaelic names taken from the English sources are compounded by such remarkable misprints as 'Strathperry' for 'Strathspey', and open guesswork as to locations—'Rhynie (*wohl* Argyllshire)': this despite editorial acknowledgements to members of the School of Scottish Studies and the Editor of the Scottish National Dictionary, who could have corrected such solecisms for the asking. In the worst example Ladykirk in South Ronaldsay appears as 'Ladykirk (Northumberland)'. One can see how the mistake could have arisen by confusion between Ladykirk at Burwick (though Burwick is not named in the text), Ladykirk in Berwickshire, and Berwick in Northumberland: but this will not explain to the puzzled reader how to reach Caithness across the Pentland Firth from Northumberland.

The story of the saint and the stone boat to which this index entry refers is known to this day, and a version is in the archives of the School of Scottish Studies. The same is true of many other tales in this book, and the reader may get a false impression that Scottish legends mostly died out fifty years ago. But this is simply the result of the editorial policy and the editor's inability to translate from Scotland's other language: she herself regrets how few stories can be given in the teller's own words. Reprinting nineteenth-century collections is, after all, one way of avoiding copyright problems—though I see no acknowledgement to the Editor of *Folklore*, which has been used up to the volume for 1963. This is not the definitive collection which the title suggests: but no better one, indeed no comprehensive collection of Scottish local legends in any of Scotland's languages, is in existence. Your reviewer, amongst others, hopes to help to remedy this, but for the moment *Schottische Sagen* at least provides an indication of what could be done, a useful guide to material in *Folklore* and the *Folk-Lore Journal*, and pleasant reading for the German reader.

ALAN BRUFORD

Books Received

Some of these books may be reviewed later in *Scottish Studies*

The Spade in Northern and Atlantic Europe edited by Alan Gailey and Alexander Fenton. Ulster Folk Museum Institute of Irish Studies Queen's University, Belfast 1970. Pp. 258+33 plates. 33s.

Everyday Life of the Pagan Celts by Anne Ross. Batsford, London. Putnam, New York 1970. Pp. 224 (Illustrated). 30s.

The Names of Towns and Cities in Britain by W. F. H. Nicolaisen, Margaret Gelling and Melville Richards. Batsford, London 1970. Pp. 215. 50s.

Foreign Devils. Westerners in the Far East. The Sixteenth Century to the present day by Pat Barr. Topics in History. Penguin, Harmondsworth 1970. Pp. 131 (Illustrated).

Folklore och Filologi by Dag Strömbäck. Valda uppsatser utgivna av Kungl. Gustav Adolfs Akademien 13.8.1970. Ab Lundequistska Bokhandeln, Uppsala 1970. Pp. 306.

Sir Walter Scott, Man and Patriot by Moray McLaren. Heinemann, London 1970. Pp. 244. 55s.

Christmas Mumming in Newfoundland, Essays in Anthropology, Folklore and History edited by Herbert Halpert and G. M. Story. Toronto University Press, and Oxford University Press, London 1969. Pp. 246. 72s.

Scotland in the Age of Improvement edited by N. T. Phillipson and Rosalind Mitchison. Edinburgh University Press, Edinburgh 1970. Pp. 270. 50s.

The Song Tradition of Tristan da Cunha by Peter A. Munch. Indiana University Folklore Institute Monograph Series, vol. 22, Bloomington 1970. Pp. 176. $8.

Scottish Studies in 1969

An Annual Bibliography

ALAN BRUFORD

Unlike previous compilers of this bibliography I feel that it is necessary to give some explanation of the field it proposes to cover. My aim is to include original articles and books on Scottish traditional life and arts, and some related subjects of interest to the School of Scottish Studies. Books and articles on the following subjects are, with a few exceptions, *not* included: written literature; art, architecture and archaeology; political and institutional history; biography of well-known figures; topography and travelogue (unless including new material of evident value); and reprints from known sources. Moreover it seemed unnecessary to cover contributions to *Scottish Studies* for a bibliography appearing in *Scottish Studies*, or to detail the contents of periodicals already well known to the specialist by listing, for instance, articles on piping in the *Piping Times* or on genealogy in the *Scottish Genealogist*. There may well be omissions in the sphere of printed books and pamphlets, and it has not been possible to include articles from daily or weekly journals. The compiler apologises for the omissions, and would welcome any advice from readers on items that should have been in this year's bibliography or should be in the next.

Supplementary sources, in some cases covering fields deliberately omitted below, include (*a*) the 'List of articles on Scottish history', edited by T. I. Rae, which appears in each October issue of the *Scottish Historical Review*; (*b*) the archaeological and architectural bibliography included in the annual pamphlet *Discovery and Excavation: Scotland*, published by the Scottish Regional Group of the Council for British Archaeology; (*c*) the annual 'List of Books and Articles on Agrarian History' published in the *Agricultural History Review*; (*d*) the biennial *International Folklore Bibliography*, edited by Robert Wildhaber and published by the International Society for Ethnology and Folklore; (*e*) this year, the 'Ayrshire Bibliography 1965–8', including Burnsiana, drawn from the collections of the Carnegie Library, Ayr, by Sheena M. Halley, in *Ayrshire Archaeological and Natural History Collections* 8 (1967–9). Brief topographical articles are always to be found in such periodicals as the *Scots Magazine*, *Scottish Field*, *Scotland's Magazine*, *Edinburgh and Border Life*, and *Northern Counties Magazine*, and the correspondence columns of the first two often contain interesting items of information too brief to note here.

The headings have been rearranged to correspond roughly to the proposed new classification scheme of the Central Index of the School of Scottish Studies. The heading 'Material Culture' now also covers the earlier fields of 'Occupations and Crafts' and 'Costume'. All items are dated 1969 unless otherwise specified, and any general study included has some relevance to Scotland. Month or part numbers of journals are given only where pagination is not continuous throughout a volume; the exception is *Gairm*. Some issues of *Northern Counties Magazine* are not paginated. Anonymous entries are at the end of each section.

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BARRY, MICHAEL. 'Traditional enumeration in the North Country.' *Folk Life* 7: 75–91, tables.

FRASER, IAN A. 'Say it like this.' [Gaelic place-names.] *Scots Magazine* 91: 442–4.

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MACKIE, ALBERT. 'Mackie on the Move.' [Thoughts on history of Gaelic.] *Scotland's Magazine* (April) 28–9; (May) 28.

MUNRO, HENRIETTA. 'In and around Caithness.' [Mostly place-name origins.] *Northern Counties Magazine* (June).

NICOLAISEN, W. F. H. 'Norse settlement in the Northern and Western Isles: some place-name evidence.' *Scottish Historical Review* 48: 6–17.

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FERGUSSON, SIR JAMES. 'The recollections of Lindsay Rae—bowmaker to the Royal Company of Archers.' [1777–1836.] *Book of the Old Edinburgh Club* 33: 13–16.

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MACLENNAN, JOHN, SCOBIE, I. H. MACKAY, and CAMPBELL, ARCHIBALD. 'Notices of Pipers.' ['Gair' to 'Lowland'.] *Piping Times* (February)14–16; (March) 30–3; (May) 22–8; (July) 16–24; (August) 16–17; (November) 20–4; (December) 20–2.

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MARSHALL, ELIZABETH. 'Fearchair-a-Ghunna (Farquhar of the Gun).' [Highland tramp, 1784–1869.] *Northern Counties Magazine* (May) 37.

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RENNIE, J. ALAN. 'Memorable Speyside lairds.' [Notably Patrick MacAlpine Grant.] *Scots Magazine* 92: 113–7.

ROSS, ELIZABETH HUME. 'James MacLaren, schoolmaster.' [1805–?] *Book of the Old Edinburgh Club* 33: 27–30.

TAYLOR, DOREEN. 'An old diary gives a new look at Galloway's past.' [William Todd of Kirkmaiden, 1774–1863.] *Edinburgh and Border Life* (August) 14–15.

TRANTER, NIGEL. 'A Douglas testament.' [Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith and Morton, 1390.] *Scotland's Magazine* (May) 43–5.

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'JAY, BEE.' *Highland Pearls.* [Wester Ross and Sutherland lore.] p.p. Gairloch, S. Barker Johnson.

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