

TITLE: **The Lang Awa' Ships**

ARTISTS: **Chambless & Muse**

Production Info:

Produced by Chambless & Muse

Recorded at Saddell Abbey Studios February 2017

Engineered and Mastered by Scooter Muse

Graphics by Trey Simmons

Photography by Shannon Wells

All arrangements by Chambless & Muse / Saddell Abbey Music ASCAP

Featuring:

Jil Chambless / Vocals, Flute, Whistles

Scooter Muse / Guitar, High String Guitar, Bouzouki

Guest Musicians:

John Taylor / Fiddle

Nick Watson / Percussion

Jim Malcolm / Harmonica

Bob Wray / Bass

Special Thanks:

John Taylor, Nick Watson, Bob Wray, Seamus Kennedy, Lori Lovelace, Dan Vogt, Jimmy Nutt, Steven Payne, Trey Simmons, Shannon Wells, Alex Beaton, Ross Kennedy & Archie McAllister, Alan Reid, Alex McKinven, Ed Miller, Helen Tarleton, Amy Brady, Friends and Family

TRACK LISTING:

(All tracks traditional, except where noted. All arranged by Chambless & Muse / Saddell Abbey Music, ASCAP)

1. The Bonny Ship the Diamond 3:14
2. The Colliers Way 4:56 (Davy Steele / Grain Music)
3. Billy Gray 4:48 (Norman Blake, Nannor Music / BMI)
4. The Lang Awa Ships 4:44 (Words - Trad., Melody - Ross Kennedy)
5. The Shepherd Lad 3:12 (Words - Trad., Melody - Jil Chambless / Saddell Abbey Music, ASCAP)
6. Jock O' Hazeldean 3:44
7. River 4:47 (Bill Staines, Mineral River music / BMI (administered by BUG Music))
8. The Light Dragoon 3:25
9. The Grey Funnel Line 5:16 (Cyril Tawney, Polygram International)
10. The Green and the Blue 4:57 (Alan Reid / Kinmor Music)

11. Streets of London 5:20 (Ralph McTell, Westminster Music LTD)

12. The Jolly Ploughboys 4:24

13. Henry Martin 4:31

LYRICS:

1. The Bonnie Ship the Diamond

Traditional Scottish song tells the story of The Diamond, a 19th century whaling ship. In 1830 the Diamond and 19 other ships were caught in the ice of Melville Bay. All ships were lost and many sailors perished. We learned this from our friends Ross Kennedy and Archie McAllister.

The Diamond is a ship, my lads For the Davis Strait we're bound
The quay it is all garnished With bonnie lasses 'round
Captain Thompson gives the order To sail the ocean wide
Where the sun it never sets, my lads Nor darkness dims the sky
 For it's cheer up my lads Let your hearts never fail
 For the bonnie ship the Diamond Goes a-hunting for the whale
Along the quay at Peterhead The lasses stand around
Wi' their shawls all pulled around them And the salt tears runnin' down
Don't you weep, my bonnie lass Though you be left behind
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice Before we change our mind
 Here's a health to the Resolution Likewise the Eliza Swan
Three cheers for the Battler of Montrose And the Diamond, ship of fame
We wear the trousers o' the white The jackets o' the blue
When we get back to Peterhead We'll have sweethearts enou'
 It will be bright both day and night When the Greenland lads come hame
Our ship full up with oil, my lads And money to our name
We'll make the cradles for to rock And the blankets for to tear
And every lass in Peterhead sing "Hushabye, my dear"

2. The Collier's Way

Written by Davy Steele about his father's experience with forced privatization of the Monktonhall Colliery in Midlothian. The song tells of longing for the camaraderie of fellow miners, but no regrets for leaving the work of digging of the coal itself. Jil learned this song after borrowing a cassette tape of Davy's band Ceolbeg from friend Steven Payne.

They've told me I can work again, go back down the mine
But after lyin' off three years I'm not so sure I can
For I've forgot the taste o' coal, I never thought I could
But a miner's life goes deeper still, and the dust runs through my blood
 I've missed the boys, I've missed the noise I've missed the Collier's way
 But I've never missed the black black coal that I dug day after day
I'm not afraid o' graftin' hard, it's like I cannae wait
Put on again my lamp an' hat, stand at the cage's gate
And hear again the lads a' talkin', hear their jokes as well
Hear the high pitched engine's whine that drops us down to hell
 They could nae sell or privatize while we worked underground
But one stroke o' a coalboard lackey's pen, an' they've shut the best pits down
An' I've nae other trade or skills, wi' hundreds just the same
So we'll open up the pit ourselves tae be workin' men again
 It's different this time they say, an' they a' wish us well
But if they shut us down again I'll blow this pit to hell
I'll be nae politician's pawn, to crawl or toe his line
I'll end coalworkin' here for good on my last day down the mine

3. Billy Gray

Written by renowned American folk musician Norman Blake, and recorded by groups such as Planxty and many others.

Billy Gray rode into Gantry back in '83 There he did meet young Sarah McClean
The wild rose of morning the pale flower of dawning Hurl'd a springtime into Billy's life that day
Sarah, she could not see the daylight of reality In her young eyes, Billy bore not a flaw
Knowing not her chosen one, he was a hired gun Wanted in Kansas City by the law

Then one day a tall man came riding 'cross the badlands That lie to the north of New Mexico
He was overheard to say he was lookin' for Billy Gray A wanted man and a dangerous outlaw
Well the news it came creepin' to Billy, fast sleepin' There in the Clarendon Bar and Hotel

He ran to the old church that lies on the outskirts Thinking he'd hide in the old steeple bell
But a rifle ball came flying face down he lay dying There in the dust of the road where he fell
Sarah, she ran to him, she was cursing the lawman Poor girl knew no reason except that he'd been killed

Sarah still lives in that same old white frame house Where she first met Billy some forty years ago
And the wild rose of morning has faded with the dawning Of each day of sorrow the long years have sown
Written on a stone where the dusty winds have long blown Eighteen words to a passing world say:
"True love knows no season, no rhyme or no reason Justice is cold as the Granger County clay"

4. The Lang Awa Ships

From Dundee c 1800's, a poem by Isabella Boyd speaks to the joy of a sailor returning to his family after serving on a "long away ship". We also learned this from our friends Ross Kennedy and Archie McAllister and this melody is attributed to Ross.

On a bonnie green knowe beside the sea sat a sailor's wife and her bairnies three
And they sang as the wee waves gaed and cam', "It's braw to sit an' see the ships comin' in"
"Oh it's braw to see the ships come in, it's braw to see the ships come in,"

They sang as the wee waves gaed and cam', "It's braw to see the ships comin' in"
Sure, an outward bound may be fair to see, wi' the white sails set to the breezes free;
But to cheer the heart I'm sure there's nane like the sight o' a lang awa' ship comin' hame

Now a wee boat's left the big ship's side, it skims o'er the top o' the glancin' tide
The keel's on the beach and the sailor's free, he's hame to wife and his bairnies three

To a cantie ingle and a clean hearth stane, they welcome the sailor to his hame again,
And wi' grateful hearts they praise His name, Wha's power gar'd the lang awa' ship come hame,

5. The Shepherd Lad

Traditional; From Scottish Child Ballads c1700's with a new melody by Jil.

Once there was a shepherd lad, kept his sheep upon the hill
He laid his pipe and his crook aside, and there he slept his fill
He woke up on a riverbank on a fine May morning
And there he spied a lady swimming in the clothes that she was born in
So he raised his head from his green bed and he approached the maid
"Put on your clothes, my dear," he says, "and do not be afraid
It's fitter for a lady fair to sew a silken seam
Than to rise on a fair May morning and swim against the stream."

"Well if you'll not touch my mantle and you'll leave my clothes alone,
I'll give you all the money, sir, that you can carry home."
"I'll not touch your mantle and I'll leave your clothes alone,
But I'll take you out of the clear water, my dear, to be my own"

And he's taken her out of the clear water and rolled her in his arms
"Put on your clothes, my dear," he says, "and hide your bounteous charms."
He's put her on a milk white steed and himself upon another
And it's all along the way they rode like sister and like brother.

She rode into her father's gate and tirdled upon the pin,
And ready stood a porter there to let the fair maid in.
When the gates were opened and so nimbly she stepped in
She said, "Kind sir, you are a fool without and I'm a maid within

So fare thee well, my modest boy, I thank you for your care
But had you done as you desired, I'd never have left you there.
I will sew no silken seam on a fine May morning.

You can bide your time till your time runs out, so take this as fair warning."

6. Jock O' Hazeldean

Sir Walter Scott adapted the first stanza of an old ballad "Jock o' Hazelgreen" and added to it to craft this very popular song.

Why weep ye by the tide, lady? Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son And you shall be his bride
And you shall be his bride, lady, Sae comely to be seen
But all the while the tears ran down for Jock o' Hazeldean

Now let this wilful grief be done and dry that cheek so pale
Young Frank is Chief of Arrington and Laird of Langley Dale
His step is first in peaceful hall his sword in battle keen
But all the while the tears ran down for Jock o' Hazeldean

A chain of gold ye shall not lack Nor braid to bind your hair
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk Nor palfrey fresh and fair
And you, the fairest of them all, Shall ride our forest queen
But all the while the tears ran down for Jock o' Hazeldean

The kirk was decked at morning tide The tapers glimmered fair
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride And dame and knight were there
They sought her both by bower and hall, but the lady was nae seen
She's o'er the border and awa' wi' Jock o' Hazeldean

7. River

Written by Bill Stains, and learned from our good friend Alex Beaton.

I was born in the path of the winter wind, raised where the mountains are old
Their springtime waters came dancing down and I remember the tales they told
The whistling ways of my younger days too quickly have faded on by
But all of their memories linger on like the light in a fading sky

River, take me along in your sunshine, sing me a song ever moving and winding and free

You rolling old river, you changing old river let's you and me, river, run down to the sea

I've been to the city and I've been back again I've been moved by some things that I've learned
Met a lot of good people and I've called them friends felt the change when the seasons turned
I've heard all the songs that the children sing and listened to love's melodies
I've felt my own music within me rise like the wind in the autumn trees

Someday when the flowers are blooming still, someday when the grass is still green
My rolling waters will round the bend and flow into the open sea
So here's to the rainbow that's followed me here and here's to the friends that I know
And here's to the song that's within me now I will sing it wherever I go

8. The Light Dragoon

A traditional song Jil first heard on the classic Waterson:Carthy album.

The Light Dragoon came over the hill when the moon was shining clearly
There was a young woman and she knew him by his horse, Because she loved him dearly
Dearly, so dearly / There was a young woman and she knew him by his horse because
she loved him dearly

She took him by the bridle and she led him to the stable
Here's hay and oats for your horse young man, let him eat while he is able
Able, so able / Here's hay and oats for your horse young man let him eat while he is able

She took him in her own white hand, and led him to the table
Here's cakes and wine for you my love, eat and drink while you are able
Able, so able / Here's cakes and wine for you my love eat and drink while you are able

She ran upstairs to make the bed, to make it soft and easy
How nimbly she jumped into the bed, to see if it lay easy
Easy, so easy / How nimbly she jumped into the bed to see if it lay easy

The Light Dragoon he ran upstairs, put off his army trousers
How nimbly he jumped into the bed, to see if it lay easy
Easy, so easy / How nimbly he jumped into the bed to see if it lay easy

Oh there they lay 'til the cock did crow, and the trumpets they were sounding
With her spirits high and her belly low, she ran home to her mammy
Mammy, her mammy / With her spirits high and her belly low she ran home to her mammy

Now where have you been all this long night, inquired her anxious parents
Oh I've been alone with a Light Dragoon, because I love him dearly
Dearly, so dearly / Oh I've been alone with a Light Dragoon because I love him dearly

9. The Grey Funnel Line

This song was first given to Jil decades ago by her soul sister Helen Miller Tarleton and more recently suggested to us by our dear friend Alex McKinven. Written by English singer-songwriter Cyril Tawney while serving in the British Royal Navy in the 1950s, it tells of the sailor's longing to return home. The title of the song is a sailors' nickname for the Royal Navy, likening it to the many commercial shipping lines that could be identified by the companies' logos on their funnels.

Don't mind the wind or the rolling sea, the weary night never worries me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day is to watch the sun as it fades away
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

The finest ship that sails the sea is still a prison for the likes of me
But give me wings like Noah's dove I'll fly up harbour to the one I love
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

There was a time when my heart was free like a floating spar on the open sea
But now that spar has washed ashore and come to rest at my true love's door
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

Oh Lord if dreams were only real I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel
And with all my heart I'd turn her round and I'd tell the boys that we're homeward bound
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

I'll spend my time like some machine until blue water returns to green
Then I'll dance on down that walk-ashore and sail the Grey Funnel Line no more
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more

10. The Green and the Blue

Although many songs have been written about Irish emigration to America and other faraway places, this song, by Scottish singer songwriter Alan Reid, details the migration of the Irish to Scotland.

*Don't turn to look on the green hills of Antrim Fermanagh's behind you, it's time to move on
Look onwards tae Glasgow and all your tomorrows the future lies there, and it's waiting for you
As the green crosses over to meet with the blue*

And what was the sense when the wee ones were crying the cries of the hungry, no sense to remain
No prayer could recover a sister or brother so farewell to Fermanagh, the praying is done

The land that you leave has had too many martyrs and too many lives that have perished in vain
And too many boats slipping out from its harbours with cargoes that never came homewards again

If the wings of the eagle could carry you over to the land of the prairie, then surely you'd fly
But an ocean so wide, and a far distant country so far from your own land is no place to die

11. Streets of London

Written by Englishman Ralph McTell, it reminds us that life, for many, is a day to day struggle. It's all too easy to imagine the names of our own towns substituted for London here.

Have you seen the old man in the closed-down market
Kicking up the paper, with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride hands held loosely at his side
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

*So how can you tell me that you're lonely, and say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London
I'll show you something to make you change your mind*

Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

In the all night cafe at a quarter past eleven
Same old man is sitting there on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup
Each tea last an hour, then he wanders home alone

And have you seen the old man outside the seaman's mission

Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears.
In our winter city, the rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't care

12. The Jolly Ploughboys

Trad English c1820, also known as "All Jolly Fellows".

It was early one morning at the break of the day, the farmer came to us and this he did say,
Rise up my jolly fellows with the best of good will, your horses need something their bellies to fill
When four o'clock comes, me boys, it's up we do rise and off to the stables we merrily flies.
With a-rubbin' and scrubbin' our horses we'll go for we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.
When six o'clock comes, me boys, at breakfast we'll meet, and cold beef and pork we'll heartily eat.
With a piece in our pockets to the fields we do go, for we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.
The farmer came to us and this he did say, what have you been doing this long summer's day?
You've not ploughed your acre, I'll swear and I'll vow, You are all lazy fellows that follows the plough!
Then up spoke our carter and this he did cry, we have all ploughed our acre you tell us a lie.
We've all ploughed our acre, I'll swear and I'll vow, we are all jolly fellows that follows the plough
Then up spoke the farmer and laughed at the joke, it's gone two o'clock boys it's time to unyoke,
Unharness your horses and rub them down well, and I'll give you a jug of my very best ale.
So come all you jolly ploughboys, where e'er you may be. Come take this advice and be ruled by me
Never fear your jolly master where e'er you may go, for we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

13. Henry Martin

From the 17th century, a traditional Scottish ballad also known as "The Lofty Tall Ship", tells the story of a young boy who turns to piracy to support himself and his two older brothers.

There were three brothers in merry Scotland In merry Scotland were three
And they did cast lots for to see which of them was to turn robber all on the salt sea
Well the lot it fell first upon young Henry Martin, the youngest of all the three
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea for to maintain his two brothers and he
They had not been sailing but a long winter's night and a part of a short winter's day
When he espied a stout lofty ship come a-bearing down on him straight way
"Hello, hello", cried young Henry Martin. "What makes you sail so nigh?"
"I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London Town. Will you please for to let me pass by?"
"Oh no, oh no", cried young Henry Martin. "That thing it never could be
For I have turned robber all on the salt sea for to maintain my two brothers and me."
"So come lower your topsail and brail up your mizz'n And bring your ship under my lee
Or I will give to you a full cannon ball and all your dear bodies drown in the salt sea."
"Oh no, we won't lower our lofty topsail nor bow ourselves under your lee
And you shan't take from us our rich merchant goods nor will you point our bold guns to the sea!"
So with broadside and broadside and at it they went for fully two hours or three
Till Henry Martin gave to her the death shot and straight to the bottom went she
Bad news, bad news to old England came, sad news to fair London Town
There's been a rich vessel and she's cast away and all of her merry men drowned