

Henri's Notions
Trip to the Cottage
2007

Tracks:

1. Merchant's Son 2:55
2. Trip to the Cottage/Gallowglass/Coleman's Cross 4:13
3. Millworker (Taylor)/Ladies of Lienster 3:37
4. Schoolday's End (MacColl) 2:54
5. Nick's Hornpipe (Stem)/Cincinnati Hornpipe/Green Cockade 4:37
6. Tunnel Tigers (MacColl) 3:55
7. The Broken Pledge/Within a Mile of Dublin 3:38
8. By Clyde's Bonnie Banks 3:54
9. Lily of the West/Pleasures of Home 4:54
10. Charlie Harris'/Sack of Beer (Stem)/Tolka's Polka 3:25
11. Trains and My Grandfather (McNeill) 5:49
12. Spotted Cow 2:35
13. Aughamore/Mountain Lark/Green Mountain/Music in the Glen 4:18
14. Jimmy's Gone to Flanders (Malcolm) 3:50

Musicians:

Michael Bowman – Fiddle, Viola, Vocals

Jil Chambless – Flute, Whistle, Lead Vocals

Mark Lanter – Percussion

Scooter Muse – Guitar, High-strung Guitar

Randy Palmer – Bass, Bodhran, Vocals

Tom Stem – Bouzouki, Mandolin, Tenor Banjo, Accordions, Lead Vocals

Guest: Doug Stokes – Percussion on Tunnel Tigers, Djembe on Millworker

All tracks arranged by Henri's Notions except Lily of the West arranged by Tom Stem and Henri's Notions.

Recorded and mixed by Jimmy Nutt at The NuttHouse Recording Studio, Sheffield AL.

Mastering: Jim DeMain at Yes Master! Nashville TN

Cover Art: Tom Stem

Cover Design: Henri's Notions and Mike McCracken

Graphics by Mike McCracken

Photos: Karen Palmer, Stuart McGregor, Amy Brady

Special Thanks: Jimmy Nutt for the patience, persistence, brilliance, and magic

(www.jimmynutt.com); Jessica Tompkins, ASCAP Nashville; Dan Vogt, The Guitar Gallery; Mike

McCracken, The Design Dept. (mcdesign@dbtech.net); Brian McNeill (www.brianmcneill.co.uk)

and Jim Malcolm (www.jimmalcolm.com) for permission to use their songs and for cheery encouragement in general.

Mark Lanter is endorsed by Bosphorus cymbals and Vic Firth sticks.

www.henrisnotions.com

www.jilchambless.com

www.scootermuse.com

Notes and Lyrics:

1. Merchant's Son

We've heard this by June Tabor, but Jil got it from her friend Trudy Callaghan.

A merchant's son, he lived in wrong, And to the beggars he has gone
He's mounted on his milk-white steed, And away with pleasure he did ride
Fol lol da too ra lido fol lol the day

A beggar wench he chanced to meet, A beggar wench of low degree
And he took pity on her distress, and said me lassie you've got a pretty face

Well they both inclined then to have a drink, and to a public house they went
They ordered ale and brandy too, and both of them got a rollin' fu'

Well they both inclined then to go to bed, and under covers soon were laid
Strong ale and brandy went to their heads, and both of them slept as they were dead

Later on the wench she rose, and she put on the merchant's clothes
With his hat so high and his sword so clear, and she's away with the merchant's gear

Early next morn the merchant rose, and he looked 'round to find his clothes
But there was nothing in the room but her ragged petticoat and her torn gown

The merchant being a stranger in the town, he put on the old coat and gown
And in the street he loudly swore that he never would lie with a beggar no more

3. Millworker – James Taylor (Country Road Music, Inc.)

Jil learned this song from her friend George (Butch) Miranda at summer camp in the '70s. The tune at the end is The Ladies of Leinster.

My grandfather was a sailor, he blew in off the water
My father was a farmer and I his only daughter
I took up with a no good millworkin' man from Massachusetts
Who died from too much whiskey and left me these three faces to feed

Mill work ain't easy, mill work ain't hard
Mill work it ain't nothin' but an awful boring job
I'm waiting for a daydream to take me through the morning
And put me in my coffee break where I can have a sandwich and remember

And then it's me and my machine for the rest of the morning
For the rest of the afternoon gone, for the rest of my life

Now my mind begins to wander to the days back on the farm
I can see my father smiling at me swinging on his arm
I can hear my granddad's stories of the storms out on Lake Eerie
Where vessels and cargoes and fortunes and sailors' lives were lost

Yes, but it's my life has been wasted and I have been the fool
To let this manufacturer use my body for a tool
I can ride home in the evenings staring at my hands
And swearing by my sorrow that a young girl ought to stand a better chance

But may I work the mills just as long as I am able
And never meet the man whose name is on the label
Then it's me and my machine for the rest of the morning
For the rest of the afternoon gone, for the rest of my life

4. Schoolday's End – Ewan MacColl (Stormking Music BMI)
From the singing of Mary Black.

School day's over, come on then John, time to be getting' your pit boots on
On with your sark and your moleskin trousers, time you were on your way
Time you were learning a pitman's job and earning a pitman's pay

Come on then Jim, it's time to go, time you were working down below
Time you were handling a pick and shovel, you start at the pits today
Time you were learning a collier's job and earning a collier's pay

Come on then Daithi, it's nearly light, time you were off to the anthracite
The morning mist is on the valley it's time you were on your way
Time you were learning a miner's job and earning a miner's pay

6. Tunnel Tigers – Ewan MacColl (Stormking Music BMI)
From the singing of Sean Keane. Another one Jil got from her friend Trudy.

Hares run free on the Wicklow Mountains

Wild geese fly and the foxes play
Courting Wicklow boys are working
Driving a tunnel through the London clay

Up with the shield, jack it, ram it
Drive a tunnel through the London clay

Lough Derg trout grow fat and lazy
Salmon sport in Cushla Bay
The fishermen of Connemara
Drive a tunnel through the London clay

The currachs rot on Achill Island
Tourists walk on the Newport Quay
The Mayo boys are all a-roving
Digging a tunnel through the London clay

Below Armagh the wild ducks breeding
Wild fowl gather on Lough Ree
The sporting boys of Longford County
Are digging a tunnel through the London clay

The Carlow girls are fine and handsome
All decked out so neat and gay
The Carlow boys don't come to court them
They're driving a tunnel through the London clay

Down in the dark are the Tunnel Tigers
Far from the sun and the light of day
Down in the land that the sea once buried
Driving a tunnel through the London clay

8. By Clyde's Bonnie Banks – traditional

From the singing of Christy Moore. The disaster described in this song occurred on 22 October 1877 in High Blantyre, near Glasgow Scotland. Over two hundred miners were killed. Though great improvements in mine safety have been made since that time, a recent mining disaster occurred close to our home.

The Jim Walter Resources #5 Mine near Brookwood AL taps the Blue Creek coal seam, the deepest and most gas-laden in the United States. In the early evening of September 23, 2001, two explosions rocked the #4 section of the mine. Thirteen men died. Most of those men had a route to safety after the first blast, but remained in the mine and were helping others at the time of the second, larger explosion. (From a report by the United Mine Workers of America)

By Clyde's bonnie banks as I sadly did wander
Among the pit heaps as the evening drew nigh
I spied a fair maid all dressed in deep mourning
She was weeping and wailing with many a sigh

I stepped up beside her and thus I addressed her
Pray tell me fair maid of your sorrow and pain
All sobbing and sighing at last she did answer
Johnny Murphy kind sir was my true lover's name

Twenty-one years of age full of youth and good looking
To work down the mines of High Blantyre he came
The wedding was fixed all the guests were invited
That fine summer's evening my Johnny was slain

The explosion was heard all the women and children
With pale anxious faces we ran to the mine
When the news was made known all the hills rang with mourning
Two hundred and twelve young miners were slain

Now mothers and wives, sweethearts and brothers
That Blantyre explosion will never forget
Come all you bold miners who hear my sad story
Remember your comrades who lie at their rest

9. Lily of the West – traditional

The tune at the end if The Pleasures of Home.

When first I went to Louisville some pleasure there to find
A damsel there from Lexington was pleasing to my mind
Her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips like arrows pierced my breast
And the name she bore was Flora, the lily of the West

I courted lovely Flora some pleasure there to find
She turned onto another man, which sore distressed my mind
She robbed me of my liberty, deprived me of my rest
Then go my lovely Flora, the lily of the west.

Way down in yonder shady grove a man of high degree
Talked with my flora there, it seemed strange to me
The answer she gave to him, it sore did me oppress
I was betrayed by Flora, the lily of the West

I stepped up to my rival, my dagger in my hand
I seized him by the collar, I boldly made him stand
I was mad to desperation; I pierced him in the breast
Then go my lovely Flora, the lily of the West

The put me up to trial, I had to make my plea
They put me in the criminal box and then commenced on me
Although she swore my life away, deprived me of my rest
I love my faithless Flora, the lily of the West

11. Trains and My Grandfather – Brian McNeill (MCPS/PRS)

Brian wrote this as a tribute to his Austrian grandfather, Ernest Pferscher. He told Jil he had managed to perform this live once. Jil herself doubts her matching that number.

When I was seven years old
I sat on a train rolling east through the night
And my mother sang songs just to keep out the dark
Till we both fell asleep in the first morning light
And I thought on my grandfather's life as the carriages rolled
For all I knew of him were stories my mother had told
I was seven years old
And I waited in the station in the wind and the steam and the rain
And I can still smell the smoke and see the look in his eyes
And his hat and his suit and his cane
As he lifted me down from the train

When I was sixteen years old
I fought with my parents like a young man should
And when the fighting got too rough I'd walk with my grandfather
Down to the railway where the wine cellars stood
And he'd talk of the people he'd met and the places he'd seen
Just to show that he knew all the lines he was reading between
I was only sixteen
And when the signalman asked if I still set his watch by the train
He said that he trusted the Danube Express
More than many's the watch he could name
And we watched it roll over the plain

It took me too long to return
He was older and smaller and frailer than me
But when I looked in his eyes I could still see the smile
And I knew he was younger than I'd ever be
I sat there and told him the sum of my hopes and my fears

And he smiled and said laughter could always cure most of the tears
Of my thirty one years
And when I said that I'd take the train later that day for the west
He said he'd go with me, we'd chase all the girls
The dark ones were always the best
He remembered the way that they dressed

A few months after he died
We drove all night till the bad weather cleared
My fiddle beside me, my friends and my songs
On the eve of my birthday in the spring of the year
And later I called out his name as I lifted my glass
And a Michigan train whistle answered the call as it passed
It broke me at last
But I smiled as I struggled to hold back the tears from my eyes
For I knew it was easy to talk to my grandfather
Each time a big train passed by
And there was really no reason to cry

12. Spotted Cow – traditional

From the singing of Maddy Prior.

One morning in the month of May as from my cot I strayed
Just at the dawning of the day I met with a charming maid
Just at the dawning of the day I met with a charming maid

Good morning to you with her said I good morning to you now
The maid replied kind sir she cried I've lost my spotted cow
The maid replied kind sir she cried I've lost my spotted cow

No longer weep no longer mourn your cow's not lost my dear
I saw her down in yonder grove come love and I'll show you where
I saw her down in yonder grove come love and I'll show you where

I must confess you're very kind I thank you sir said she
We will be sure her there to find come sweetheart go with me
We will be sure her there to find come sweetheart go with me

And in the grove they spent the day they thought it past too soon
At night they homeward went their way while brightly shone the moon
At night they homeward went their way while brightly shone the moon

Now if he should cross the flowery vale or go to view the plow

She comes and calls my gentle swain I've lost my spotted cow
She comes and calls my gentle swain I've lost my spotted cow

14. Jimmy's Gone to Flanders – Jim Malcolm (PRS/MCPS)

As called for in the song, the fiddle tune at the end is the Bonawe Highlanders.

Jimmy's gone to Flanders, his fiddle lies upon his bed
It was his father's fiddle, though he's aye been shy to practice it
Jimmy's gone to Flanders, his fishing creel's a tangle
From the night he and Willie fished the Earn though there was no moon

Jimmy's gone to Flanders, he's spoilt the old dog rotten
With scraps below the table, though I told him time and time again
Jimmy's gone to Flanders, his football boots are sodden
For they've no been near dubbing since he bought them new frae Sandy Broon

When Jimmy's home from Flanders he'll be shamed to clean thae football boots
And sort out all thon tangle, for the Earn I hear is fishing good
When Jimmy's home from Flanders we'll be sat down by the table
And we'll coax him to his fiddle: "Jimmy, gie us the Bonawe Highlanders."

Jimmy's gone to Flanders, though he had a job at Logie's yard
But all the lads were joining, it'll all be over by Christmas time
Jimmy's gone to Flanders, though he's no' the strength his father was,
I'm sure he'll be worthy and that Jocky would have burst with pride.

Jimmy's gone to Flanders, and I ken he has a lassie
Her father saw them walking by themselves below the Falls of May
Jimmy's gone to Flanders, he's as secret as his father was
But I caught her weeping as the sergeant marched him to the train.

When Jimmy's home from Flanders he'll be shamed to clean thae football boots
And sort out all thon tangle, for the Earn I hear is fishing good
When Jimmy's home from Flanders we'll be sat down by the table
And we'll coax him to his fiddle: "Jimmy, gie us the Bonawe Highlanders."