

**The Laverock Sang**  
**Jil Chambless and Scooter Muse**  
**2011**

After working together on many band cds and on each other's solo projects, Jil and Scooter have finally come out with a recording of just the two of them. No guest musicians or producers, just the duo. The cd features 12 great tracks of both traditional and contemporary Scottish, Irish, English, and American songs and tunes.

**Track Listing and Notes**

1. **The Laverock Sang [Brian McNeill (MCPS/PRS)]** – song 3:25

Laverock is a Scots word for a type of bird, a lark. Brian wrote this song about Betsy Whyte, a Scottish traveller, storyteller, singer, and songwriter. It refers to fishing for fresh water pearls in the rivers of Scotland, which Betsy's family sometimes did.

*Do ye mind how your father used to stand back bowed in the Islay stream,  
Eyes upon the shingle on the sand for the braw gleam of the oyster.  
Do ye mind all the pearl fishers' lore, how you hid from the wrath of the baileys on the shore  
With the sil'er of the water in your eyes when the laverock sang in the morning.*

*Ah the summer days were grand in the warm sun of your father's smile  
When he let you hold the treasure in yer hand. A fine jewel from the water.  
And he gave yer mother the pearl to hold in her bosom like the lady of an earl  
As she gathered the wood for the fire and the laverock sang in the morning.*

*Did you sing across the waters of the Tay for a fine pearl in yer father's hand  
Was that the price the river made you pay, was a pearl for a pearl the bargain?  
For where's a jewel to compare with the traveller's song in the moorland air  
Hidden in the shell of your heart when the laverock sang in the morning?*

2. **Bonnie Jean Cameron / Kinloch Green [traditional/Jil Chambless]** – song / jig 5:02

Jil wrote the jig to go with this traditional song about a woman in love with Bonnie Prince Charlie.

*Oh you've all heard of Bonnie Jean Cameron, how she was sick and likely to die.  
The only thing that they could recommend her was aye blithe blink o' the Young Pretender.*

*Chorus: Rare oh rare, Bonnie Jean Cameron*

*And the doctor was sent for to see if he could cure her. Quickly he came he made no delay.  
But the only thing that he could recommend her was aye blithe blink o' the Young Pretender.*

*So to Charlie she wrote a very long letter. Who were his friends and who were his foes.  
And all her words were sweet and tender to win the heart of the Young Pretender.*

*And scarce had she sealed the letter with her ring, when up flew the door and in came her king.  
She prayed to the saints let angels defend her, then sank in the arms of the Young Pretender.*

3. **The Bold Deserter [traditional]** – song 3:51

*My parents reared me tenderly, I being their only son.  
And little ever did they think I'd follow the fife and drum.  
They brought me up in fear of God, kept me from toil and woe,  
Which makes me sigh and oft times cry I wish the war was o'er.*

*To finish my education they brought me to school a while  
And by their hard industry kept me in proper style  
But with some liquor in my head I sailed for Glasgow green  
And enlisted with John Barbour all for to serve the Queen.*

*When seven long years had passed and gone, I thought of my liberty  
When seven long years had passed and gone, I thought I could be free  
But the answer the colonel gave to me, it oft times makes me cry  
That I was bound to serve the Queen 'til all the wars were by.*

*I'll take my second bounty, perhaps will be for life  
And I'll cross the briny ocean and the gun will be my wife  
And I'll toss off a flowing glass and I'll drain it o'er and o'er  
For me don't mourn, for I'll return when the cruel war is o'er.*

4. **A Kiss in the Morning Early / Leather Britches [traditional]** – song / reel 4:35

*'Twas early one morning a fair maid arose and dressed herself up in the finest of clothes  
And off to the shoemaker's shop sure she goes for a kiss in the morning early*

*The cobbler arose and he soon let her in his awl and his hammer were neat as a pin  
 And he had the will for to greet her so slim with a kiss in the morning early  
 O Cobbler, o cobbler, 'tis soon we'll be wed and nestling together in a fine feather bed  
 So give me two shoes with two buckles of red for my kiss in the morning early  
 The maid hid the shoes at the back of her waist she praised his good cobbling and shoemaker's taste  
 And home to her father she mournfully faced and it was in the morning early  
 O Father, o Father, I've got me a man and he is the one I would wed if I can  
 As handsome as ever in leather did stand for my kiss in the morning early  
 So the father was thinking and thinking again for to wed her to riches and have him for kin  
 Who knows but it might be a prince or a king that she met in the morning early  
 Who knows but it might be a jobber from town or a wealthy sea captain who's sailed the world round  
 A man with some thousands and thousands of pounds that she met in the morning early  
 So the father was smiling, his daughter embraced and touching the buckles he drew back in haste  
 He spied the red shoes that were tied round her waist oh it was in the morning early  
 O daughter, o daughter, he started to shout when he did discover what she was about  
 God knows 'twas none but that old cobbling clout that you met in the morning early*

5. **The Road to Drumleman [words: Willie Mitchell, music: Tony Cuffe]** – song 5:09

About a beautiful area on the Kintyre Peninsula, Argyll, Scotland. Scooter has been a frequent participant (and Jil a one-time participant) in the Mull of Kintyre Festival and actually knows Agnes Stewart, daughter of Willie Mitchell, who lives in Campbelltown.

*Oh the springtime returns to the Laggan again  
 And the lark sweetly sings o'er the green fertile plain  
 I'll tak' the road that is dearest to me  
 The road to Drumleman that winds to the sea  
 For I've made many friends there on every green mile  
 And the folks always greet me with a wave and a smile  
 If I spend all my days here it's happy I'll be  
 On the road to Drumleman that winds to the sea  
 For we sat round the fireside when the winter wind blew  
 And we've laughed and we've sang till the night was well through  
 And we've had a good dram and a wee cup o' tea  
 On the road to Drumleman that winds to the sea  
 And the long summer days when we've tramped the hills o'er  
 To spend hours at the Eemons on Craggins wild shore  
 And the soft summer twilight made shadows to flee  
 On the road to Drumleman that winds to the sea  
 Oh these days passing swiftly bring changes I know  
 And as time marches on from this place we must go  
 But I'll ever remember while the heart beats in me  
 The road to Drumleman that winds to the sea  
 Oh the springtime returns to the Laggan again  
 And the lark sweetly sings o'er the green fertile plain  
 I'll tak' the road that is dearest to me  
 The road to Drumleman that winds to the sea*

6. **The Back Road to Enumclaw [John Taylor]** – slow reel 3:10

John is originally from Scotland, but has lived in San Jose, CA, for many years now. He wrote this song after driving with his family to the Seattle Highland Games, which are held in a place called Enumclaw.

7. **Rambling Irishman [traditional]** – song 3:47

*I am a ramblin' Irish man. In Ulster I was born.  
 And many's the pleasant day I've spent 'round the shores of sweet Loch Erne.  
 But to be poor I could not endure. Like others of my station,  
 To America I sailed away and left this Irish nation.  
 Chorus: Right tantin-a-na, tantin-a-na, right tantin-a-noorin-a-nandy  
 The night before we went away, I spent it with my darlin'  
 From three o'clock in the afternoon to the break of day next morning  
 And when that we were going to part, and we lay in each other's arms  
 Well you may be sure and very sure it wounded both our charms.*

*And when we reached the other side we were both stout and healthy  
We dropped the anchor in the bay going down to Philadelphia  
Let every lass link with her lad, blue jacket and white trousers.  
Let every lad link with his lass, blue petticoats and white flounces.*

**8. From Clare to Here [Ralph McTell (David Platz Music Inc. (BMI))] – song 5:32**

*There's four who share this room and we work hard for the crack  
And sleeping late on Sundays I never get to Mass*

*Chorus : It's a long way from Clare to here  
It's a long, long way, it grows further by the day*

*When Friday comes around Terry's only into fighting  
My ma would like a letter home but I'm too tired for writing*

*It almost breaks my heart when I think of Josephine  
I told her I'd be coming home with my pockets full of green*

*And the only time I feel alright is when I'm into drinking  
It sort of eases the pain of it and levels out my thinking*

*I sometimes hear a fiddle play or maybe it's a notion  
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean*

**9. Sailing to Philadelphia [Mark Knopfler (Straitjacket Songs)] – song 5:18**

About the English survey team who were commissioned by William Penn and Charles Calvert in the 1760s to settle a border dispute in Colonial America.

*I'm Jeremiah Dixon. I am a Geordie boy.  
A glass of wine with you sir, and the ladies I'll enjoy.  
All Durham and Northumberland was measured up by my own hand.  
It was my fate from birth to make my mark upon the earth.*

*He calls me Charlie Mason, a stargazer am I.  
It seems that I was born to chart the evening sky.  
They cut me out for baking bread, but I had other dreams instead.  
This baker's boy from the West Country would join the Royal Society.*

*We are sailing to Philadelphia, a world away from the coally Thyne.  
Sailing to Philadelphia to draw the line, the Mason-Dixon Line.*

*You're a good surveyor Dixon, but I swear you'll make me mad.  
The West will kill us both, you gullible Geordie lad.  
You talk of liberty, but how can America be free.  
A Geordie and a baker's boy in the forests of the Iroquois.*

*Now hold your head up Mason, see America lies there.  
The morning tide has raised the capes of Delaware.  
Come up and feel the sun. A new morning has begun.  
Another day will make it clear just why your stars should guide us here.*

**10. Jack Haggerty [traditional] – song 3:43**

*I'm a heart-broken raftsmen from Greenville I came. All my joys are departed; all my virtues the same.  
From the strong darts of Cupid I've suffered much grief. And my heart's broke asunder; I can get no relief.  
Well my story I'll tell you without much delay. Of the sweet little lassie my heart stole away.  
She's a miller's fair daughter on the Flat River side and I always intended to make her my bride.*

*I worked on the river where the white waters roar and my name I engraved on the high rocky shore.  
I was buoyant and smiling on the stiff boiling stream, but my thoughts were on Molly. She haunted my dreams.  
I gave her fine jewels, the finest of lace, and the costliest muslin her form to embrace.  
I gave her my wages all for to keep safe. I deprived her of nothing I had on this earth.*

*While I worked on the river I earned quite a stake. I was steadfast and steady and ne'er played the rake.  
In shops, farms, and households I'm very well know. And they call me Jack Haggerty, the pride of the town.*

*One day on the river a note I received and she said from her promise herself she'd relieve.  
For to wed with another she'd a long time delayed and the next time I'd see her she'd no more be a maid.  
Now getting this note sure it caused me surprise. When I think of her now it brings tears to my eyes.  
For it filled me with sadness and made me half mad. I'm weary and heartsick and forever sad.*

*To her mother, Jane Tucker, I lay all the blame, for she caused her to leave me and blackened my name.  
And to cast off the riggings that God was to tie and made me a loner 'til the day that I die.  
So come all you bold raftsmen so brave and so true, don't love a young woman for you're beat if you do.  
When you see a sweet lassie with bright golden curls, remember Jack Haggerty and his Flat River girl.*

11. **Bogey's Bonnie Belle [traditional]** – song 3:54

A song from the northeast of Scotland. A young ploughboy goes to Huntly, Aberdeenshire, to the feeing market, an annual event where farmworkers and servants went to find work for the coming season.

*As I went down to Huntly town one morning for to fee  
I met Bogheid o' Cairnie and with him I did agree  
To work his two best horses, cart, or barrow, or plow  
Or anything about farmwork I very well could do*

*Bogey had a daughter. Her name was Isabel.  
The lily of the valley and the primrose of the dell  
And when she went a-walkin' she chose me for her guide  
Down by the buyn o' Cairnie to watch the fishes glide.*

*I threw my arms around her waiste and from her feet did slide  
And there she lay contented on Cairnie's burnie side.*

*When three months were scarcely over this lassie lost her bloom  
All the red flee from her bonny cheeks and her eyes began to swoon  
Nine months being over she bore to me a son  
So I was quickly sent for to see what could be done.*

*Well I said that I would marry her but oh that would not do  
He said you're no match for my bonny Belle and she's no match for you*

*Now she's married to a tinker lad who comes from Huntly town  
He mends pots and pans and paraffin lamps and scours the country round  
Maybe she's got the better match, old Bogey cannot tell  
Farewell ye lads of Huntly town and Bogey's Bonnie Belle.*

12. **A Man's A Man [Robert Burns]** – song 5:40

*Is there for honest poverty that hangs his head and a' that  
The coward slave we pass him by, we dare be poor for a' that  
For a' that, and a' that, oor toils obscure and a' that  
The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that  
What though on hamely fare we dine, wear hodden grey and a' that  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine, a man's a man for a' that  
For a' that and a' that, their tinsel show and a' that  
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, is king o' men for a' that  
Ye see yon birkie cried a lord wha struts and stares and a' that  
Though hundreds worship at his word, he's but a coof for a' that  
For a' that and a' that, his ribband star and a' that  
The man of independent mind, he looks and he laughs at a' that  
A prince can make a belted knight, a marquis duke and a' that  
But an honest man's aboon his might, guid faith, he mauna fa that  
For a' that and a' that, their dignities and a' that  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth are higher rank than a' that  
Then let us pray that come it may, and come it will for a' that  
That sense and worth all o'er the earth will bear the gree for a' that  
For a' that and a' that, it's comin yet for a' that  
That man to man the hale world o'er, shall brithers be for a' that  
For a' that and a' that, it's comin yet for a' that  
That man to man the hale world o'er, shall brithers be for a' that*