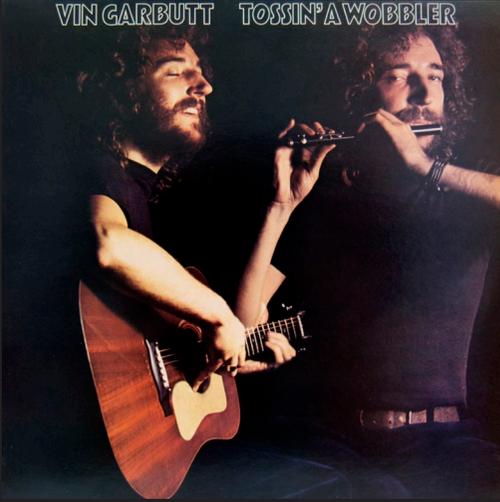




VIN GARBUTT TOSSIN' A WOBBLER



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Design by Tony Engle

### **Man of the Earth**

Written by fellow Clevelander Bernie Parry. It's a song about the plight of an old age pensioner. "Forty years in the iron works broke his will, And his back and his shoulders are round, There was no other work in the town So they had him both fettered and bound. Then all of a sudden he turned sixty-five And the bosses said 'Thank you my man', And they stuck a gold watch in his hand As behind him the door quickly slammed." Frank Porter helped with the double bass here.

### **The Legend of Roseberry**

Back in the 10th century A.D. the Princess of Northumbria (the eastern part of England north of the Humber) was informed by an augur (wizard) that her son, Prince Oswy, would die by drowning. She told the augur he was talking rubbish, but just to be sure she took the Prince to the top of Roseberry Topping, a Cleveland hill which was then known by its Viking name of Odinsbere or Osnaberg. She was sure there could be no water up there. Anyway, when she fell asleep the little brat found a puddle and did handstands in it.

### **The Long Note**

I don't know where I got this reel from - I'm not even sure it's a reel - but it's a good one anyway. Frank backs me here on guitar.

### **The Lads of Laoise**

A fine reel I learned from the fiddling of Bernie Harrington. I double-tracked the whistle here and Hugh Crabtree added a bit of palpitation with his bodhran.

### **Le Reel des Jeunes Maries**

Paddy McEvoy taught me this fine reel but I double-tracked a harmony on it before he could find his whistle. Hugh and Frank finish it off with me.

### **Photographic Memory**

Bankfields Housing Estate in Eston was built on the last flat fields at the foot of Eston Hills. I lived at the edge of the fields and spent many a happy hour walking there. This song was written as the first hawthorn hedges were being uprooted. Boo Hoo!

### **The Yorkshire Volunteers' Farewell to the Good Folks of Stockton/Push About the Jorum**

I got these words from the book *Rhymes of the Northern Bards*; the melody from *O'Neill's 1001 Irish Tunes*. The fella who wrote this must have had a good time in Stockton 'cos he says: "Ye lasses too, of all I see The fairest in the nation. Sweet buds of beauty's blooming tree The flowers of all creation." My word! I wonder what school he went to? He even mentions one of Teesside's greatest sons by the name of Dundas. I didn't know he was a great son, in fact until I learned this song I thought he just owned a shopping arcade in Middlesbrough. Hugh and Frank join me on the instrumental *Push About the Jorum* at the end.

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### **St. Helena's March**

I learned this from an early recording of dalesman Billy Pennock of Goathland, who played part of it on his fiddle and hummed the rest. I got a few friends in on this one. I play piccolo and flute, Paddy McEvoy plays flageolet, Carol Watson plays cello, Frank Porter plays guitar. It's a funny beat this one - if you stamp your feet, mind you don't fall off your chair.

### **Carrigdhoun**

The sad tale of young Donal who's gone to join the exiled King James in France. His true love lamenting sings of the places where it all happened i.e. Carrigdhoun, Ardnalee - the river Ownabwee. Donal is the Irish for Donald but the last D is dropped as in the *Rocky Roa to ublin*.

### **The Fremantle Doctor**

A reel named after the afternoon breeze that sweeps in off the Indian Ocean and saved me life a couple of times when Western Australia was having its record drought in January 1978.

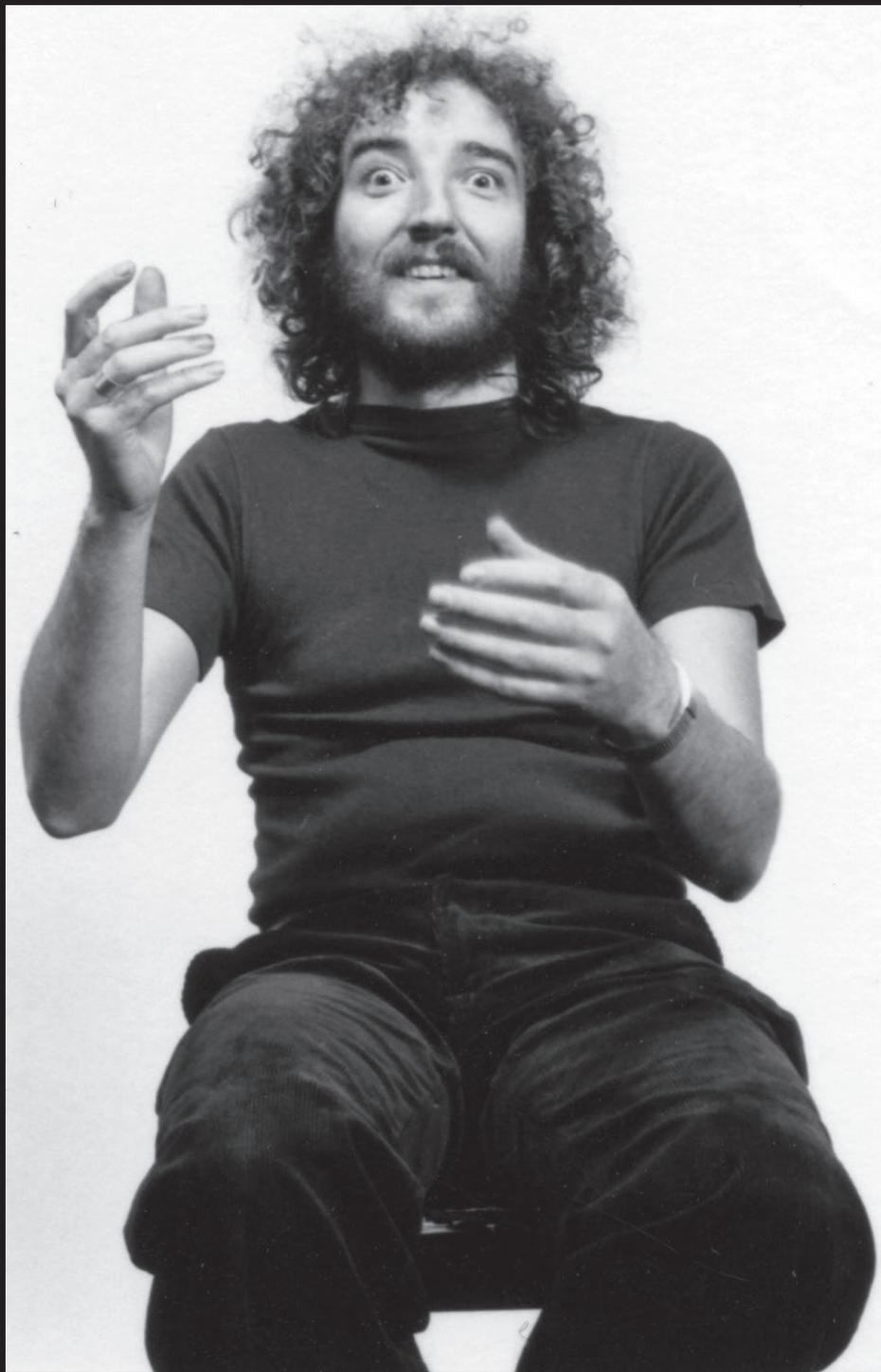
### **The One-Legged Beggar**

This song was written when I found myself a rich tourist in Tunisia. I, like every other Northern European holiday maker, found myself really uncomfortable when confronted with a 12-year-old beggar with one leg. I even crossed the road to dodge him. When you consider that the cost of a nightclub ticket would keep the young fella going for a week, it wasn't very christian of me, was it? It wasn't so long ago that the British working-man was in the same position, but I wonder how many modern British working-men would give a hungry man a pound! I was assisted here by Carol on cello and Frank on second guitar.

### **They Don't Write 'Em Like That Anymore**

A great song written by my mate Pete Betts, about the good times that were had during his childhood in South Bank, near Middlesbrough, after the pubs had closed. These were the days before the television took over the spot where the piano used to stand, and people used to sing, rather than listen to records - like yourselves.

Vin Garbutt



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