

CILLA & ARTIE
Cilla Fisher & Artie Trezise





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CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE have been playing full-time for five years now, and are building a great reputation with their performances, both at home and on their well-received tours of Europe and the USA. Cilla belongs to a Glasgow family already famous for its singers - Archie and Ray Fisher are her brother and sister - whilst Artie comes from a Cornish family but was born and brought up in Scotland. Cilla & Artie have taken the opportunity, on this record, of using some of their favourite blends of instruments and working with a few of the musicians they have come to know in their travels.

The Musicians

Alistair Anderson

Although he is better known as a concertina player Ali plays Northumbrian pipes as well. He has recorded several solo albums and several more with the High Level Ranters from Tyneside.

Johnny & Phil Cunningham

Provide the musical backbone for the Edinburgh group Silly Wizard, and appear here courtesy of Highway Records.

Malcolm Dalglish & Grey Larsen

Can teach anyone a great deal about enjoying playing music. They hail from Cincinnati, Ohio and record for June Appal.

Jim Houston

His swinging style makes him in constant demand for ceilidhs and dances throughout Fife. He hails from Auchtermuchty.

Rick Lee

Comes from Boston, Mass., where he plays clubs and festivals with his equally talented wife Lorraine. They have albums on Front Hall and Folk Legacy.

Brian McNeill

Has contributed much to the inventiveness of Battlefield since its birth, as well as recording his own solo album.

John Martin

His technique has been one of the major factors behind the success of the Glasgow based Ossian. He appears thanks to Iona Records.

Brian Miller

Makes one of his only too rare appearances with Cilla & Artie on this album, his usual partner being fiddler Charlie Soane.

Bob Zentz

Occasionally leaves his Ramblin' Conrad's Store in Norfolk, Va. to relate to audiences as no one else can.

Norland Wind

Originally a poem by the well-known Angus poet Violet Jacob; the tune, added by Jim Reid from Dundee, seems to convey the same feeling of loneliness.
Vocals Cilla, Accordion & Whistle Phil, Fiddle Johnny, Guitar Artie.

'Oh tell me what was on yer road, ye roaring' Norland Wind,
As ye cam' blown' frae the north that's never frae ma mind.
My feet they've travelled England but I'm deein' for the North.'
'Oh man I saw the siller tide rin up the Firth o' Forth.'

Cilla & Artie

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'Ay wind I ken them weel enough an' fine they fa' an' rise,
An frae the fields o' creepin' mist on yonder shore that lies.
But tell me as ye pass them by what saw ye on yer way.'
'Oh man I roch the rovin' gulls that sail abin the Tay.'

'But saw ye nothing', leein', wind, afore ye come tae Fife?
Fir there's muckle lyin' yon the Tay that's mair tae me than life.'
Ay man I swept the Angus Braes that ye hav' nae trod fir years.'
'Oh wind whar gae a hameless loon that canna see fir tears?'

'And far above the Angus Straths I heard the wild geese flee,
A lang lang skene o' beaten' wings wi' their heads towards the sea,
An' ay their roaring' voices trailed ahint them on the air.'
'Oh wind hae mercy, haud yir whisht, fir I darnae listen mair.'

The Beggar Man

We learned this from a classic recording of Maggie & Sarah Chambers from Fermanagh, Northern Ireland. While we've tried to retain their feeling and enthusiasm for the song, we have made some minor adjustments to the words to accommodate our Scottish style.

Vocals Cilla & Artie.

A beggar man cam' o'er yon lea, seekin' oot fir charity.
'Guid wife fir yer courtisy wid ye lodge a lame poor man?'
Well the nicht bein' wet an' it bein' cauld, she's ta'en pity on the
poor auld soul,
She's ta'en pity on the poor auld soul, an' she bad him tae sit doon.

Wi' his tooran ooran an tan ee
Right an ooran fal the doo dee
Right an ooran ooran ee
Wi' a tooran ooran aydo

He sat himsel' in the chimney nook, wi' a' his bags behind a crook
Wi' a' his bags behind a crook, richt merrily he did sing.

Chorus

A' the doors bein' locked quite tight, the auld woman rose in the
middle o' the night,
The auld woman rose in the middle o' the night tae find the auld
man gone.
She ran tae the cupboard likewise tae the kist, a' thing there an'
nothing missed,
Clapping her hands an' 'The Lord be blessed, wasn't he an honest
auld man.'

Chorus

When the breakfast was ready an' the table laid the auld woman
gaed tae waken the maid,
The bed was there but the maid was gone, she's awa' wi' the lame
poor man.

Chorus

Seven years they passed on, an' this auld beggar cam' back again,
Seekin' oot fir charity - 'Wid ye lodge a lame poor man?'
'A beggar I'll ne'er lodge again, fir I had a dauchter, ane o' my aine,
An' she gaed awe' wi' a beggarman, so I'll have ye tae be gone.

Chorus

'If yer dauchter ye want tae see she has twa bairnies on her knee,
She has twa bairnies on her knee, an' third yin comin' roon.'

Chorus

'Yonder she sits an' yonder she stands, the fairest lady in a' Scotland
Wi' servants there at her command, since she gaed wi' the lame poor
man.

Chorus

What Can A Young Lassie

This song is borrowed from Cilla's sister Ray, who learned it from Jane Turriff of Fetterangus.
We added the fiddle introduction to underline the especially haunting melody.
Vocal Cilla, Fiddle Brian McNeill.

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie?
What can a young lassie dae wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my Minnie,
Tae sell her poor Jenny fir siller an' land.

Cilla & Artie

05

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' tae e'enin',
He hosts an' he hirpls the weary day lang,
He's doyl't an' he's dozin', his blude it is frozen,
Oh dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man.

He hums and he hankers, he frets an' he cankers,
I never can please him dae a' that I can,
He's peevish an' jealous o' a' the young fellas,
Oh dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour tae follow her plan.
I'll cross him an' wrack him until I heartbreak him
An' then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

Fisher Lassies

Although we have known this Ewan MacColl song for some time, we decided to record it after hearing a tape made by Howard Glasser from Massachusetts when he was taken to the Stewarts' home in Fetterangus in the early 60s. Two of the family sang the song accompanied by piano, and sound as if they had as much fun recording it as we did.
Vocals Cilla & Artie, Acoustic & Electric Piano Rick.

Come a' ye fisher lassies, aye an' come awa' wi' me,
Frae Cairnbulg an' Gamrie an' frae Inverallochy,
Frae Buckie an' frae Aiberdeen an' a' the country roon',
We're awa' tae gut the herrin', we're awa' tae Yarmouth toon.

Cilla & Artie

06

Ye rise up in the mornin' wi' yer bundle in yer hand,
Be at the station early or ye'll surely hae tae stand.
Tak' plenty tae eat an' a kettle fir yer tea,
Or ye'll maybe die o' hunger on the way tae Yarmouth quay.

The journey it's a lang yin, it taks a day or twa,
An' when ye reach yer lodgings sure it's sound asleep ye'll fa'.
But ye rise at five wi' the sleep still in yer ee,
Yer awa' tae find the gutting yairds along the Yarmouth quay.

It's early in the morning' aye it's late in tae the nicht,
Yer hands are cut an' chappit, aye they look an unco sight,
An' ye greet like a we an when ye pit them in the bree,
An' ye wish ye were a thousand miles awe' frae Yarmouth quay.

There's coopers there an' curers there, buyers canny chiels,
There's lassies at the picklin' an' others at the cree|s,
An' ye'll wish the fish had been a' left in the sea,
By the time yer finished gutting' herrin' on the Yarmouth quay.

I've gutted fish in Lerwick, aye in Stornoway an' Shields,
I've worked along the Humber neath the the barrels an' the creels
Whitby, Grimsby, I've traivelled up an' doon,
But the place tae see the herrin' is the quay at Yarmouth toon.

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Generations of Change

A new song written by Matt Armour reminding us of the rapid changes that have taken place in the East Neuk of Fife. We have had a great response from audiences to this song - several Fife people have told us that the story is true of their family, and everyone seems to enjoy its optimism.

Vocals Cilla & Artie, Accordion & Bass Synthesiser Phil, Autoharp Bob, Guitar Artie.

My faither is a baillie frae a wee fairm at Caiplie,
He worked on the land a' the days of his life.
By the time he made second he aye said he reckoned
He'd ploughed near on half o' the East Neuk o' Fife.
He feed on at Randerston, Crawhill and Clephinton,
Cambo and Carnbee and big Rennie Hill,
At Kingsbarn he married, at Boarhills he's buried.
But man, had he lived he'd be ploughing on still,

For those days were his days, those ways were his ways
Tae follow the ploo while his back was still strong,
But those days have passed and the time came at last
For the weakness of age to make way for the young.

I wisnae fir plooin', tae the sea I wis goin',
Tae follow the fish and the fisherman's ways.
In rain hail and sunshine I've watched the lang run line,
Nae man mair contented his whole workin' day.
I've lang lined the Fladden ground, the Dutch and the Dogger Bank,
Pulled the big fish frae the deep Devil's Hole.
I've side trawled off Shetland, the Faroes and Iceland,
In weather much worse than a body could thole.

For that day was my day, that way was my way,
Tae follow the fish while my back was still strong,
But that day has passed and the time come at last
For the weakness of age to make way for the young.

My sons they have grown an' away they have gone,
Tae search for black oil, in the far northern sea.
Like oilmen they walk an' like Yankees they talk,
There's no much in common 'tween my sons an' me.
They've rough rigged on Josephine, Forties and Ninian,
Claymore and Dunlin, Fisher and Awk.
They've made fortunes for sure for in one run ashore
They spend more than I earned in a whole season's work.

But this day is their day, this way is their way,
Tae ride the rough rigs while their backs are still strong,
But this day will pass and the time come at last
For the weakness of age to make way for the young.

My grandsons are growing, to the school they're soon going,
But the lang weeks of summer they spend here wi' me.
We walk through the warm days, talk o' the auld ways,
The cornfield and codfish, the land and the sea.
We walk through the fields that my father once tilled,
Talk wi' the auld men that once sailed wi' me.
Man, it's been awfae good, I've shown them all I could
O' the past and the present, what their future might be.

For the morn will be their day, what will be their way?
What will they make of their land, sea and sky?
Man, I've seen awfae change but it still seems gie strange,
Tae look at my world through a young laddie's eyes.

Fair Maid of London Town

This song was given to us by Stanley Robertson from Aberdeen. It's well worth singing for the pleasure of delivering the last line.
Vocals Cilla & Artie, Mouth Organ Jim, Fiddle Johnny, Bass Synthesiser Phil, Guitar Artie.

A fair maid came from London Town some apples and pears tae sell
An' adventurer met her on the way an' the truth tae you I'll tell.

Wi ma tarra nan ti ni to ae

Sing whack fal orra li

Wi ma tarra nan ti ni to ae

Sing whack fal orra li

'Apples and pears, kind sir,' she said, 'please taste them if ye please,

An' if there's anything else ye'd like just ask it at yer ease'

'What wid ye take ma bonnie lass tae lie ae nicht wi' me

An' I will gie ye a' I can an' I'll be good company'

'Twenty pounds kind sir,' she said, 'tae lie ae nicht wi' me,

An' I will gie ye a' I can an' I'll be good company.'

So they walked back tae London Town, intae a room they went

An' there he hired the bonnie lass but he widna pay his rent.

'Oh you are a foolish young girl fir openin' up yer door,

Fir not a pennie ye shall have fir I am very poor.'

'But sir it disnae bother me that ye have messed my locks.

Fir I will hae the last laugh fir I've left ye wi' the pox.'

Cilla & Artie

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The Wicked Wife

A Fife version of the well-known ballad, given to us by Eck Harley from Cupar. The method of administering the potion is unique to this version, as far as we know.
Vocals Cilla & Artie, Concertina Grey, Hammered Dulcimer Malcolm, Lap Organ Artie.

There was an old lady who in Dundee did dwell,
She loved her husband dearly an' another man just as well.

Wi ma titty fal ae
Right fal ae
Titty faloo ra lay

She gaed tae a doctor tae see if she could find
Some curious sort of a medical tae mak' her auld man blind.
The doctor gaed her a marrowbone tae grind it very sma'
An' blow it intae her husband's eyes so he couldna see ony at a'
The doctor wrote a letter and signed it wi' his hand.
An' posted it on tae the auld man so he wid understand.
So early next mornin' the auld man he did say,
'Auld wife, I think I'll droon masel fir I canna find ma way.'
'It's oh, dear husband, it's wait till break o' day,
An' I'll gang steadily wi' ye fir I'm feart ye'll lose yer way.'
At last they cam' tae the water, the water bein' dim.
'Auld wife I canna droon masel, ye'll hae tae shove me in.'
She steppit firrit, she steppit back, an' wi' an awful' rin
The silly auld devil he stood aside an' she gaed headlang in.
Splashin' dashing' like a duck, 'Oh, help me,' she did roar.
Oh wisna she a silly auld bitch, she couldnae swim ashore.
There cam' a kindhearted gentleman who couldnae watch her droon,
An' wi' the end o' his walkin' stick he shoved her the further doon.

The Gypsy Laddies

Peter Hall collected this from Jessie McDonald of McDuff as *The German Laddies*. By mistake Jessie sang the first half of the song to the tune of a song she had sung earlier. Peter preferred the mistaken tune to the original and decided to use it when he came to perform it himself.

Vocals Cilla, *Fiddles* John, *Viola* Brian McNeill, *Guitars* Artie & Brian Miller.

Three gypsies cam' tae oor ha' door an' oh but they sang bonnie,
They sang sae sweet an' sae complete that they stole the hairt o' a lady.
Well she's cam' trippin' doon the stair an' a' her maids gaed 'fore her,
And the very first thing that she gaed tae them wis the gowd ring aff her finger.
She's gaen tae them a fine bottle o' the wine, the nutmeg an' the ginger,
But the very best thing that she gaed tae them wis the gowd ring aff her finger.
It's 'Ye'll tak' aff yer silken goon, pit on yer tartan plaidie,
An' ye'll come awe' this lea lang nicht fir tae follow wi' the gypsy laddies.'
'Yes I'll tak' aff my silken goon, pit on my tartan plaidie,
An' I'll come awe' this lea lang nicht fir tae follow wi' the gypsy laddies.'
Late that night her lord cam' hame enquiring for his lady.
'The very last sicht that we saw o' her she wis followin' the gypsy laddies.'
'Gie saddle tae me my black, my black, gie saddle tae me my pony,
And I'll ride ower yon high high hills in search o' my dear lady.'
He's rade east and he's rade west an' he's rade tae Strathbogie,
An' there he spied an auld beggar man an' he speired him for his lady.
'I've come east an' I've come west an' I've come frae Strathbogie,
An' the bonniest lady that e'er I saw she was followin' the gypsy laddies.'
'If this be the truth that ye tell tae me half o' my lands I'll gie ye,
But if it be a lie that ye tell tae me frae my castle gates I'll hang ye.'
He's rade on and further on till he's cam' tae Strathbogie,
An' there he spied his ain dear wife lyin' doon wi' the gypsy laddies.
'Wid ye forsake yer hooses an' yer land, wid ye forsake yer baby,
Wid ye forsake yer ain weddit lord tae gae follow wi' the gypsy laddies?'
'Yes I'd forsake my hooses an' my land, I'd even forsake my baby,
I'd forsake my ain weddit lord tae gae wi' the gypsy laddies.'
'Last nicht I lay in a fine feather bed, my ain weddit lord lang side me,
This nicht I will lie in a cold barn shed wi' the gypsies yin' a' aroon me.'
For they are seven brothers o' us a' an' a' o' them sae bonnie,
They were hanged every man according tae the law for the stealing of a gay lord's lady.

Blue Bleezin' Blind Drunk

We first heard this song by Sheila Stewart at Kinross Festival a number of years ago. Cilla's brother Archie suggested she add it to her repertoire and we eventually picked up the words from an assistant at the Library of Congress in Washington DC.
Vocal Cilla.

I'll go an' I'll get blue bleezin` blind drunk
Just to give Mickey a warning
An' just for to spite I'll stay out all night
An' come rollin' home drunk in the morning,

Cilla & Artie

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Now friends I have a sad story,
A very sad story to tell.
I married a man for his money,
An' he`s worse than the devil himsel'.

For when Mickey comes home in the evening,
He batters me all black an' blue,
He knocks me about from the kitchen,
To the bedroom right through to the room.

For of whiskey I ne'er was a lover,
But what can a poor woman do?
I'll go and I'll drown all my sorrows,
But I wish I could drown Mickey too.

John Grumlie

Cilla's father used to sing this song in an amusing music hall style. Ray passed on the tune to us as she remembers it and the words are an adaptation of the Aberdeenshire version.

Vocals Cilla & Artie, Acoustic Piano Rick, Mandolin Brian Miller.

John Grumlie swore by the licht o' the moon an' the green leaves on the tree,
That he could dae mair work in a day than his wife could dae in three,
His wife rose up in the mornin' wi' cares an' troubles anew,
'John Grumlie, bide at hame, John, an' I'll gang haud the ploo.'

Singing fal daralal da laldie
Fal lal da lal da lay
(Repeat last line of verse)

'First ye maun dress yer children fair an' pit them in their gear,
An' ye maun turn the malt, John, or else ye'll spoil the beer,
An' ye maun reel the twill, John, that I spun yesterday,
An' ye maun ca' in the hens, John, else they'll a' lay away.'

Noo John forgot tae milk the coo an' churn the butter tae,
An' a' gaed wrang an' nocht gaed richt an' he danced wi' rage that day.
Then up he ran tae the tap o' the knowe wi' mony's the wave an' shoot.
She heard him but she heed him not, an' she steered the horse aboot.

John Grumlie's wife cam' hame at e'en an' laughed as she'd been mad,
Tae see the house in sic a plight an' John sae glum an' sad.
Says he, 'This work it's nae fir me, I'll be nae mair guid wife.'
'Indeed,' says she, 'I'm weel content, ye can keep it the rest o' yer life.'

'Tae the de'il wi' that,' says surly John, 'I'll dae as I've done before.'
Wi' that his wife's ta'en up a stick an' John made aff tae the door.
'Stop, stop, guid wife, I'll haud ma tongue, I ken I'm sair tae blame,
But as from noo I'll mind the ploo an' ye maun bide at hame.'

We'd like to thank the many friends who gave of their talents and time so freely in the recording of this album. It's going to be difficult to sing the songs without them.

Cilla & Artie

Recorded at Temple Studio, Midlothian, May - July 1979, except Fisher Lassies and John Grumlie, recorded at Perfect Crime, Boston, Mass., April 1979 (John Grumlie overdubbed at Ca Va Studios, Glasgow, July 1979), and The Wicked Wife, recorded at Pan Audio, Edinburgh, April 1979.

The Jeannie C

Stan Rogers from Toronto woke us out of our sleep at an early morning session at the Old Dominion Festival in Norfolk, Va. with his riveting ballad.

We were so moved by the song that we learned it that same day.

Vocal & Guitar Cilla, Harmonium, Synthesiser, Bass Synthesiser & Accordion Phil, Northumbrian Pipes Alistair.

Come all ye lads, draw near to me, that I be not forsaken,
This day was lost the Jeannie C an' my living has been taken.

And I'll go to sea no more,

We set out that day in the bright sunlight the same as any other,
My son and I and old John Price in a boat named for my mother.

It's well you know what the fishing has been, it's been scarce an' hard an' cruel,
But this day, by God, we sure caught cod and we sang and laughed like fools.

But I'll never know what we struck that day but strike we did like thunder,
John Price gave a cry an' pitched overside, now forever he's gone under.

'For a leak we've sprung, let there be no delay if the Jeannie C we're saving,
For John Price is drowned an' slipped away, so I'll patch the hole while you're bailing.'

But no leak I found from bow to hold, no rock it was that got her,
But what I found made my heart turn cold, for every seam poured water.

'My God,' I cried, as she went down, 'That boat was like no other,
My father built her when I was nine and named her for my mother.'

An' sure I can have another built in the boat shop down in Dover,
But I would not love the keel they laid like the one the waves roll over.

So come all ye lads, draw near to me, that I be not forsaken,
This day was lost the Jeannie C and my whole life has been taken.

Cilla & Artie

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