

JUNE TABOR
AN ECHO OF HOOVES



JUNÆ TABOR

June Tabor voice

Huw Warren piano, 'cello, piano accordion

Mark Emerson viola, violin, piano (on track 10)

Tim Harries double bass

Martin Simpson guitar (on tracks 2 & 9)

Kathryn Tickell Northumbrian pipes (on tracks 3 & 5)

BONNIE JAMES CAMPBELL

Child 210

words traditional, tune Tabor

arr. Tabor, Warren, Harries; pub. Topic Records Ltd

High upon Highlands and low upon Tay
Bonnie James Campbell rode out on a day
he saddled, he bridled so gallant rode he
home came his good horse but never came he

out came his mother weeping full sore
out came his new bride a-tearing her hair
my meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn
my barn is to build and my baby unborn

saddled and bridled and booted rode he
a plume in his helmet a sword at his knee
his hounds running by him his hawk flying free
home came his good horse but never came he

empty the saddle all bloody to see
home came his good horse but never came he

Adapted from Smith, R.A., *The Scottish Minstrel 1820-4*

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THE DUKE OF ATHOLE'S NURSE

Child 212

traditional arr. Tabor, Simpson; pub. Topic Records Ltd

As I come in by the Duke of Athole's gates
I heard a girl sing bonny
it's I would give all of my half-year's fee
for a kiss and a sight of my Johnny

you are the Duke of Athole's nurse
and oh but you sing bonny
keep well, keep well your half-year's fee
here's a sight and a kiss of your Johnny

he's leaned him over his saddle bow
and given her kisses many
it's you have my heart but another has my hand
so what better are you of Johnny

if I have your heart but another has your hand
these words have fairly undone me
but come let us set a time to meet again
so it's in good friendship you'll leave me

3

you'll go down to yonder alehouse
and drink 'til the day be a-dawning
spare not the beer although it be dear
at the wine keep constantly drawing
and as sure as the love the we both once had
I'll come and I'll clear your lawing

so he's gone down to yonder ale house
and drank 'til the day was a-dawning
and he spared not the beer although it was dear
at the wine he kept constantly drawing

and he's looked out of the shot window
to see if the day was a-dawning
and there he espied seven well armed men
a-come for to clear his lawing

oh landlady landlady what can I do
my life it is not worth a farthing
my love has sent all seven of her brothers
I'll be dead ere the day be a-dawning

she's taken off her petticoat
likewise her gown and her apron
she's given him the bonnet from off of her head
and she's set him down to the baking
and the birds never sang so sweetly on the bush
as the young squire sang at the baking

oh came there a stranger here last night
to drink ere the day was a-dawning ?
come show us the room that the stranger is in
we've come for to clear his lawing

there came a stranger here last night
but he left ere the day was a-dawning
and he bought but a pint and he paid it ere he went
so he did not leave any lawing

they sought him up they sought him down
they spared not the feather beds a-turning
and as they went but and as they went ben
they said bonny lassie are you baking?

they sought him up they sought him down
they spared not the curtains a-riving
and ay as the landlady went but and ben
she scolded the lassie at her baking
saying I've had many and many's the maid
but the likes of you I've never had baking

they sought him up they sought him down
through hall and kitchen a-raking
and each one of them as they passed by
kissed the bonny lassie at her baking

and for all that they called
and all the they sought
they left the bonny lassie busy baking

lawing - reckoning † but and ben - to and fro
riving - tearing

From the Greig mss. 1885-1914

THE BATTLE OF
OTTERBURN

Child 161

traditional arr. Tabor, Tickell; pub. Topic Records Ltd

It fell about the Lammas tide when moor men win their hay
the doughty Douglas bound him to ride into England to drive a prey
and he has burned the dales of Tyne and part of Bamburghshire
and three good towers on Reidswire Fells he left them all on fire
then he's marched on down to Newcastle, whose house is this so fine ?
it's up spoke proud Lord Percy, I tell you this castle is mine
If you're the lord of this fine castle, well it pleases me
for ere I crossed the Border fells the one of us shall die
then Percy took a long long spear shod with metal free
and for to meet the Douglas there he rode right furiously
how pale, how pale his lady looked from the castle wall
when down before the Scottish spear she saw proud Percy fall
had we two been upon the green no other eye to see
I would have had you flesh and fell, now your pennon shall go with me
now I'll go up to Otterburn, there I'll wait for thee
if you come not ere three days' end a false knight I'll call thee
oh it's I will come proud Percy said, I swear by our Lady
then there I'll wait says Douglas, my troth I plight to thee
they've ridden high on Otterburn upon the bent so brown
they've lighted high on Otterburn and threw their pallions down

the day being done and the night come on, a clear moon o'er the land
awake awake my lord, for Percy is hard at hand

you lie, you lie you little page, loud I hear you lie
for Percy had not men yestreen to dight my men and me

but I have dreamed a dreadful dream, beyond the Isle of Skye -
I saw a dead man win a fight and I think that man was I

he's belted on his good broad sword and to the field he ran
but he forgot the helmet good that should have kept his brain

they hacked their swords 'til the sweat did flow, blood ran down like rain
and Percy wounded Douglas on the brow and he fell never more to rise again

he's called to him the Lord Montgomery, what recks the death of one ?
last night I dreamed a dreadful dream and I know that this day is your own

oh bury me by the bracken bush, 'neath the briar tree
oh hide me by the bracken bush that my merry men might not see

the moon was clear the day drew near, the spears in flinders flew
many's the bold English man ere day these Scotsmen slew

then Percy and Montgomery met, the blood so free did flow
now yield thee, Percy, he says, or else I'll lay you low

you shall not yield to lord nor loun, nor shall you yield to me
but yield unto the bracken bush that grows by yonder briar tree

I will not yield to a bracken bush nor to a briar tree
but I would yield to the Earl Douglas or else to Lord Montgomery

this deed was done at the Otterburn, at the break of day
they buried Douglas by the bracken bush and led Percy a captive away

win - *take in* † Bamburgshire - *south of Berwick-on-Tweed*
Reidswire - *on the Border near Carter Bar* † tree - *fine* † tell - *skin*
pennon - *streamer attached to a lance* † bent - *moorland*
pallions - *pavilions or tents* † dight - *beat* † recks - *matters*
flinders - *smilthereens* † loun - *peasant*

Words adapted from Scott, Sir W., *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border 1802-3*
Tune from Sharpe mss. 1820

The Battle of Otterburn was fought on August 19th 1388. The ballad follows quite closely Froissart's contemporary account of this episode of the Hundred Years War. Scottish casualties are believed to have been around 100 killed, 200 captured, while the English lost around 1800 killed, 1000 wounded and 1000 taken prisoner. Earl Douglas was in fact buried at Melrose. Percy's pennon was never found.

LORD MAXWELL'S LAST GOODNIGHT

Child 195

words traditional, tune traditional, Tabor

arr. Tabor, Warren, Emerson, Harries; pub. Topic Records Ltd

Good my lord, will you stay then about my father's house
and walk into these gardens green? in my arms I'll thee embrace
ten thousand times I'll kiss your mouth, make sport and be merry.
I thank you lady for your kindness, trust me, I may not stay with thee

for I have killed the laird Johnstone, I care not for the feud
my loyal heart did still incline, he was my father's death
by day and night I did pursue, and all on him revenged to be
now I have gotten what I long sought, trust me, I may not stay with thee

adieu Dumfries, my proper place, adieu adieu Caerlaverock fair
adieu my castle of the Threave, and all my buildings there

adieu Lochmaben's gates so fair, and the Langholm shank where the birk bobs bonny
adieu my lady and my only joy, trust me, I may not stay with thee

he has taken a good gold ring, whereat hang signets three
says take you this my own dear love, and ay have mind of me
but if you take another lord while I am o'er the sea
his life is but a three days lease, trust me, I may not stay with thee

the wind was fair, the ship was clear, the good lord went away
the most part of his friends were there to give him safe convoy
they ate the meat, they drank the wine, presenting in that good lord's sight
now he is over the flood so gray, Lord Maxwell's taken his last goodnight

shank - *ridge* † birk - *birch tree* † clear - *ready to sail*

Words: Paton ms. 1778

Tune: mostly from Blaikie ms. 1820



Behind these courtly lyrics lie the last stages of "probably the bitterest and bloodiest family quarrel in British history" (G.M. Fraser), between the Maxwells and the Johnstones, the two leading reiving families of the Scottish West March. The theft of 'ane blak horse' on a fine summer's day in 1592 set in train a chain of events that culminated in the battle of Dryfe Sands on the 6th December 1593 where John, 8th Lord Maxwell, was struck from the saddle by James, the Laird Johnstone. As Maxwell stretched out his hand in surrender it was cut off. He then went down and was cut to pieces. Despite being outlawed after the battle, the Johnstones were soon back in power and the feud continued to fester. In 1608, in an effort to finally resolve matters, a meeting was arranged between Johnstone and John, the 9th Lord Maxwell. During the parley a dispute broke out between their servants, and as Johnstone turned, Maxwell shot him in the back. He fled the country but returned in secret four years later, only to be betrayed by a kinsman. He was beheaded in Edinburgh in May 1613.

HUGHIE GRAEME

Child 191

words traditional, tune traditional, Tabor, Emerson
arr. Tabor, Warren, Emerson, Harries; pub. Topic Records Ltd

Lords are to the mountains gone
a-hunting of the fallow deer
they have grippit Hughie Graeme
for stealing of the Bishop's mare

they have bound him hand and foot
and led him up through Carlisle town
all the lads along the way
cried Hughie Graeme, you shall hang

loose my right arm free, he says
put my broadsword in my hand
there's none in Carlisle town this day
dare tell the tale to Hughie Graeme

up and spoke the good Whitefoord
as he sat by the Bishop's knee
five hundred white stots I'll give you
if you'll give Hughie Graeme to me



10

hold your tongue my noble lord
and of your pleading let it be
although ten Graemes were in his coat
Hughie Graeme this day shall die

up and spoke the fair Whitefoord
as she sat by the Bishop's knee
five hundred white pence I'll give you
if you'll let Hughie Graeme go free



hold your tongue my lady fair
and of your weeping let it be
although ten Graemes were in his coat
it's for my honour he must die

they've ta'en him to the hanging hill
and led him to the gallows tree
ne'er the colour left his cheek
nor ever did he blink his eye

then he's looked him round about
all for to see what he could see
there he saw his father dear
weeping, weeping bitterly

hold your tongue my father dear
and of your weeping let it be
it sorer, sorer grieves my heart
than all that they could do to me

and you may give my brother John
my sword that's made of the metal clear
and bid him come at twelve of the clock
and see me pay the Bishop's mare

and you may give my brother James
my sword that's made of the metal brown
and tell him come at four of the clock
and see his brother Hugh cut down

remember me to Maggie my wife
the next time you come oe'r the moor
tell her, she stole the Bishop's mare
tell her, she was the Bishop's whore

and you may tell my kith and kin
I never did disgrace their blood
when next they meet the Bishop's cloak
leave it shorter by the hood

stot - a young ox † hanging hill - at Harraby on the outskirts of
Carlisle, where is now found the NW offices of The Inland Revenue

Words from Johnson, J. The Scots Musical Museum 6v, 1787- 1803.
Contributed (and improved?) by Robert Burns.
Tune mostly adapted from the Appalachian piece
'The Falls of Richmond'

Graham (or Graeme) is another of the great raiding names of the
Border. "Apart from the Armstrongs, the Grahams were probably
the most troublesome family on the frontier. They were mostly
English (so far as Border history goes) but notoriously ready to be on
either side. Their dual allegiances caused confusion and they were
cordially detested by their own English authorities" (G.M.Fraser).
There seems to be no historical evidence for the actual events of this
ballad, but it typifies nonetheless the brutality of Border life in the
fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and the Grahams' involvement in all
aspects of it – theft, blackmail, blood-feud and murder.



11

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT

traditional arr. Tabor, Warren; pub. Topic Records Ltd

My love he built me a bonny bower
and clad it o'er with lily flower
a bonnier bower you ne'er did see
than my true love he built for me

there came a man by middle day
he spied his sport and went away
and brought the King that very night
who broke my bower and slew my knight

he slew my knight to me so dear
he slew my knight and seized his gear
my servants all for life did flee
and left me in extremity

I sewed his shroud making my moan
I watched his corpse myself alone
I watched his body night and day
no living creature came that way

I took his body on my back
and whiles I walked and whiles I sat
I digged a grave and laid him in
and happed him with the turf so green

o don't you think my heart was sore
as I laid the earth on his yellow hair
o don't you think my heart was woe
when I turned about away to go

no living man I'll love again
since that my lovely knight is slain
with just one lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermore

lily - lovely † happed - covered

*Tune from Thomson, A Select Collection of Scottish Airs, 1805
Words from Scott, Sir W. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border
1802-3 "obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick"*

Although it has elements in common with *The Famous Flower of Serving-men* (Child 106) and to a lesser extent with *The Three Ravens* (Child 26), this song is complete in its own right, a timeless picture of loss and grief. How often has this scene been re-enacted across the centuries?

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

Child 74

traditional arr. Tabor, Warren, Harries; pub. Topic Records Ltd

Sweet William arose on a May morning
and he dressed himself in blue
we want you to tell of that long love that's been
between Lady Marget and you

well, I know nothing of Lady Marget's love
I know she don't love me

before tomorrow morning at eight of the clock
Lady Marget a bride shall see

Lady Marget was a-sitting in her own bower room
combing back her yellow hair
and she saw Sweet William and his new wedded bride
and the lawyers a-riding by

it's down she stood her ivory comb
and back she threw her hair
and it's you may suppose and be very well assured
Lady Marget was heard no more

the day being passed and the night coming on
when most all men were asleep
something appeared to Sweet William and his bride
and stood at their bed feet

saying, how do like your bed making
and how do you like your sheets
and how do you like that new wedded bride
that lies in your arm and sleeps ?

very well do I like my bedmaking
much better do I like my sheets
but best of all is that gay lady
that stands at my bed feet

the night being past and the day coming on
when most all men were awake
Sweet William he said he was troubled in his head
by the dreams that he dream'd last night

such dreams such dreams cannot be true
I'm afraid they're of no good

I dream'd that my chamber was full of wild swine
and my bride's bed a-floating in blood

he's called down his waiting men
one by two by three
saying, go and ask leave of my new wedded bride
if Lady Marget I mayn't go and see

he's rode up to Lady Marget's own bower room
and tingled all on the ring
and who was so ready as her own born brother
to rise and let him in

is Lady Marget in her own bower room
or is she in her hall
or is she high in her chambery
amongst the ladies all ?

Lady Marget's not in her own bower room
nor neither is she in her hall
but she is in her long cold coffin
lies pale against yon wall

unroll, unroll those winding sheets
although they're very fine
and let me kiss them cold pale lips
just as often as they've kissed mine

it's first he's kissed her ivory cheeks
and then he's kissed her chin
and when he kissed them cold pale lips
there was no breath within

three times he's kissed her ivory cheeks
three times he's kissed her chin

and the last time he kissed them cold pale lips
it crushed his heart within

Lady Marget died like it might be today
Sweet William he died on tomorrow
Lady Marget she died for pure true love
Sweet William he died for sorrow

Lady Marget was buried in yons churchyard
Sweet William was buried by her
and out of her grave sprung a red red rose
out of his a green green briar

and they both grew up the old church wall
'til they could not grow any higher
and they met and they tied in a true lovers' knot
red rose around green briar

*Collected by Cecil Sharp and Maud Karpeles
from Jeff Stockton of Flag Pond, Tennessee in 1916.*

This tale of a long-standing Arrangement which
counts for nothing and ends in tragedy is first
mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's play *The
Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1611).



14

RARE WILLIE

Child 215

traditional arr. Tabor; pub. Topic Records Ltd

O Willie's rare and Willie's fair
and Willie's wondrous bonny
and Willie hecht to marry me
before he married any

Yestreen I made my bed so broad
this night I'll make it narrow
for all the livelong winter's nights
I'll lie twined of my marrow

oh come ye by yon waterside
pulled ye the rose or lily
or come ye by yon meadow green
and saw you my sweet Willie

she sought him east, she sought him west
she sought him broad and narrow
'til in the cleaving of a craig
she found him drowned in Yarrow

hecht - *promised* † twined - *bereft*
marrow - *mate or lover* † craig - *crag*

*Words and tune from Thomson,
Orpheus Caledonius, 2v, 1733.*

Yarrow Water runs between Selkirk and St Mary's Loch.

YOUNG JOHNSTONE

Child 88

*words traditional, tune traditional, Tabor, Simpson
arr. Tabor, Simpson; pub. Topic Records Ltd*

Young Johnstone and the young Colonel
sat drinking at the wine
it's if you'll marry my sister
it's I will marry thine

I wouldn't marry your sister
for all your houses and land
but it's I will make her my mistress
when I come o'er the strand

Young Johnstone had a little wee sword
hung low down by his gear
and he's thrust it through the young Colonel
that word he never spoke more

then he's away to his sister's bower
he's tired at the pin
where have you been my dear brother
so late a-coming in
it's I have been at school, lady
learning young clerks to sing

oh I have dreamed a dreadful dream
I hope it may be for good
they were seeking you with hawks and hounds
and the young Colonel was dead

hawks and hounds they may seek me
as I trow well they be

for I have killed the young Colonel
thy own true love was he

if you have killed the young Colonel
then dule and woe is me
may they hang you from the high gallows
and have no power to flee

then he's away to his true love's bower
he's tired at the pin
where have you been my dear Johnstone
so late a-coming in
I have been at school, lady
learning young clerks to sing

I have dreamed a dreadful dream
I hope it may be for good
they were seeking you with hawks and hounds
and the young Colonel was dead

hawks and hounds they may seek me
as I trow well they be
for I have killed the young Colonel
thy own brother was he

if you have killed the young Colonel
then dule and woe is me
but I care the less for the young Colonel
if thy own body be free

come in, come in my dear Johnstone
come in and take a sleep
and I will go to my casement
and carefully I'll thee keep

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she had not well been at her bower door
no not for half an hour
when four and twenty belted knights
come a-riding by the bower

well may you sit and see, lady
well may you sit and say
did not you see a bloody squire
come riding by this way

what colour were his hawks, she says
what colour were his hounds
what colour was the gallant steed
that bore him from the bounds ?

bloody, bloody were his hawks
and bloody were his hounds
but milk white was the gallant steed
that bore him from the bounds

yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks
and bloody were his hounds
but milk white was the gallant steed
that bore him from the bounds

light down, light down now, gentlemen
and take a glass of wine
and the steed be swift that he rides on
he's past the bridge of Lyne

we thank you for your bread lady
we thank you for your wine
but I'd rather thrice three thousand pounds
that that bloody knight was ta'en

lie still, lie still my dear Johnstone
lie still and take a sleep
for thy enemies are past and gone
and carefully I'll thee keep

Young Johnstone had a little wee sword
hung low down by his gear
and he thrust it in fair Annet's breast
a deep wound and sore

what aileth thee now dear Johnstone
what aileth thee at me
have you not got my father's gold
and my mother's fee ?

now live, now live my dear lady
now live but half an hour
and there's not a leech in all Scotland
but shall be at thy bower

how can I live, how shall I live
Young Johnstone don't you see
the red red drops of my heart's blood
run a-trickling down my knee

but take your harp into your hand
and harp out o'er yon plain
and think no more on thy true love
than if she'd never been

he had not well been out of the stable
and on the saddle set
when four and twenty broad arrows
were thrilling in his heart

tired at the pin - rattled the doorknocker
dule - sorrow † *fee* - property
The Lyne Water - joins the river Tweed near Peebles

Mostly from Motherwell, W., Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern, 1827.

This is the true stuff of Tragedy – a short temper fuelled by alcohol sets in motion an inexorable sequence of events in which the innocent suffer and the (anti-)hero meets a bloody end (cf. Kurosawa's *Throne of Blood*) – all the careless violence of a Western but set in a Scottish landscape.

THE CRUEL MOTHER

Child 20

traditional arr. Tabor, Emerson; pub. Topic Records Ltd

There was a lady near the town
– *low so low and so lonely*
she walked all night and all around
– *down in the green woods of Ivry*

she's leaned her back against a thorn
two little babies she has borne

she took a rope so long and neat
she tied them down both hand and feet

she took a knife so keen and sharp
she pierced it through each tender heart

she buried them under the marble stone
then she turned and went on home

as she walked out one moonlit night
she saw two babes all dressed in white

oh babes, oh babes if you were mine
I'd dress you up in silks so fine

oh mother, oh mother when we were yours
you dressed us in our own hearts' blood

you wiped your penknife on your shoe
the more you wiped it the bloodier it grew

you buried us under the marble stone
you turned and went a maiden home

babes, oh babes come tell me true
what death must I die for you

for seven years you shall ring the bell
for seven years you shall wait in hell

Tune collected by Cecil Sharp and Maud Karpeles from James Chisholm of Nellysford, Virginia in 1918. Words collated from other Appalachian versions also collected by Sharp and Karpeles.



SIR PATRICK SPENS

Child 58

*words traditional, tune traditional, Tabor
arr. Tabor, Warren, Emerson, Harris; pub. Topic Records Ltd*

High sits our King in Dunfermline
drinking the blood red wine
oh where can I get me a good skipper
to sail this new ship of mine

and up and spoke a noble lord
sat at the King's right hand
it's you must get Sir Patrick Spens
he's walking out on the strand

and the King has written a broad letter
and sealed it with his hand
and sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
as he walked out on the strand

and the first line that Sir Patrick read
loud, loud laughed he
the next line that Sir Patrick read
oh the tear it blinded his eye

oh who is this has done this deed
and told the King on me
to send us out this time of the year
to sail the wintry sea?

for I saw the old moon late last night
with the new moon in her arms
oh master dear if you set to sea
I fear you'll come to harm

be it wind, be it wet, be it snow or sleet
our good ship must sail the morn
to gang o'er to Norrowa
to take the King's bride home

we hoisted sail on the Monday morn
with all the speed we may
and we landed in to Norrowa
upon a Wednesday

and we had not been in Norrowa
a week but barely twa
when that the lords of Norrowa
aloud began to say

you Scotsmen spend all our Queen's gold
and all our Queen's fee
you lie, you lie, you liars loud
so loud I hear you lie

for I have brought as much money
as dee with my men and me
and I have brought as much red gold
out o'er the sea with me

make ready, make ready my merry men all
our ship must sail in the morn
you must do as you like, my master dear
but I fear a deadly storm

and we had not sailed a league, a league
a league but barely three
when the sky grew dark and the wind grew high
and loud, loud roared the sea

oh where can I get me a bonny boy
will take my helm in hand
while I climb to the topmast head
to see if I can find land

oh here am I, a bonny boy
will take your helm in hand
while you climb to the topmast head
but I fear you'll never find land

and he had not climbed a rung, a rung
a rung but barely three
when a voice come calling up to him
come down and speak with me
there's a hole, a hole in our ship's side
and through it pours the sea

oh fetch me a web of the silken cloth
and another of the twine
and bind it round our good ship's side
to let not the water in

so they've fetched him a bolt of the silken cloth
and another of the twine
and they've bound it round our good ship's side
but still the sea poured in

and loath, loath were those good Scots lords
to wet their cork-heeled shoon
but long ower the play was played
their hats were under the foam

and many were the feather beds
that floated out on the foam

and many were the good Scots lords
that never more came home

and long, long may the maidens sit
their fans into their hands
a-waiting for Sir Patrick Spens
come sailing o'er to the sand

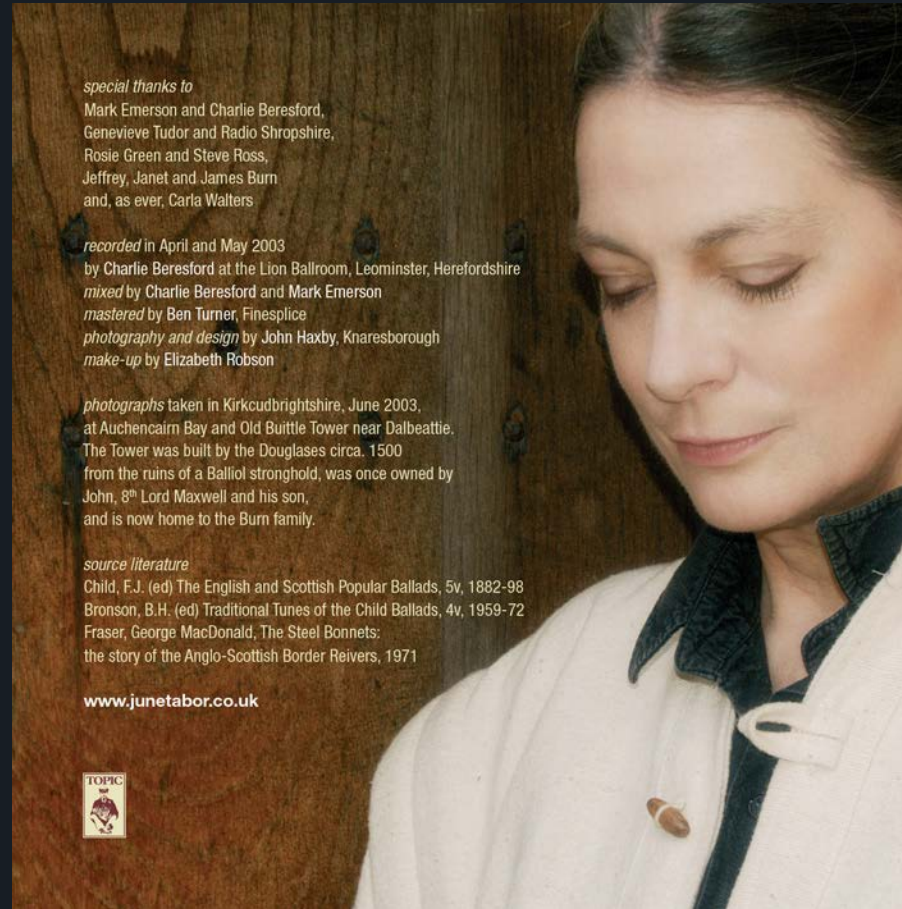
and long, long may the ladies sit
their gold combs in their hair
a-waiting for their husbands dear
but home they'll come no more

and three miles off Aberdeen
go fifty fathoms deep
and there you'll find Sir Patrick Spens
with the Scots lords at his feet

*Words from Roy Palmer's anthology
The Everyman Book of Ballads
Tune partly from the Harris mss.
(pre-1880)*

First appearing in Percy's *Reliques*,
1765, Child "does not feel compelled
to regard this ballad as historical",
but Margaret, daughter of Alexander
the Third of Scotland was married
in 1281 to Eric, King of Norway. She
was taken by ship to Norway in the
August of that year with a large escort
of noblemen, many of whom were
drowned on the voyage home.





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recorded in April and May 2003

by Charlie Beresford at the Lion Ballroom, Leominster, Herefordshire
mixed by Charlie Beresford and Mark Emerson
mastered by Ben Turner, Finesplice
photography and design by John Haxby, Knaresborough
make-up by Elizabeth Robson

photographs taken in Kirkcudbrightshire, June 2003,

at Auchencairn Bay and Old Buittle Tower near Dalbeattie.
The Tower was built by the Douglasses circa. 1500
from the ruins of a Balliol stronghold, was once owned by
John, 8th Lord Maxwell and his son,
and is now home to the Burn family.

source literature

Child, F.J. (ed) The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, 5v, 1882-98
Bronson, B.H. (ed) Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads, 4v, 1959-72
Fraser, George MacDonald, The Steel Bonnets:
the story of the Anglo-Scottish Border Reivers, 1971

www.junetabor.co.uk



JUNE TABOR
WITH
HUW WARREN
MARK EMERSON
TIM HARRIES
MARTIN SIMPSON
KATHRYN TICKELL

VOICE
PIANO, 'CELLO, PIANO ACCORDION
VIOLA, VIOLIN, PIANO (ON TRACK 10)
DOUBLE BASS
GUITAR (ON TRACKS 2 & 9)
NORTHUMBERLAND PIPES (ON TRACKS 3 & 5)

1	BONNIE JAMES CAMPBELL	3.38
2	THE DUKE OF ATHOLE'S NURSE	4.18
3	THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN	5.49
4	LORD MAXWELL'S LAST GOODNIGHT	4.16
5	HUGHIE GRAEME	3.20
6	THE BORED R WIDOW'S LAMENT	5.53
7	FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM	5.42
8	RARE WILLIE	3.12
9	YOUNG JOHNSTONE	6.15
10	THE CRUEL MOTHER	6.09
11	SIR PATRICK SPENS	7.05

FOR ME, THE BALLADS OF THE ENGLISH (AND SCOTS) SPEAKING PEOPLES ARE STORY TELLING AT ITS STARK, URGENT BEST. AS YOU LISTEN - FOR THESE ARE SONGS IN WHICH POETRY AND MUSIC ARE EQUALLY IMPORTANT - FEEL THE WIND AND RAIN, SEE THE HUNTER'S MOON RISE AND CATCH AN ECHO OF HOOVES ON THE NIGHT AIR - JUNE TABOR