

**JUNE TABOR  
APPLES**





### APPLES

say "Apples" and what comes into my mind?

A is for Apple, drawn on a school slate ...  
the trees at the end of a childhood garden to  
climb in and swing from (gone now, alas) ...  
the sweet smell of applewood logs on the fire  
... "ripest apples are soonest rotten, hottest love soonest grows  
cold" ... tiny red apples glowing on the tree, like an illustration from  
a fairy tale ... a drift of golden crab-apples under an old hedgerow  
and perhaps amongst them "the bonniest lad that e'er I saw, asleep  
atween twa dogs" ... the bringing-in of the apple harvest in a Breton  
churchyard to honour the Anaon, the kindly dead ... the delight as  
you bite into a Worcester Pearmain or a Pitmaston Pineapple or a  
King of the Pippins and encounter a REAL apple - crisp, nutty, juicy,  
bittersweet or honey-scented ... the signallers of D company Rifle  
Brigade sharing stewed windfall apples and "custard" with their  
C.O. in a Picard orchard, cooked in a dog's saucepan ... three young  
girls huddled beneath an old apple tree and in the distance the light  
of a battle - "our sweethearts are there, fighting for us".....

Love and war, longing and remembrance. Like the apples, like the  
kindly dead of Breton folklore "as thick around us as the grass in  
the field and the drops of rain in a shower" so the songs of tradition  
surround us. They are ours to cherish or to squander.

For Rita and Carmen.

*C'est l'oubli des vivants qui fait mourir les morts.*

It's when the living forget them, that's when the dead really die.

APPLES : 2



### THE DANCING

Andy Shanks, Jim Russell; PRS Cop. Con.

### MISS LINDSAY BARKER

Andy Cutting; PRS Cop. Con.

Saturday night at the Adam Smith Hall  
the couples all move to the dance master's call  
tonight they've no problems, no worries at all  
it's the dancing, the dancing's tonight

and o Monday morning she comes round too soon  
the sound of the flax mill, the beat of the loom  
but tonight the band's playing a romantic tune  
aye the dancing, the dancing's tonight

her partner is perfect so light on his feet  
the footwork is faultless perhaps they might meet  
up by the old kirk or down Hunter Street  
walking home under the stars

walking back late by Kirkcaldy's sea wall  
the sea looks so big the sky is so tall  
the fate of two people can't matter at all  
just a waltz in three-quarter time

*Written as part of Fife's New Makers Trust songwriting  
initiative in the late 1990s, which sent local songwriters  
into care homes to listen to and record the memories  
of residents, Jim and Andy based this song on the  
reminiscences of 101-year-old Mary. "The dancing  
was the dancing," she said, The importance - both  
social and romantic - of the Saturday night dance was  
immense. How many of our own grandparents met  
this way?*

APPLES : 3

THE OLD GARDEN GATE

trad. arr. Tabor, Emerson, Cutting, Harries; pub. Topic Records

as I walked out one May morning  
so early in the Spring  
I placed my back against the old garden gate  
for to hear my true love sing

come now my love and sit down by me  
where the leaves are springing green  
it's now very near three quarters of a year  
since you and I together have been

I will not come and sit down by you  
nor yet no other man  
since you have been courting another young girl  
your heart is no longer mine

there is a flower I've heard them say  
I wish I could that flower find  
it's called heartsease by night and by day  
would it ease my troubled mind?

I cast my anchor in the sea  
and it sank down into the sand  
so did my heart all in my body  
when I took my false love by the hand

I'll never believe a man any more  
be his hair white, yellow or brown  
unless he was high on the gallows tree  
and swearing that he wanted to come down

so girls beware of a false lover true  
never mind what a young man might say  
he's like a star on a foggy foggy morning  
you think he's near, he's far far away

*Collected by Ralph Vaughan Williams  
from Mr Broomfield, a woodcutter,  
of West Horndon, Essex, on the 4<sup>th</sup>  
December 1903, with additional  
verses from other variants of 'The  
False Young Man'. The telling imagery  
of the English love lyric is in all its  
glory here.*

APPLES : 4



THE AULD BEGGARMAN

trad. arr. Tabor, Cutting, Emerson; pub Topic Records

as I was a-linking o'er the lea  
the finest weel that ever I did see  
looking for his charity  
would you lodge a lame poor man?  
for the night being wet and it being cold  
she took pity on the poor old soul  
she took pity on the poor old soul  
and she bade him to sit down

with his tooran nooran nan tan nee  
right ton nooran fol the doo-a-dee  
tooran nooran nooran nee  
with his tooran nooran-i-do

he sat himself in the chimbley neuk  
and the bonny young daughter gave him the look  
with all his bags behind the crook  
right merrily he did sing  
now he grew canty and she was fain  
but little did her mother ken  
just what the two of them were saying  
as they sat sae thrang

o if I was as black as I am white  
like the snow on yon fell-dyke  
I'd dress myself so beggar-like  
and away with you I'd gang  
o lassie lassie you're far too young  
and you haven't got the liit of the begging tongue  
you haven't got the liit of the begging tongue  
so with me you cannot gang

APPLES : 5



I'll burden my back and I'll bend my knee  
I'll draw a black patch o'er my e'e  
and for a beggar they'll take me  
and away with you I'll gang

for all that the doors were locked quite tight  
the old woman rose in the middle of the night  
the old woman rose in the middle of the night  
for to find the old man gone  
she's run to the cupboard likewise to the chest  
all things there and nothing missed  
clapping her hands and the dear be blessed  
wasn't he an honest old man?

when the breakfast was ready and the table laid  
the old woman went for to waken the maid  
the bed was there but the maid was gone  
away with the lame poor man

now seven years were past and gone  
and this old beggar came back again  
looking for his charity  
would you lodge a lame poor man?  
I never lodged any but the one  
and with him my one daughter did gang  
and I choose you to be the very one  
and I'll have you to be gone

if it's your one daughter you want to see  
she has two bairnies on her knee  
she has two bairnies on her knee  
and a third one coming round  
for yonder she sits, yonder she stands  
the fairest lady in all Scotland  
she has servants at her command  
since she went with the lame poor man

*Child No.279, often called 'The Gaberlunzie Man', first printed version in the Tea Table Miscellany 1724; this version collected from Maggie and Sarah Chambers of Tempo, Co. Fermanagh in the 1950s. A song "beloved by travellers and other unsettled people, and by girls who live in remote places" (Sam Henry).*

*Does the girl see through the beggar's disguise, or is she just desperate to escape the slavery of her lonely farmstead home?*

APPLES : 6



### THE RIGS OF RYE

trad. arr. Tabor, Emerson, Cutting, Harries; pub Topic Records

twas in the month of sweet July  
before the sun had pierced the sky  
down between two rigs of rye  
I heard two lovers talking

said he, lassie, I must away  
along with you I cannot stay  
but I've a word or two to say  
if you've the time to listen

of you your father he takes great care  
your mother combs your yellow hair  
but your sisters say you'll get no share  
if you follow me, a stranger

my father may fret and my mother frown  
my sisters too I do disown  
if they were all dead and below the ground  
I would follow you, a stranger

o lassie lassie, your portion's small  
perhaps it may be none at all  
you're not a match for me at all  
so go and wed with some other

the lassie's courage began to fail  
her rosy cheeks grew wan and pale  
and the tears come trickling down like hail  
or a heavy shower in the summer

this lad he being of courage fine  
he's dried her tears and he's kissed her eyes  
saying weep no more lass, you shall be mine  
I said it all to try you

4

this couple they are married now  
and they have bairnies one and two  
and they live in Brechin the winter through  
aye and in Montrose in the summer

*Like the broken token ballad (eg. 'The Plains of Waterloo'), the classic Scottish love song 'The Rigs of Rye' in which a girl's resolve and loyalty are put to the test, shows at least a belief in the power of true love, whatever the reality might have been.*

APPLES : 7



I LOVE MY LOVE

trad. arr. Tabor, Emerson; pub. Topic Records

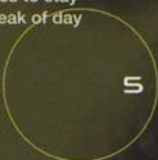
all my friends fell out with me  
because I kept my love's company  
but let them say or do what they will  
I love my love with a free good will

over the mountain I must go  
because my fortune is so low  
with an aching heart and a troubled mind  
at leaving my true love behind

the powers above look down and see  
the parting of true love and me  
tis as hard to part the moon and sky  
as it is to part true love and I

when I have gold she has her part  
when I have none, she has my heart  
and I gave that heart with a free good will  
upon my honour I love her still

the winter's past and the summer's come  
the trees are blooming one by one  
and if my true love chooses to stay  
I'll stay with her 'til the break of day



Collected by Cecil Sharp and Maud Karpeles from Mrs Ellen Webb of Cane River, Burnsville, North Carolina on the 21<sup>st</sup> September 1918. Sharp had written in 1917 "my sole purpose in visiting this country was to collect the traditional songs and ballads which... were still being sung there. I naturally expected to find conditions very similar to those which I had encountered in England when engaged on the same quest. But of this I was soon to be agreeably disillusioned. Instead... of having to confine my attention to the aged as in England... I discovered I could get what I wanted from pretty nearly everyone I met, young and old. In fact, I found myself for the first time in my life in a community in which singing was as common and almost as universal a practice as speaking".

For a riveting account of Sharp and Karpeles' adventures while song-collecting in the Appalachian Mountains of the south-eastern United States, see Mike Yates' excellent introduction to 'Dear Companion' (EFDSS 2004).

APPLES : 8

SOLDIERS THREE

trad. arr. Tabor, Cutting, Emerson, Harries; pub Topic Records

we be soldiers three  
pardona moy je vous an pree  
lately come out of the Low Country  
withouten a penny of money

here good fellow, I drink to thee  
pardona moy je vous an pree  
and to all good fellows, wherever they be  
with never a penny of money

he that will not pledge me this  
pardona moy je vous an pree  
pays for the shot whatever it is  
with never a penny of money

charge it again, boy, charge it again  
pardona moy je vous an pree  
as long as there is any ink in thy pen  
but never a penny of money



First printed version in *Deuteromelia* (1609). At the beginning of the c16<sup>th</sup> the Netherlands were part of the most powerful empire on earth, that of Charles V (1500-1558). It was during his reign that the persecutions and wars began. More than 150 years of violence and brutality followed as the great powers of Europe fought in and for these territories. Finally the land was partitioned, the south annexed by France, the north becoming modern-day Holland and the central part, eventually, Belgium. A degree of stability was achieved but the habit of fighting wars here continued. Mercenaries returning from the troubled Low Countries, penniless, thirsty and dangerous, were to be given a wide berth. "Pardona moy" was definitely a provocation, not an apology.

APPLES : 9



**SPEAK EASY**

words: Robert Burns; tune: Hector MacMillan

gently scan your fellow man  
as gently sister woman  
though they may gang a-kenning wrang  
to step aside is human  
one thing must still be greater dark  
the reason why they do it  
just as vainly shall we mark  
how far perhaps they rue it

7

7  
speak easy

gently scan your fellow man  
as gently sister woman  
though they may gang a-kenning wrang  
to step aside is human  
and at the balance, let's be mute  
we never can adjust it  
what is done we partly may compute  
but know not what's resisted

speak easy  
speak easy

gently scan your fellow man  
as gently sister woman  
though they may gang a-kenning wrang  
to step aside is human

speak easy  
speak easy  
speak easy



*I learned this eloquent and concise plea  
for tolerance and understanding from  
Tomàs Lynch.*

APPLES : 10

*At my father's house there's an apple  
tree, the leaves on it are green and the  
fruit is sweet. Three fine young girls fell  
asleep beneath it. The youngest awoke  
and said "Look, day is breaking". "No",  
said her sister, "It's not dawn, it's the  
light of a battle. Our sweethearts are  
there, fighting for us".*

*Collected from Adolphus le Ruez of  
Bonne Nuit, Jersey in 1957. This would  
seem to be a direct descendant of  
the Anglo-Norman song, 'Au Pommier  
Doux', which has its origins in the c11<sup>th</sup>.*

*The tune that follows is of the song  
'Les trois demoiselles et le cordonnier'  
from Sark.*

8

**AU LOGIS DE MON PÈRE**

trad. arr. Tabor, Cutting, Emerson; pub Topic Records

au logis de mon père  
au bas-le Mont Quervaux  
il y a-t-un pommier doux et doux et doux  
il y a-t-un pommier doux

et les feuilles en sont vertes  
au bas-le Mont Quervaux  
et les fruits en sont doux et doux et doux  
et les fruits en sont doux

c'est trois filles de prix  
au bas-le Mont Quervaux  
qui sont endormies dessous et sous et sous  
qui sont endormies dessous

la plus jeune s'y levai  
au bas-le Mont Quervaux  
elle dit : ma soeur, il est jour et jour et jour  
elle dit : ma soeur, il est jour

non, ce n'est pas le jour  
au bas-le Mont Quervaux  
c'est le feu des armées, armées, armées  
c'est le feu des armées

ce sont nos amants doux  
au bas-le Mont Quervaux  
qui sont à combattre pour nous et nous et nous  
qui sont à combattre pour nous



APPLES : 11



*In memory of Albert William Scrimshaw, Lance Cpl. 267596 1<sup>st</sup>/1<sup>st</sup> Bucks Bn., Ox & Bucks Light Infantry, who died on Monday 1<sup>st</sup> October 1917. Age 32. Son of J.T.Scrimshaw of Eastwell, Melton Mowbray; husband of Annie E.Scrimshaw of Windley, Derby. Mendinghem Military Cemetery, Proven, West Flanders, Belgium. plot VI, row C, grave 9.*

*Lester Simpson wrote this song for his great auntie Annie, and I first performed it with Coope, Boyes & Simpson as part of Seeds of Peace: Passendale Suite 2 in 2002.*

*The image of the half-empty washing line is so strong... fifty years or more of loneliness... and, almost certainly, fifty years of thinking of all the things you wish you'd said, but didn't or couldn't, because women of your generation weren't supposed to show their feelings.*

### STANDING IN LINE

Lester Simpson; Voice Publishing

puttees and polish, a cigarette and a smile  
a sepia soldier, no more than a child  
you roared Tipperary down to the train  
but in Flanders the guns sang a different refrain

standing in line, waiting to sign  
standing in line to go over  
and the half-empty washing line  
serves to remind  
that you're fallen  
and always standing in line

misinformation, a well-hidden lie  
roll up try your luck at the coconut shy  
white feathers or glory, while government hacks  
are busy newspapering over the cracks

but only your postcards and the swallows came home  
to the long summer days and the corn newly grown  
as certain as empire, you marched off to war  
where fear-choked and rum-soaked  
they taught you to plough

you fought and you died in the mud and the rain  
a mile into hell and a mile back again  
a pawn in their game, not fallen but pushed  
and a Portland stone bonnet for ever

9

APPLES : 12

### CE FU EN MAI

trad. arr. Tabor, Emerson, Cutting, Harries; pub Topic Records

ce fu en mai au douz tens gai  
que la seson est bele  
main me levai, jöer m'alai  
lez une fontenele  
en un vergier, clos d'esglentier  
oi une viele  
la vi dancier un chevalier  
et une damoisele

cors orent gent et avanant  
et deus! tant biau dancoient!  
en acolant et en besant  
mult biau se deduisoient  
en un destour, au chief du tor  
dui et dui s'en aloient  
desor la flor, le gieu d'amor  
a lor plesir fesoient

j'alai avant, trop redoutant  
que nus d'aus ne me voie  
maz et pensant et desirant  
d'avoir autretel joie  
lors vi lever un de lor per  
de si loign con g'estoie  
a apeler, a demander  
qui sui et que queroie

j'alai vers aus, dis lor mes maus  
que une dame amoie  
a qui loiaus, sanz estre faus  
tout mon vivant seroie  
por qui plus trai paine et esmai  
que dire ne porroie

las, or morrai, car bien le sai  
s'ele ne mi ravoie

cortoisement et gentement  
chascun d'aus me ravoie  
et dient tant que deus briement  
m'envoie de cele joie  
por qui je sent grant marrement  
et je lor en rendoie  
merciz mult grant et, en plorant  
a deus les conmandoie

*Ascribed to the sometime monk and trouvère Moniot d'Arras (Floreant 1213-1239). The archetypal chanson de rencontre (song of meeting) – pretty girl, handsome chap, nightingales, honeysuckle (Him: "Hello! you're very beautiful. Have you got any money?" Her: "Oh yes, I'm extremely rich and the King of France is my father." Him: "I love you! Will you marry me?") here acquires a third character, a lovelorn voyeur who interrupts a lovers' tryst in a flowery meadow. He pours out his heart to them "Oh, if only I could have a love like yours..." the lovers try to reassure him: "Don't worry, you'll find the woman of your dreams. It'll be alright, honestly". (Inferred: "Now hop it and let us get on with it"). The tune that follows, 'Kalenda Maya', was learned from Giles Lewin.*

APPLES : 13



10



MY LOVE CAME TO DUBLIN

Patrick Galvin

my love came to Dublin one fine Sunday morning  
my love came to Dublin to honour me there  
he wore a green ribbon all about his blue bonnet  
and I wore a bangle of gold in my hair

well the leaves they were green that fine Sunday morning  
but now they are falling, they're winding the bough  
and I never asked him to buy me a ring  
fall down very lightly, you leaves on me now

now the good girls sleep all in their fine modesty  
the bad girls sleep in the height of their shame  
but I must lie alone in the cold by the river  
until I see my true love come back with my name

I won't ask the clergy for prayers in the chapel  
and I won't hear the minister saying the prayers  
but I'll go out to the mood of the birch trees and branches  
and I'll ask them to raise up their arms in the air

I will make my love some shoes of the finest Spanish leather  
I will make my love a coat, the finest ever seen  
and he'll walk like a lord through the City of Dublin  
and I'll walk beside him in a mantle of green

*Learned from Tomás Lynch.*

11

APPLES : 14



12

SEND US A QUIET NIGHT

Christopher Somerville; pub Topic Records

tonight the sky seemed so perfect with stars  
you'd think the moon would hide her face  
but when we looked for that circle of light  
she rose and took her place

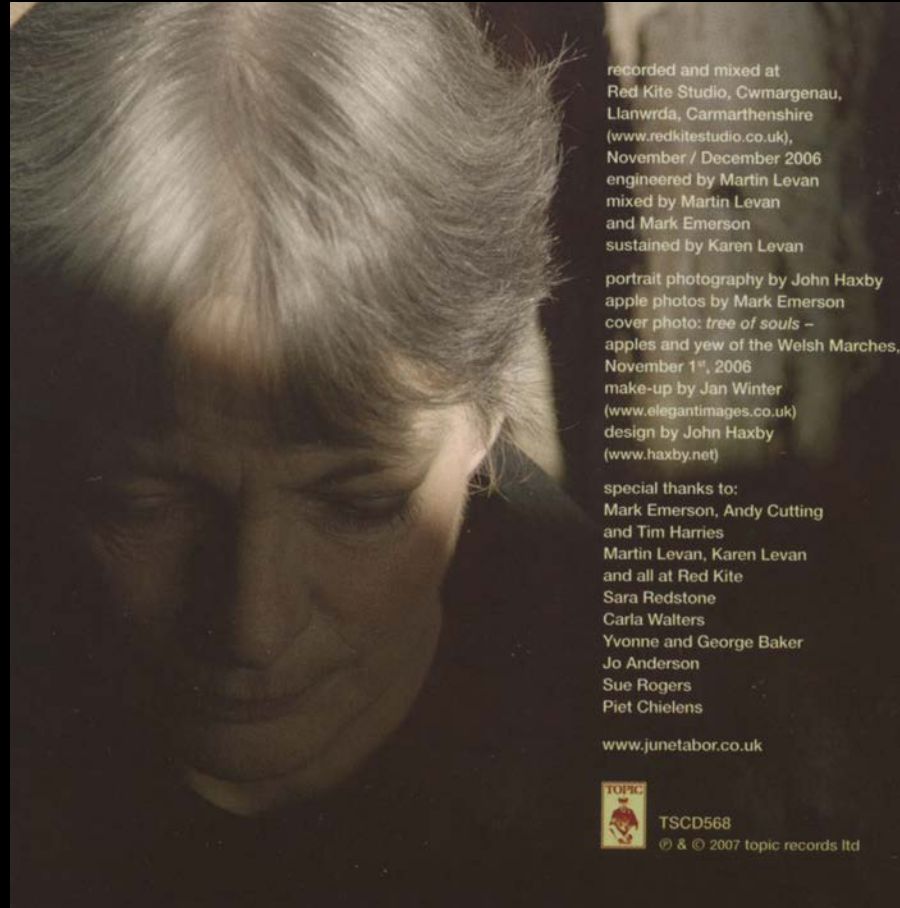
send us a quiet night

tonight the sea seemed so calm and at ease  
you'd think the waves were all below  
God send a sight of that circle of light  
when the North Atlantics blow

tonight the wind blew so sweetly from shore  
it set a shimmer in the sails  
bright be the night in that circle of light  
above the deep sea gales

*Fishermen from Pittenweem to Padstow, Ellen McArthur in  
her lonely little boat, the seamen - Merchant or Royal Navy  
- of the Arctic convoys on the desperate run to Archangel...  
all sailors pray for a quiet night.*

APPLES : 15



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1	ROSES OF PICARDY	4.08
2	BELLE ROSE	2.47
3	DEEP IN LOVE	4.58
4	O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED RED ROSE	3.17
5	ROSE IN JUNE	4.42
6	PAINT ME REDOUTÉ	5.26
7	RHOSYN WYN/WINTERROSE	4.24
8	THE ROSE IS WHITE, THE ROSE IS RED/DARGASON	2.26
9	THE CROWN OF ROSES	3.59
10	BARBRY ELLEN	5.37
11	MAYBE THEN I'LL BE A ROSE	4.21