Foreword

Here are the lyrics for all the songs I recorded on my first album, Turn to Me. Very few of the songs are exactly how I originally found them - verses have been added or taken away, tunes have been subtly and not so subtly altered, and in two songs the lyrics are my own, set to traditional tunes.

I hope you feel, as I do, that the changes enhance the songs; maybe they'll stay with the songs as they're sung and added to / altered by others as part of the ongoing tradition.

Best wishes
Bill

Track 1: Mist covered Mountains of Home
Trad arr. Bill Jones

1. There will I see the place of my birth
   And they'll give me a welcome, the warmest on earth
   So loving and kind, full of music and mirth
   In the sweet sounding language of home

   chorus.
   Ho-ro, soon shall I see them
   Ho-ro, see them oh see them
   Ho-ro, soon shall I see them
   The Mist Covered Mountains of Home

2. There I'll converse with my warm hearted mother
   And play a few tunes with my white headed father
   Light is my heart as I turn my steps nearer
   The Mist Covered Mountains of Home

   chorus

3. There I shall gaze on the mountains again
   And the fields and the woods, and the burns in the glen
   And away 'mongst the corries, beyond human ken
   In the haunts of the deer I shall roam

   chorus

4. Hail to the mountains with summits of blue
   And the glens, with their meadows of sunlight and dew
   To the women and men, ever faithful and true
   Ever ready to welcome you home

   chorus
   chorus

Track 2: The Handsome Cabin Boy

Trad arr B Jones

1. It's of a lass from Staffordshire, as you may understand
   Outlawed by king and country into some foreign land
   She dressed herself in sailor’s clothes or so it does appear
   And she hired with a captain to serve him for a year

2. Her cheeks they were like roses and her hair fell in a curl
   The sailors often smiled and said he looked just like a girl
   When eating at the captain’s table her colour did destroy
   And the waist did swell of pretty Nell the handsome cabin boy

3. ‘Twas in the bay of Biscay her governed ship did plough
   One the night among the sailors was a fearful flying row
   They tumbled from their hammocks for their sleep it did destroy
   And they swore about the groaning of the handsome cabin boy

4. “Oh doctor, dear oh doctor” the cabin boy did cry
   My time has come I am undone and I will surely die
   The doctor come a running and a smiling at their fun
   To think a sailor lad should have a daughter or a son

5. The sailors when they saw the babe they did all stand and stare
   The child belonged to none of them they solemnly did swear
   The captains wife she says to him “my dear I wish you joy
   ’Tis either you or me’s betrayed the handsome cabin boy”

Learnt from the B-side of a Kate Bush single around 1992. I altered the tune in 1999 to make it more angular.
Track 3: The Fisherboy
Trad arr B Jones

1. Was down in the lowlands a poor did wander
   Down in the lowlands a poor boy did roam
   By his friends he was neglected, he looked so dejected
   Cried the poor little fisherboy so far away from home

2. Crying where is my cottage, oh where is my father
   Alas they’re all gone which caused me to roam
   My mother died on her pillow while my father was out on the billow
   Cried the poor little fisherboy so far away from home

3. Bitter was the night and loud roared the thunder
   The lightening did strike while the ship was overcome
   The boat soon I clasped and reached my native shore
   In the deep I left my father so far away from home

4. I waited on the beach while around me dashed the water
   I waited on the beach but alas no father came
   So now I am a stranger exposed to every danger
   Cried the poor little fisherboy so far away from home

5. A lady when she heard him quick opened up her windows
   And into the house she bid for him to come
   The tears fell from her eyes as she listened to the cries
   Of the poor little fisherboy so far away from home

6. She begged of her father to find him employment
   She begged of her father no more to let him roam
   Her father said “don’t grieve me the boy will never leave me
   Poor boy I will relieve thee so far away from home”

7. Many years the little boy laboured to please his noble master
   Many years the little boy laboured in time became a man
   And now he tells each stranger the heartbreak and the danger
   Of the poor little fisherboy so far away from home

Learnt in 1999 from a library book called "Songs from Northumberland". My tune is more offbeat than original, and the 3rd line of the tune is written by me.
Track 4: Táimse im Chodladh
Tune trad, Words & arr B Jones

1. I am sleeping, do not wake me
   I hear you calling
   Come back again, I'll show you how
   I am sleeping, do not wake me
   The day is dawning
   Come back again, don't wake me now
   Just look high and low, and search round the town
   For the wildflower where we met the first time
   If you pull the petals all the spell may be broken
   Come back again, don't wake me now

2. I am sleeping, do not wake me
   The day is dawning
   Come back again, I'll show you how
   I am sleeping, do not wake me
   No need for mourning
   Come back again, don't wake me now
   And when you return, don't knock on the door
   Just climb the old way and lie down next to me
   If you kiss my lips the spell may be broken
   Come back again, don't wake me now

3. So he came in and he found her
   And he read the letter
   Come back again, don't wake me now
   So he went into the town
   And he found the flower
   Just in the place she had told him how
   And when he returned, didn't knock on the door
   He just climbed the old way and lay down next to her
   When he kissed her lips the spell it was broken
   He lay with her and she's waking now.

Tune learnt in 1996 from the playing of a brilliant Irish fiddler called Matt Crannich. I wrote the words for verses 1 & 2 in 1997 and verse 3 in 1999.
1. A brisk young sailor courted me
   He robbed me of my liberty
   My liberty and my right good will
   I must confess I love him still

2. There is an ale house in the town
   Where my love goes and sits him down
   And he pulls a strange girl all on his knee
   Now isn’t that a grief to me

3. A grief to me and I’ll tell you why
   Because she has more gold than I
   But the gold it’ll waste and the beauty will pass
   And he’ll come to a poor girl like me at last

4. Oh when I wore my apron low
   My love he followed through mist and snow
   But when I wore it right up to my chin
   My love walked past and never came in

5. I wish my baby it was born
   Sat smiling on its nurse’s knee
   And I lay sleeping all in my grave
   With the green grass growing over me

6. I wish, I wish but it’s all in vain
   I wish I was a maid again
   But a maid again I never will be
   ’Til an apple grows on an orange tree

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Learnt in 1999 at Sandra’s house from a recording of a singer called Linda Adams
Track 7: **Blood and Gold & The Universal Soldier**

(1) **Blood and Gold** words by Andy Irvine & Jane Cassidy, tune traditional Bulgarian, arr B Jones

1. On rides the captain and three hundred soldier lads
   Out of the warring mist and through the silence go
   Whistling gaily rides the captain at the head
   Behind him sadly weeping soldier laddies go

2. For when you took my gold and swore to follow me
   You stole away my life and my liberty
   No more you’ll work the soil, no more you’ll till the land
   No more to the dance you’ll go and take girls by the hand

   Oh mothers weep for your sons
   They have gone to kill and die

3. He’ll weep and die by the keen edge of the sword
   All alone by the muddy Danube shore
   He gave the order for the drummers to beat their drums
   That mothers all might know the life a soldier leads

4. Unfurl your ragged banner and raise your pale young face
   You’ll all go in the fire there’ll be no hiding place
   Mothers hear the drumbeat in the village square
   That drum’s for me to go for a soldier there

   Oh mothers, sisters, wives
   Marked as Cain we die alone
   Marked as Cain we die alone

*I learnt this song in 1999 from the singing of Werca’s Folk, Sandra Kerr’s Morpeth based women’s choir*

(2) **The Universal Soldier** words by Buffy Ste Marie, tune trad, arr B Jones

1. He’s five foot two and he’s six foot four
   He fights with missiles and spears
   He’s 31 and he’s only 17
   He’s been a soldier for a thousand years, my friends
   He’s been a soldier for a thousand years

2. He’s a Hindu, a Catholic and an atheist
   A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew
   He knows he shouldn’t kill but he always will
   Kill you for me and me for you, my friends
   Kill you for me and me for you

3. He fights for Russia and he fights for Japan
   He fights for the US of A
   He fights for Canada and he fights for France
   And he thinks he’ll end all war this way, my friends
   He thinks he’ll end all war this way

4. He fights for democracy and he fights for the reds
   He fights for the good of all
   He’s the one who will decide who’s to live and who’s to die
   But he never sees the writing on the wall, my friends
   He never sees the writing on the wall
5. He's the universal soldier and he is to blame
   His orders aren't from some distant shore
   They come from him and from me and you
   This is not the way to put an end to war, my friends
   This is not the way to put an end to war

Learnt in 1999 from the Digital Song Tradition (Digitrad) database, on the Mudcat Café website. I wanted a song to go with Blood and Gold, so I did a search for songs using the keyword "war" and this was the one I liked best. The tune is similar to the original but is actually the tune of a trad song called "The Birmingham Boys".

Track 8: Long John Moore
Trad arr B Jones

1. Now Long John's from the mountain gone, he's to London town.
   And the king's daughter in fair London, she fell in love with him
   Now Long John was a giant born, he was fourteen feet in height
   And the king's daughter, she wept for him as she lay alone at night
2. And when the king he heard of this, an angry man was he
   Says "this mighty man shall stretch the rope that hangs on the gallows tree"
   So he sent young men and cunning men and around him they did creep
   They fed him drops of laudanum and they laid him fast asleep
3. And when he's awoken from his sleep, a sorry man was he
   With his jaws and hands in iron bands and his feet in fetters three
   So he's bribed him a servant, Long John, he's given him meat and fee
   To run to his uncle, Old John, to come and rescue he
4. And the first mile well the little boy walked and he ran from dusk til dawn
   He climbed up Eagle Mountain and he spied two giants tall
   "Oh rise up, rise up Old John and Jackie North, come see
   For Long John he's in prison strong and hanged he must be"
5. So they went over hill & they went over dale & they went over mountain high
   They come down to London town at the dawning of the day
   They cried upon yon city gates "come open at my call"
   And they up with their feet and they kicked a hole straight into London wall
6. And they trampled down by Drury Lane, the crowd before them ran
   And there they spied them Long John stood under the gallows bin
7. They said "Is it for murder, is it for rape, is it for robbery?
   For it it's any heinous crime we'll stand and watch you die"
   He said "Not for murder, not for rape, and not for robbery
   But it's all for the love of a lady fair they're here to see me die"
8. So they took him from the gallows bin, before the king went they
   Their armour bright cast such a light it fair dazzled his eye
   "Good day to you" cries Jackie North, "Good day to you" cries he
   We've come down for your daughter's wedding down from the mountains high"
9. They've taken the lady by the hand, set her prison free
   And the drums did beat and the fifes did play they spent the night in glee
   And then Long John and Old John and Jackie North all three
   One new bride and the serving boy ran back to the mountains high

I learnt this in 1999 from a Martin Carthy CD, where the song has a two line verse. I then extended the tune and fiddled with the words to give four line verses. There are several further verses that I have not included in this version.
Track 9: Young Waters
Trad arr B Jones

1. All about you when the winds do blow and the round tabors begin
   All them that's come to our king's court, many's the well favoured man
   The Queen looked over the castle wall, the servants they looked down
   And there she spied young Waters come a riding to the town
2. His footmen they did run before and his horsemen rode behind
   On mantle of the burning gold did keep them from the wind
   Golden harnessed his horse before and silver shod behind
   The horse young Waters rode upon was swifter than the wind
3. Then up spoke the wily King, and unto the Queen said he
   "Oh, tell me whose is the fairest face rides in the company"
   "Well I've seen lords, and I've seen lairds and knights of fine degree
   But young Waters is the fairest face that ever my eyes do see"
4. Then up spoke the jealous King, and an angry man was he
   "Oh, if I had have been twice as fair you might have accepted me"
   "You're neither lord nor laird she said but the King who wears the crown
   And there's not a knight in all of Scotland but to thee must lie down"
5. But for all that she could do or say appeased he would not be
   And for the words that the Queen had spoke young Waters he must die
   And they've taken young Waters and put fetters on his feet
   And they've taken young Waters and thrown him in dungeon deep
6. Oft have I ridden through Stirling town in the wind both and the wet
   But I've never ridden through Stirling town with fetters on my feet
   Oft have I ridden through Stirling town in the wind both and the rain
   But I've never ridden through Stirling town never to return again
7. Oh they've taken to their heading hill his horse both and his saddle
   And they've taken to their heading hill his young son in his cradle
   And they've taken to their heading hill his lady fair to see
   And for the words that the Queen had spoke young Waters he did die.

Learnt in 1996 as part of my music degree at City University, London, from lecturer of "British and European Folk Music" module, Steve Stanton.
1. Oh in London’s fair city a great dame dwells  
   For fame birth and breeding none can her excel  
   She’s a blacksmith’s daughter the truth for to tell  
   And her husband he must be a trooper

2. There’s an elegant tailor lives next door by  
   And on this fair damsel he soon cast an eye  
   And he swore by his soul that with her he would lie  
   For he didn’t give a damn for the trooper

3. Well the tailor he went to this lady’s one night  
   He called her his dear his joy and his delight  
   “Ten guineas I’ll give for my lodgings tonight  
   For I know that your husband’s on duty”

4. “Oh yes Mr tailor well you’re very right  
   When you say that my husbands on duty tonight  
   But if he comes home he’ll give you such a fright  
   That’ll put you in mind of the trooper”

5. When the bargain was struck and all things said and done  
   They both went to bed and the spree it begun  
   When the spree it was over they both fell asleep  
   And they minded no more of the trooper

6. Now the trooper came home in the middle of the night  
   He knocked on the door and he gave them a fright  
   “Oh hide me oh hide me” the wee tailor cried  
   “For I hear the bold knocks of the trooper”

7. “There’s an old useless cupboard that stands by the door  
   And in it you’ll be safe snug and secure  
   I’ll trip down the stairs and I’ll open the door  
   And I’ll let in my husband the trooper”

8. With kindness and compliments, oh to be sure  
   She tripped downstairs and she opened the door  
   “For your compliments, well love I don’t give a damn  
   Come light me a fire” says the trooper

9. “Oh husband oh husband there’s no fire stuff  
   Just get into bed and you’ll be warm enough”  
   “There’s an old useless cupboard that stands by the door  
   Let’s burn it this night” says the trooper

10. “Oh husband dear husband grant me one desire  
    That old useless cupboard’s too good for the fire  
    And in it I rear a game cock I admire”  
    “What game cock is this?” says the trooper

11. Well the trooper went forward and he opened the door  
    And he found the wee tailor safe snug and secure  
    And he hauled him right onto the bare wooden floor  
    “Is this your game cock?” says the trooper

12. “Oh yes Mr tailor you’re a very sly fox  
    When did you become one of my wife’s game cocks?  
    And for that very reason I’ll give you a knock  
    That’ll put you in mind of the trooper”

13. He caught hold of the tailor right by the two ears  
    And he clean cut them off with his own little shears  
    And for that night’s diversions he paid mighty dear  
    And away went the wee croppy tailor
Learnt in 1999 from a book at Sandra Kerr’s house called “Songs from Ulster” - the tune and words have been kept close to the original.
Track 12: Turn to Me
Tune Trad, Words & arr. B Jones

1. Your love is leaving in search of a living
   Leaving Newcastle to make a new start
   The work’s all dried up and he needs to support himself
   You love it here and it’s breaking your heart
   
   ch. Cool is the light as it shines on the moor
   Dark is the night as we walk Marsden shore
   The narrow back lane where you held me and whispered
   Hor ro ro Mairi, turn ye to me

2. Soldier’s wives move ‘cross countries and borderlines
   Dropping all else for the love of their men
   Their children uprooted soon blossom and flourish
   It’s hard work, you know you can’t do it again
   
   chorus

3. So you sit down and talk it out, nearly clearly
   Can’t lose your home nor the love you hold dear
   You speak, then he speaks, not hearing each other
   And then stumble home, blinded by fear
   
   chorus

4. It rains in the night and it drums on the windowsills
   Gales through the trees and you’re all on your own
   It’s clear now you’ll move with him, go with him, stay with him
   This is the place that you’ll always call home.
   
   chorus

   Turn ye to me

The tune comes from a traditional Hebridean song, and I learnt it from a children’s songbook in 1997. These words are my own (apart from the last line of the chorus, which is from the original). The original song was also sung in the ’70s by The Corries.
Track 13: A Jug of This
Trad arr. B Jones

1. Ye mariners all as you pass by
   Come in and drink if you are dry
   Just call your drinks and think not amiss
   And stick your nose in a jug of this
2. Ye tipplers all if you've half a crown
   You’re welcome all for to sit down
   Just call your drinks and think not amiss
   And stick your nose in a jug of this
3. My father told me when I was small
   Now you drink this son or not at all
   He held me up my hand in his
   And let me taste a jug of this
4. When I am old and can scarcely grow
   With a long grey beard and a head that's bald
   Crown my desire and fulfil my wish
   A pretty young girl and a jug of this
5. When I am in my grave and dead
   And all my sorrows are past and fled
   Transform me then into a fish
   And let me swim in a jug of this

Learnt in 1998 from The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem songbook, published by Oak Publications. Third verse added by me.