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SONGS OF AVONDALE

CONCERT

(in aid of Old Folk's Welfare Committee Funds)

STONEHOUSE PUBLIC HALL

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15th, 1954

Chairman :

J. S. McEWAN, Esq., M.A., LL.B.

ARTISTES :

Elmar Kennedy	Soprano
William Noble	Bass
Robert Russell	Tenor
Betty Craig	Violinist
William Whitelaw	Baritone
Neil H. Lees	Accompanist

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About The Songs

The songs to be sung to-night were inspired by the countryside around you: by such familiar places as the Avon Valley, the Aul' Drove Road, Doosdale, Brankston, and the Linthaugh Brae.

They are local songs; but then many of the world's loveliest songs have a 'local' setting: "The Banks o' Doon," "Kelvingrove," "Killarney," "The Banks of Allan Water" among them. It may be that some of these songs, some day, will be sung "faur ayont" Avondale.

The composer is Neil H. Lees, A.R.C.O., County Organiser of Music (who is to be the accompanist to-night), and the lyricist A. MacCormack Thomson, a journalist and a son of Avondale.

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"SONGS OF AVONDALE"

Words by A. MacCormack Thomson

Music by Neil H. Lees

Anita

A July child she was and rare,
Anita of the glowing hair ;
And as she grew in slender grace
Sweet mischief lit her comely face
And pulsed the dimples there.

Still pools were eyes of deepest blue
That sparkled when her smile broke through ;
And when her lips were parted slow
They formed a witching cupid's bow :
Red petals moist with dew.

Her laughter was like tinkling bells
That fairies ring to bind their spells,
And in her voice were all the notes
Of Highland rills and songbirds' throats
And music that excels.

Ere field and stream in saffron light
Were soft enfolded by the night ;
Then, in the tender afterglow,
Her spirit soared from us below
To that dear land so bright.

Anita's darling song is sung,
On earth the passing knell has rung,
And we who shared with her the pain
Lift up our eyes in trust again
To where a Cross is hung.

The Green Howm Lea

I'll meet my love on Lintoch Brae,
On Lintoch Brae, on Lintoch Brae,
An' doun the bonnie glen we'll gae
To where the Avon flows.

We'll wander owre the green howm lea,
The green howm lea, the green howm lea,
And yonder where there's nane to see
He'll pu' for me a rose.

And in my hair sae tenderly,
Sae tenderly, sae tenderly,
He'll nest the bud and syne ca' me
The sweetest flower that grows.

And then my love my lips will pree,
My lips will pree, my lips will pree,
And promise aye to shelter me
Frae ev'ry wind that blows.

Upon yon bank in ecstasie,
In ecstasie, in ecstasie,
We'll cling beside the scented tree
While red the sunset glows.

And sae 'twill be this nicht for me,
This nicht for me, this nicht for me,
Wi' Johnnie on the green howm lea
Where Avon gently flows.

The Hoolet

The hoolet cries frae the he'rt o' the nicht,
Oot o' the nicht's black he'rt cries he:
I'm Sib the Hoolet, I hate the licht,
Mune an' staurs in the mirk for me;
I see what mortals canna see
In the burnin' sun that blin's the e'e.

High on a branch o' the oaken tree
I watch the creepin' things at wark;
Foumart an' stoat, an' the fox sae slee,
Huntin, their meat in the shroudin' dark;
The shroudin dark that noch can hide
Frae the een o' a hoolet roon an' wide.

Owre in the kirkyard, ghostly grey,
Shadows move as the mune slips by,
An' the he'rt o' a hoolet is sad an' wae.
An' his breist is raxed wi' a sabbin' cry:
Whoo!
Whoo-o-o-o!

Oot o' man's ken or in't are you
That swee like reek owre the holy stanes?
Fell shapes to gar a body grue,
Craeturs o' neither flesh nor banes:
Whoo!
Whoo-o-o-o!

The whirlin' warld turns warm an' bricht
As its face tak's fire frae the ken'lin' sun,
An' the chancy things o' the daurksome nicht
Are blawn awa' wi' the fresh'nin' wun:
Are blawn awa'; an' the sun's red glare
Fa's on an oaken branch that's bare.

The Aul' Drove Road

Frae Cowplaw 'mang the meadowsweet
To Tanhill owre the knowe,
A wee, shy path in dappled licht
Dreams deep where bluebells growe;
Wi' ilka breeze its cuddlin' trees
Nid-nod an' flirt their hair,
While linties on the swingin' boughs
Trill oot a denty air

In the aul' drove road,
The aul' drove road,
The brawest bit in a' the warl'
That feet o' men e'er trod;
'Twas there I met my daurlin',
My bonnie Eelin Todd:
Hoo we kissed an' clunk thegither
On the aul' drove road!

Whan simmer's sun was high abune
An' larks owreskaild their sang,
The eident bees wad bummle by
On nectar-seekin' thrang;
But no' in a' their gowden store,
Nor in the honied 'oor,
Was half the bliss that just ae kiss
Frae Eelin could secure

(In the aul' drove road)

At gloamin', roun' their cracklin' bleeze,
The merry tinklers sat,
An' while the fragrant vapours rase
Hummed "Rabbit in the pat,"
But gin ane raised an am'rous e'e
An' gie'd a sly bit wink,
My lightsome lass wad tilt her chin
An' sweep by gey perjink

(In the aul' drove road)

In aulden times this bonnie blink
Kent cartle-reivin' hordes,
An' saw the Covenanters merch
Wi' Bibles an' wi' swords;
But aye for me its memory,
Is no' o' psalms or stour,
But o' a rosy kintra-quae
That blossomed like a flo'er

(In the aul' drove road)

The Bonnie Lass o' Doosdale

O Doosdale braes are bonnie
When winter melts to spring,
And sweet yon summer meadows
Where the lav' rocks mount and fa',
But gie me red-gold autumn
When the clustered berries hing;
For then my lass first kissed me
At the brawest time of a'.

Doon in the hollow where the burnie rins,
By the auld meal mill 'yont the rum'lin' linns,
Where the wee path buckles at the cuddlin' stane,
And wanders through the wuids like a wee lost wean,
When the mune glides high and the land's a' still,
I'll haud my 'tryst wi' Jean.

O hasten nicht and tak' me
Doun yon drowsy glen adream,
O speed the precious moment
When I hear her gently ca';
Come saft-concealin' gloamin'
Come wi' jewelled crown a gleam;
And let me to my fond 'he'rt
Press the 'brawest lass of a'.

Doon in the hollow

Margey the Maid o' The Glen

Come rich men, come poor men, come high and
come low,

And take off your drams to a lassie I know,
She's curvey and cuddly and promised to me,
And the cutest wee number in bonnie Glenshee.

She's Margey the Maid o' the Glen,

She's mine and it's married we'll be,
We'll live and we'll love in a cot by the ben,
And rear up a fine family.

Go northwards, go southwards, go east or go west,
There's never her equal to squeeze to your breast,
Her kiss would melt icebergs afloat on the sea,
So you'll guess how I feel when I've had two or
three !

(Chorus)

Up highlands, down lowlands. round all the wide
world,

On June's crowning day let the flags be unfurled,
For then like a queen she will float to my side,
On the crest of a waveful of " Here comes the
bride."

(Chorus)

Oh honey, my honey, come sweet honeymoon,
With me and my lovely alone on a spoon,
Her strawberry lips I shall crush to a cream,
Till with kissing I'm melted and blow up in steam.

(Chorus)

The Lamp o' Memory

Had I the magic art,
The gift o' glamourie,
I'd summon back the years,
The years that used to be;
Then doun a village wynd
My feet wad mak' refrain:
Dear mither, mither mine,
I'm hame, I'm hame again.

O yon cosy ingle-neuk
Wi' the kettle on the swee,
The caddie an' the caunelsticks,
The laughin' cheenie doug;
A face sae gently kind,
Saft-smilin' down on me:
A dreamin', drowsy laddie
On the auld rag rug.

My childhood hame was sma',
Wi' little in't o' worth,
Except ae jewel rare
Men seek owre a' the earth;
The jewel-stane o' love,
That smoothed the path for me,
And healed wi' precious balm
My hurts when I was wee.

(O yon cosy ingle-neuk)

I hae nae magic art,
Nae gift o' glamourie,
But aye I hae a lamp,
The lamp o' memory;
It shines on vision's screen,
And there they move fu' clear,
The dear aens I hae loved,
The freens o' yesteryear.

(O yon cosy ingle-neuk)

The Glen o' Tum'lin' Waters

There is a sang in Avondale
Abune a' sangs the best;
It flows, a liquid melody,
Adoon a glen that's blest;
I fain wad hear its lilt again
Oh, man, could I but airt
To the glen o' tum'lin' waters
An' the music o' my he'rt.

[Chorus—

O the Avon an' the Caunner
At the Caunner Water mooth,
The meetin' o' the rivers
That thrilled me in my youth,
There first I kissed a roguish lass
An' learned o' love's sweet truth,
As we cuddled on the table-stane
At Caunner Water mooth.

Frae mossy spring the shepherds ken,
'Way yont o' Straven toun,
By Glessart and auld Lintoch Brig
The Avon dances doon;
Past Logan's Braes an' Kittymer
Its ripples rise an' fa'
Till they meet an' cleek wi' Caunner
Mang the wuids o' Birkenshaw.

(Chorus)

Still onward rowe the daffin' pair,
As ane in wadlock noo,
Past Eve and Adam's empty neuk
In Eden o' Millheugh;
Till through the sunny howes o' Ross
They saftly, shyly glide
To their places 'mang the singers
In the Anthem o' the Clyde.

(Chorus)

Revelation

I love to lie on soothing grass
And watch the cloud-cast shadows pass
 Across the shining hill ;
To drowse beneath the sun's caress,
My mind a pool of idleness
 Where languid floats my will.

A butterfly in such an hour
Blew down upon a golden flower
 To sip its honied breath ;
Made drunken by the the heady wine,
It danced on wings incarnadine
 A mazy waltz of death.

A weaving glow of lambent light,
A vibrant bloom with petals bright,
 It was a lovely thing ;
And while I thought that ne'er for me
Could flow again such ecstasy ;
 A lark began to sing.

Full-heartedly the soaring bird
Trilled sweetest music ever heard
 Upon a summer day ;
The throbbing of the waterfall,
And flute-notes bright of children small
 Were woven in its lay.

Dear Lord ! How wond'rous that your plan
Gives insight to the heart of man
 To know you and to bless ;
To see you in a butterfly,
To hear you through a lark on high
 With godlike consciousness.

Programme

Soprana (a) Anita Miss Elmar Kennedy
(b) The Green Howm Lea

Bass (a) The Hoolet Mr. William Noble
(b) The Aul' Drove Road

Tenor (a) The Bonnie Lass Mr. Robert Russell
 o' Doosdale

Violinist (a) Intermezzo—Miss Betty Craig
Cavalleria Rusticana—Mascagni
(b) A Burns Croon—Trad.

Baritone Margey The Mr. Wm. Whitelaw
 Maid o' the Glen

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:: INTERVAL ::
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Programme—cont.

- | | | |
|-----------|--|--------------------|
| Tenor | (a) The Lamp o' Memory | Mr. R. Russell |
| | (b) The Glen o' Tum'lin
Waters | |
| Soprano | (a) Revelation | Miss Elmar Kennedy |
| | (b) Rosy Trala Tralee | |
| Baritone | (a) The Kiss on Ivy
Brae | Mr. W. Whitelaw |
| | (b) The Jolly Steeplejack | |
| Violinist | (a) Hejre Kati—Hubay | Miss Betty Craig |
| | (b) Lauder Ha'—Trad. | |
| Bass | (a) The Flo'er o'
Brankston Ha' | Mr. W. Noble |
| | (b) Wattie Broonlee's Braw
Wee Shop | |

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Rosy-Trala Tralee

There's a dear little cot at the foot o' Bogha,
Rosy-trala, rosy-tralee,
And there on an evening I lightly did ca',
Rosy-trala tralee;
I peeped through a window as bright as a pin,
To see if the darling dear Nellie was in;
Then knocking, I entered but never let on,
'Twasn't Nellie I was seeking but handsome young John.

Rosy-trala, rosy-tralee;
A peach of a plan as I think you'll agree.

"Come on in" carolled Nellie an' dusted a chair,
Rosy-trala, rosy-tralee,
My heart gave a kick to see Johnnie was there,
Rosy-trala tralee;
He gloomed in a corner and played with his tie,
As blind as a bat to the love in me eye,
But my mother says that a dour-looking stirk
Can be led by a lass with a ring to the Kirk.

Rosy-trala, rosy-tralee,
I'm meaning the lass with the ring to be me.

Oh we laughed and we chattered while Johnnie sat mum,
Rosy-trala, rosy-tralee;
I boasted the lads I had under my thumb,
Rosy-trala tralee;
But o'ch the sly rascal ne'er rose to my lure,
Though lasses I fluttered and blushed like a flower,
As my mother says, when a laddie is shy
You must hunt like the spider, be caught like the fly.

Rosy-trala, rosy-tralee,
You don't know the half of me rosy-tralee.

It was time to be leaving, the hour it was late,
Rosy-trala, rosy-tralee,
Says Johnnie "I'll see you the length o' your gate,"
Rosy-trala tralee;
I shied at a shadow and cried in alarm,
Then found myself gripped in the web of his arm,
My chin he uptilted and kissed me full pat,
And whispered "My lass you've been asking for that."

Rosy-trala, rosy-tralee,
Did I catch my Johnnie or did 'e catch me?

The Kiss On Ivy Brae

On Ivy Brae by Overwood,
By Overwood,
Green Overwood,

I met a lass and oh so good
To gaze upon was she;
I looked her up, I looked her down,
And then I looked her round-and-roun',
And all her parts from toe to crown
Were just as they should be.

Hello to you my winsome one,
My lively one,
My laughing one,
Be mine dear heart and share my fun,
Come kiss and I'm your prize;
She looked me up, she looked me down,
And then she looked me round-and-roun',
And what she thought from toe to crown
Was lit in sparkling eyes.

On Ivy Brae by Overwood,
By Overwood,
Green Overwood,

I met my lass and these wee stood
And not a word said she;
But she looked up, and I looked down,
And both of us looked round-and-roun',
Then kissed and all of time was flown
For my sweet love and me.

The Jolly Steeplejack

There was a jolly steeplejack,
Who had a jolly song,
He bawled it in his bath at night
And roared it all day long ;
It was his life's philosophy,
His mind it did obsess,
That the guy who climbed the ladder
Was the yes-man who said yes.

Chorus

O you've got to heid the ba',
Ay you've got to heid the ba',
Your skull must aye be noddin'
Or ye'll no' get on at a';
On India's coral strand,
Or among the frozen snaw,
If you want to get promotion,
Then you've got to heid the ba'.

The steeplejack was climbing daft,
To heights he did aspire,
His motto was a simple one,
Advance and then retire ;
But when he crawled around the boss,
His mates would laugh, and cry :
" Ach, ye canna be a yes-man,
For a Scotsman aye says ay."

(Chorus)

The Flo'er o' Brankston Ha'

There's a souglin' in the plantin',
A sabbin' and a sighin',
Frae aff the restless branches
The swirlin' leaves dounfa';
And owre ayont the Plewlands
A bonnie lass in lyin',
That was to me the treasure,
The flo'er o' Brankston Ha'.

Chorus:

O Margo was my joy,
And she was mine to cherish,
But naething I wad dae
Could haud her here awa';
She left me at the hairst,
When mony braw things perish,
And noo on yon green hill
She's saftly happed awa'.

There's a numbness roun, the breistbane,
A tichtness and a tholin',
The well o' grief is frozen,
My he'rt it winna thaw;
The husk o' me kens voices,
Remote and saft-condolin';
I hear my ain voice answer,
Sae dull an' thin an' slaw.

(O Margo was my joy.)

O whan will end this anguish,
This fever-fret o' grievin'?
This envy for the bruit-beasts
That dinna feel at a'?
Fine, fine I ken that travail
Maun follow love's conceivin';
But life was boucht too dearly
By daith at Brankston Ha'.

(O Margo was my joy.)

Wattie Broonlee's Braw Wee Shop

There's seeven wunners men hae made,
An' quite a few forbye,
That travellers hae clapped in books
An' lauded to the sky;
I've read a bit about them a',
Seen photographs galore,
But deil the scene could hand a preen
To Wattie Broonlee's store.

There were beans intill't, an' peas intill't,
Pyramids o' cheese intill't,
Jennie-longlegs, bumbees, flees,
Boomin', zoomin at their ease;
On wings o' sang they had fu' scope
In Wattie Broonlee's braw wee shop.

In Wat's auld independent toun
The weaver-folk were puir,
An' mothers whiles tholed hunger's gripe
Sae men an' bairns got mair;
But aff-and-on they'd aye bawbees
To clink in faith an' hope,
An' then they gulped the whummelt smell
O' Wattie's reemin' shop.

There was spice intill't an' rice intill't,
Tattie scones an' mice intill't,
Butter, haddies, treckle, snuff,
Oatmeal, peasmeal, floor and stuff;
Colossus wad hae looked gey sma'
In ane o' Wattie's windaes braw.

An' noo we're in the Golden Age
When a' that's yours is mine,
An' life's a social Paradise
That shames dear auld langsyne;
Except we'll say for ae bit thing
That we maun a' deplore:
There's no a dygont wunner left
Like Wattie's hamely store.

There was ham intill't, an' jam intill't,
Even whiles a dram intill't,
Eggs an' sugar, ingans braw,
Bottled sweeties raw on raw;
Man everything was juist tip-top
In Wattie Broonlee's braw wee shop.

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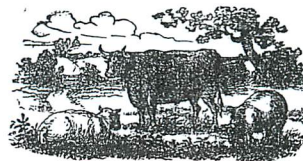
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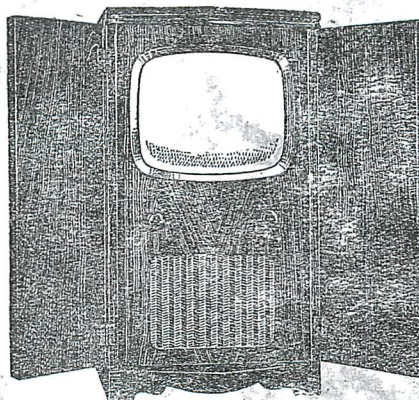
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