

# Rantin' Pipe and Tremblin' String

Scottish Music of the 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> Centuries

1 Tullochgorum	Traditional
2 A Scots Tune	Anonymous (17th c.)
3 [Untitled]	Rowallen MS (c.1612-1628)
4 Canaries	Straloch MS (1627)
5 Johny Cock thy Beaver: A Scotch Tune to a Ground	The Division Violin (1684)
6 Scotch Tune	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
7 'Twas Within a Furlong of Edinborough Town	Henry Purcell
8 Ground on a Scotch Humor	Nicola Matteis (fl.c.1670–c. 1698)
9 The Lads of Gallowater, Mr. Becks Way	Balcarres MS (1700)
10 Farewell to Lochaber	text Allan Ramsay (1686-1757)
11 Cam Ye Owr frae France	Traditional
12 Green Grow the Rushes, by Mr. Beck	Balcarres MS
13 Flowers of the Forest	Traditional
14 An Thou Were My Ain Thing	Traditional
15 My Wife's a Wanton Wee Thing/ Tail Toddle	Traditional/ Willie Dixon MS (c.1735)
16 Invercauld's Reel/Delvine Side/Drummond Castle	Traditional
17 Ettrick Banks	Francesco Barsanti (1690–1772)
18 Maggie Lauder	Robert Bremner (c. 1713–1789)
19 Lass of Peatie's Mill	Robert Bremner
20 Hit Her on the Bum	Francesco Barsanti
21 Wantonness Forevermair	text Robert Burns (1759-1796)
22 Good Night & Joy be with ye all	Playford's <i>Scotch Tunes</i> (1700)
23 Drops of Brandy/Brose and Butter/ I Hae a Wife of my Ain/Rattlin' Roarin' Willie	Traditional

## SEVENTIMES SALT

Karen Burciaga – violin  
Daniel Meyers – recorders, bagpipes, bodhran  
Josh Schreiber Shalem – bass viol  
Matthew Wright – archlute, baroque guitar

with guests  
Shari Alise Wilson – soprano  
Alastair Thompson – harpsichord

## Notes

See the lone piper at sunset on a heather-covered hill, dressed in magnificent tartan regalia and playing the Great Highland Bagpipes! — stirring as it is, this is not the beginning and ending of Scottish traditional music. Only since the early 19th century, specifically, since George IV's visit in 1822, have Scottish intellectuals taken Highland culture — kilts, tartan, the great Highland bagpipes, the clans, and the Gaelic language — to be the country's cultural wellspring. The more populous Lowlands, with its towns where English and Scots have been spoken since the Middle Ages, keep their own rich storehouses of songs and dance tunes. Scotland was an independent kingdom in the Middle Ages, though constantly threatened by the English to the south. The Kings of Scots traditionally allied with the French against the English — the 'Auld Alliance', which only began to fade with the Scottish Reformation in the 16th century. Through a twist of fate and intermarriage, when Elizabeth I of England died in 1603, her cousin James VI of Scotland moved south to inherit her throne. We look forward to sharing with you about two hundred years' worth of Scottish music, from the time the court left Scotland until the publication of the *Scots Musical Museum* in the 1790s.

So we begin with **Tullochgorum**, the ‘First of tunes’:

What needs there be sae great a fraise,  
like dringing dull Italian lays;  
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys  
for half a hundred score o’em!  
They’re dowf and dowie at the best  
wi’ a’ their variorum.  
They’re dowf and dowie at the best,  
their allegros and a’ the rest,  
They canna please a Scottish taste  
compar’d wi’ Tullochgorum. — John Skinner (1721–1801)

Far from being ancient and anonymous, handed down orally since time immemorial, Scottish traditional music as played today is the result of composition, collaboration, elaboration, arrangement, and adaptation by practiced musicians who were connected to the larger European musical world. New instruments were added to the tonal palette beginning with the violin itself, then the harpsichord, the cello, the piano, the tin whistle, and the accordion. The tunes that are still played today for dancing and at cultural celebrations like Burns’ Night began to be collected and published in the 18th century (pre-dating the folk-music revivals of the rest of Europe by at least fifty years). In addition to that repertoire of anonymous tunes that date to at least the 18th century, there are hundreds of tunes composed in evolution of the same style by known composers, like James Oswald, William Marshall, the fiddler Niel Gow, and, in the 19th century, J.S. Skinner. If a tune appears in one collection without its attribution, it becomes instantly ‘anonymous’ which certainly doesn’t equal old!

The lute was a prominent fixture in Scottish courtly life from the late 15th to the early 17th century. Of the few Scottish lute resources that did exist, we have the Straloch and the Rowallan manuscripts. These feature Scottish tunes arranged for solo lute alongside some Continental favorites of the time, one of which is the French-style **Canaries**. We expand the solo lute piece to the ensemble, a common technique in the 17th century. Collected in the early years of the 18th century, the Balcarres Lute Manuscript is the most extensive source of Scottish lute music at the turn of the century. Among the elegant arrangements of Scottish tunes are French Baroque lute pieces, which were very much in vogue at the time. The main contributor to the book seems to be a Mr. Beck, who is assumed to be a German lutenist active in Edinburgh in the final decade of the 17th century.

### **‘Stage Scots’: Purcell & the first ‘Scotch tunes’ (1660-1707)**

If the Scots lute music of the middle 17th century is a dialogue between Scottish and French music, the next few pieces explore Scottish music in the eyes of Londoners in the decades between the Restoration of the monarchy (1660) and the Act of Union (1707), when Scotland and England were combined into a single political entity. London theaters had been closed during the Civil Wars but were now open again, and audiences demanded spectacle and novelty. One fad, perhaps encouraged by increased numbers of Scottish immigrants to the city, was for Scottish-style tunes and songs. By the 1690s or so, ‘Scottish’ songs were a recognizable genre of published theater songs. Often they are labeled ‘Scotch Tune’, but when they aren’t, the presence of Scottish words or names distinguishes these songs from ordinary English songs: characters named Jocky or Sawney and references to yowes (English ewes). They are ambiguously Scottish. Some are caricatures, written to lampoon Scots as rustic, dishonest, or lustful, like Purcell’s setting of Thomas D’Urfey’s **’Twas Within a Furlong of Edinborough Town**. Some adopt a Scottish voice to lampoon the sophistication of the English. Some seem to be pastoral or gently exotic, like the popular **Lass of Peatie’s Mill**, whose tune is probably old and Scottish but whose words, sentimental and peppered with dialect, were probably aimed at an English market.

Whether these tunes are ‘authentically’ Scottish is an unanswerable question. Roger Fiske, in his excellent book *Scotland in Music*, identifies a few Scottish traits common to both very old tunes collected in Scotland and the new tunes published in England in the 17th and 18th centuries: mixolydian or dorian mode (that is, roughly, major or minor but with the ‘leading tone’ a half-step lower) and pieces whose first phrase is in, for example, G major and whose second is in F (like Tullochgorum). We have some idea of what 17th century Londoners thought of these features: Samuel Pepys says, of Scots music played by a servant on the violin at Lord Lauderdale’s house, “Lord! the strangest ayre that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast.” There was something alien in Scottish music, to English ears; when Pepys says the tunes are ‘all of one cast’, he may have been referring to this tendency: in fact, over half the tunes we play tonight exhibit some form of this characteristic. “London Scottish” tunes of this period are neither fully traditional nor fully separate from tradition. They are the result of knowledge of actual Scottish style, adaptation to bourgeois English tastes, and pure invention.

### **The Jacobite Rising**

George I, elector of Hanover, was a controversial choice to succeed Queen Anne when she died in 1714: there were more direct descendants from her father (James II/VII), but they were Catholic, which was regarded by Parliament as politically impossible. Those who supported his son James, and there was a powerful minority on both sides of the Border,

were called Jacobites (from the Latin *Jacobus* for James). In 1715 they staged an armed rebellion with the hope of taking the throne. Handel, having come over from Germany in George's court, composed an ode to celebrate the Jacobite defeat. A generation later, James's son Charles (known romantically as Bonny Prince Charlie) tried again. On his defeat at Culloden in 1746 and his escape from the country, Jacobite ambitions were permanently crushed. However, the popular memory of the cause only grew, accruing a mythology of coded double-entendre like holding one's glass over the fingerbowl to signify "the king over the water." Though there are still Jacobites (they even have web pages, if you're interested), from the end of the 18th century onward, the romanticization of Bonny Prince Charlie and the tragic downfall of the ancient clans became more and more intertwined with Scottish national identity as a whole: for most, Jacobite songs are national emblems like the thistle or tartan.

**Farewell to Lochaber**, a love song by the Scots poet Allan Ramsay, was published in the 1720s in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, a collection of genteel songs to be enjoyed around the tea-table. Its theme—leaving one's lover and the land of one's birth—here evokes the exiles that followed the first Jacobite uprising of 1715. **Cam ye ow'r frae France** is a bitter political song lampooning George I (Geordie) riding on a goose (his mistress). The same tune is also called 'Key to the Cellar' and takes the form of a Northern English / Southern Scots hornpipe in 3/2, a dance also used by Purcell and Handel. **Flowers of the Forest** is a highland bagpipe lament associated in the popular imagination with the death of the Gaelic aristocracy in the Jacobite uprising. It is still often played at military funerals.

The Scottish diaspora followed soon after the defeat at Culloden. In the Highlands, the great clan chiefs sold their lands out from under their tenants (the "Highland Clearances") in order to make more money grazing sheep. Within another generation of the '45, Highland soldiers were fighting overseas for the Hanoverians in the Seven Year's War (and its American incarnation, the French and Indian War) and, a decade later, the War of American Independence. Highland costume, as adapted by the British army became the basis of Scottish national dress, while kilts and bagpipes, suitably adapted for a modern fighting force of the early 19th century, was taken to the furthest corners of the British Empire.

While most people associate the Great Highland Bagpipes with ancient Scottish tradition, both the instrument and its repertoire, along with the current highly ornamented and strictly circumscribed style of playing, are products of the 19th century. Bagpipes had existed in Scotland since the late Middle Ages, but before the development of the 19th-century piping schools and the military tradition of pipe bands, piping in the Highlands was mainly an oral tradition, and very little of the music was written down. In contrast, the Lowlands maintained an active and literate piping culture in the 17th and 18th century, and their instrument of choice was either the Northumbrian Pipes (which evolved in the late 17th century as an English/Scottish offshoot of the French *musette de cour*) or the border pipes--often called "lowland pipes", "half-long pipes" or "cauld wind pipes" (the latter name because they were blown with a bellows rather than the mouth). While the chanter (melody pipe) of the border pipes was similar to that of the Great Highland pipes, they were a quieter instrument that could be played either alone or with other musicians, and the repertoire borrowed from both the Northumbrian piping tradition of northern England and the fiddling tradition of the Scottish Lowlands.

Until the late 1980s, no editions of music specifically for the border pipes had been discovered, although there were many 18th-century paintings and engravings that showed them being played. Fortunately, the "Willie Dixon" manuscript has now been edited by the English piper and folklorist Matt Seattle, and this unique collection of tunes is the source for the piping solos on this program. Unlike the later Highland Piping tradition, which focused on complex ornamentation, the border pipe tunes of the Dixon MS are mostly in a theme-and-variations format, with the variations being executed melodically rather than by means of ornamenting individual notes. This style of piece was already well known to both English and Scottish fiddlers in the 17th century, and remained popular throughout the 18th century as well. To illustrate the differences between the two, and the unique ways in which each instrument's strengths are emphasized, contrast the the humorously-titled **Hit Her On The Bum** fiddle variations with the rustic reel **Tail Toddle**, spun into a variation set for pipes, which precedes the more well-known country dance version. The pipes used on this program are not actual border pipes, but an original style of instrument created by Paul Beekhuizen. The chanter, however, is very similar in design and sound to that of the Border pipes, and works quite well for the realization of Dixon's tunes at baroque pitch.

### ***Parlour Scots & The Ballroom***

The earlier theater-style songs like *Within a Furlong* were eventually replaced in public taste with a much more sentimental type of love song. The basslines published to them are 'crude' by mainstream 18th-century standards, like the striking parallel fifths at the start of **An thou were my ain thing**. Francesco Barsanti, a Tuscan working in London and Edinburgh, published a set of airs with more sophisticated harmonizations in the Italian style. 'Improved' in a very 18th-century way by this new grace, Scottish songs were welcomed into polite musical company. Their texts also shift away from bawdy subjects to more elegant love-songs — the rough Jocky of 1700 becomes by 1750 an Arcadian shepherd in tartan ribbons. Dancing was generally prohibited by the Kirk of Scotland (the Presbyterian Church, established as a state church in the 16th century) but by the first decades of the 18th century, social dancing had come into fashion. Country dancing was imported from England around 1700, and the Scots added their own figures and steps. Country dances were danced in Scotland long after they had gone out of fashion in England, hence the survival of a distinctly Scottish form. In addition to

the reel and jig tunes used for dancing throughout Britain and Ireland, the Scots also created a particular form of slow reel, named the Strathspey after the valley of the river Spey, with a dotted rhythm and a step which, in the form of the Schottische, was popular throughout Europe. Our 'ballroom' set of **Invercauld's Reel, Delvine Side, and Drummond Castle** evokes an evening of social dance in 18th century Edinburgh or Glasgow.

### *The Scottish Enlightenment*

By 1750, Scots were among the most literate and cultured people in Europe. A strong belief in human reasoning, the ability to improve oneself and one's society, and the influx of wealth that had begun with the 1707 Union all led to outstanding achievements in the arts and sciences. Music societies produced regular concerts, citizens attended lectures and took lessons, and musicians performed the most fashionable music from Europe. Professionals were kept busy day night composing, performing, teaching, and fiddling at dances. Most turned to arranging Scots tunes to feed the growing demand for new music, though some compositions show a much more successful blend of Scottish and Continental styles than others. The period 1750-1770 saw the height of musical activity and awareness in Scotland. Despite the economic decline which soon followed, Scots kept alive the ideals of the Enlightenment as they relocated to far-off colonies, bringing their scientific genius to Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. Robert Burns (1759-1796) is still revered in Scotland for having singlehandedly established a national literature with his poetry. His work in poetry covers the same spectrum of registers that contemporary Scottish music does, from his political and allegorical poetry in Standard English, to lyrics with Scottish flavor in the form of a sprinkling of dialect words, through to carefully collected traditional songs. Burns's poetry was popular all over the English-speaking world, read by the English and German romantics, and, because of Burns's egalitarian politics, provided inspiration to the labor and socialist movements of the 19th century "For a' that, and a' that, a man's a man for a' that." In the last decade of his life, he contributed hundreds of songs to James Johnson's vast *Scots Musical Museum*, a collection of 600 folksongs old and new.

Good Night and Joy be with you all! We bid you farewell with a wistful air from that collection, a genial reel (related in tune to an Irish drinking song) from Playford's 1700 publication, and a set of slip jigs in 9/8. **Rattlin' Roarin' Willie** first appeared in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion* in 1759; Burns later composed the last verse.

—Notes by Alastair Thompson, 2010

with Karen Burciaga, Dan Meyers, and Matthew Wright

### Texts

7.

#### **'Twas Within a Furlong of Edinborough Town**

In the rosy time of year when the grass was down;  
Bonny Jocky blithe and gay, said to Jenny making hay,  
Let's sit a little, dear, and prattle, 'tis a sultry day.  
He long had courted the black-brown maid,  
But Jocky was a wag and would ne'er consent to wed,  
Which made her Pish and Pooh, and cry out it will not do,  
I canot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.

He told her marriage was grown a mere joke,  
And that no one wedded now but the scoundrel folk,  
Yet my dear thou should'st prevail, but I know not what I ail,  
I shall dream of clogs and silly dogs with bottles at their tail;  
But I'll give thee gloves and a bongrace to wear,  
And a pretty filly-foal to ride out and take the air,  
If thou ne'er will't Pish and Pooh, and cry it ne'er will do,  
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.

That you'll give me trinkets, cried she, I believe,  
But ah! what in return must your poor Jenny give;  
When my maiden treasure's gone, I must gang to London-Town,  
And roar and rant, and patch and paint, and kiss for half-a-crown;  
Each drunken bully oblige for pay,  
And earn a hated living in an odious fulsome way,  
No, no, no, it ne'er shall do, for a wife I'll be to you,  
Or I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.

10.

**Farewel to Lochaber**, farewel to my Jean,  
Where heartsome with thee I have mony day been;  
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.  
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
And not for the dangers attending on weir;  
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.  
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

14.

**Ann thou were my ain Thing,**  
I wou'd lo'e thee, I wou'd love thee,  
Ann thou were my ain Thing,  
How dearly wou'd I lo'e thee.

I wou'd clasp thee in my arms,  
I'd secure thee from all harms,  
For above Mortal thou hast Charms,  
How dearly do I lo'e thee.

Of Race divine thou needs must be,  
Since nothing earthly equals thee;  
So I must still Presumptious be  
To show how much I lo'e thee.

17.

**On Ettrick banks,** in a simmer's night,  
At gloaming when the sheep came hame,  
I met my lassie, braw and tight,  
Come wading through the mist her lane:  
My heart grew light; I ran, I flang  
My arms about her lily neck,  
And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,  
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go  
To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn?  
I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe  
When ye come to the brig of Earn,  
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
And herrings at the Broomy Law;  
Cheer up your heart, my bonie lass,  
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,  
When winter frosts and snaws begin,  
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
At night when ye sit down to spin,  
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;  
And thus the weary night we'll end,  
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring  
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,  
And lead her to my simmer shield.  
There far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
That make the kindly hearts their sport,  
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,  
And gar the langest day seem short.

To Merit I no Claim can make,  
But that I lo'e, and for your Sake,  
What Man can name, I'll undertake,  
So dearly do I o'e thee.

My Passion, constant as the Sun,  
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,  
Till Fates my Threed of Life have spun,  
Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.

21.

**Wantonness for evermair,**  
Wantonness has been my ruin.  
Yet for a' my dool and care  
It's wantonness for evermair.  
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown;  
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden!  
A' the colours in the town -  
I hae won their wanton favour.

23.

**O, rattlin, roarin Willie,** O, he held to the fair,  
An' for to sell his fiddle and to buy some other ware;  
But parting wi' his fiddle, the saut tear blin't his e'e -  
And, rattlin, roarin Willie, ye're welcome hame to me!

'O Willie, come sell your fiddle, O, sell your fiddle sae fine!  
O Willie come sell your fiddle and buy a pint o' wine!  
'If I should sell my fiddle, the warld would think I was mad;  
For monie a rantin day my fiddle and I hae had.'

As I cam to Crochallan, I cannily keekit ben,  
Rattlin, roarin Willie was sitting at yon boord-en':  
Sitting at yon boord-en', and amang guid companie!  
Rattlin, roarin Willie, ye're welcome hame to me.