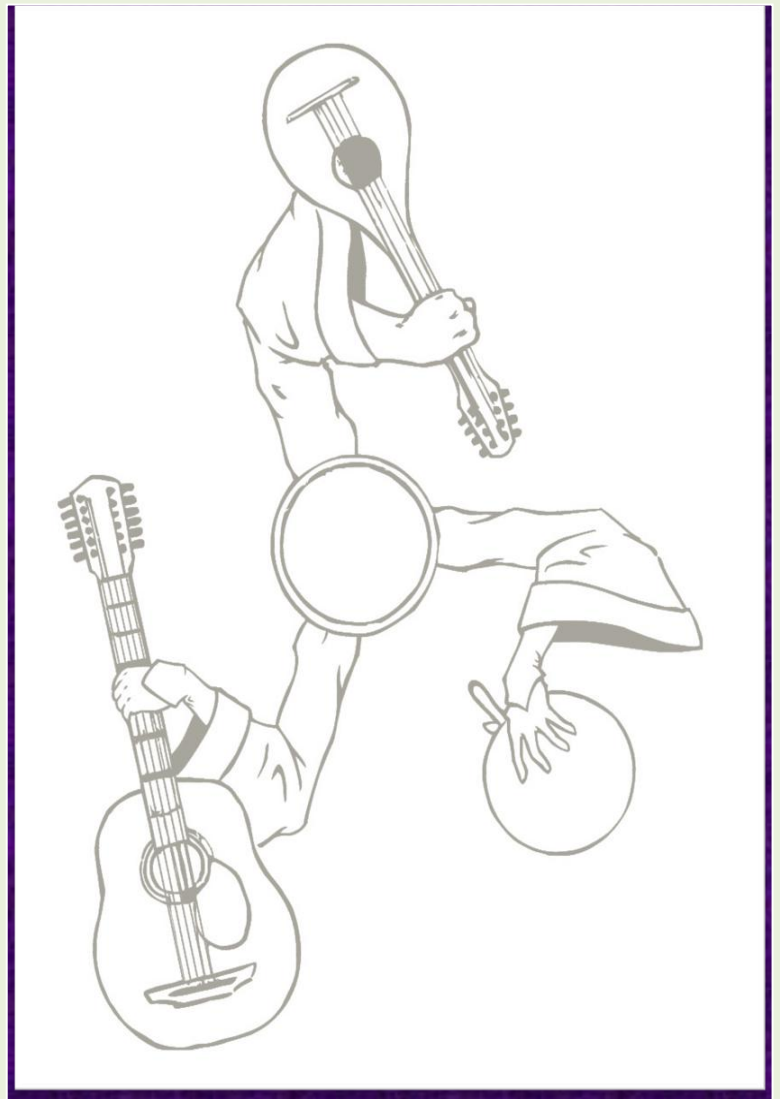


# Music on Friday – Song List and Lyrics

- |                                    |      |
|------------------------------------|------|
| 1. Lonesome Robin                  | 4:05 |
| 2. It doesn't have to be a song    | 3:29 |
| 3. Sweeter than apples             | 3:59 |
| 4. Green grows the laurels         | 4:17 |
| 5. Glenlogie                       | 4:09 |
| 6. January man                     | 3:51 |
| 7. Fisherman's song                | 5:26 |
| 8. Launcelot and Guinevere         | 3:32 |
| 9. To the begging                  | 4:05 |
| 10. The water is wide              | 5:32 |
| 11. Fair Flower of Northumberland  | 5:40 |
| 12. Fool's jig                     | 1:58 |
| 13. The Ring                       | 3:57 |
| 14. Buy us a drink (faire version) | 4:19 |



## 1. Lonesome Robin 4:05

F. Brigdon – vocals, cittern; L. Tharp - guitar; S. Brigdon - vocals

Bob Coltman

Rise up off your bed of straw  
And see if you can't bend back your bow one last time  
You're sick with your wounds and you think you don't care  
But you know it'll weigh on your mind  
And wherever your arrow falls to the ground  
We'll lay Lonesome Robin Hood down, one last time

CHORUS: No more Robin Hood, your outlaw days are over

When you were a little boy  
You'd go to bed while the sun still shone  
It was just like sleep was the end of the world  
And tomorrow would never, ever come

And now lonesome Robin can't you just close your eyes  
And pretend that the sun it will rise one last time

CHORUS

It's funny how hot is the sun  
Now that you can't run away to the shade  
And all you can think of is the deer that you've run  
And all of the tricks that you've played  
An wonderin' what Marian's found to do  
That's better than comin' to see you, one last time

CHORUS

Now time has taken your time away  
Time and deceptions have slowed you down  
All of the times that ever you had  
Have taken to their heels and they've run  
Hold on to whatever is closest to you  
It's all lonesome Robin can do, one last time

CHORUS

Note: Floyd originally heard this song performed by Pat Broaders ([www.patbroaders.com](http://www.patbroaders.com)) and almost instantly fell in love with it. It takes a special song writer to write a song about death and make it sound as cheerful as this song does.

## 2. It doesn't have to be a song 3:31

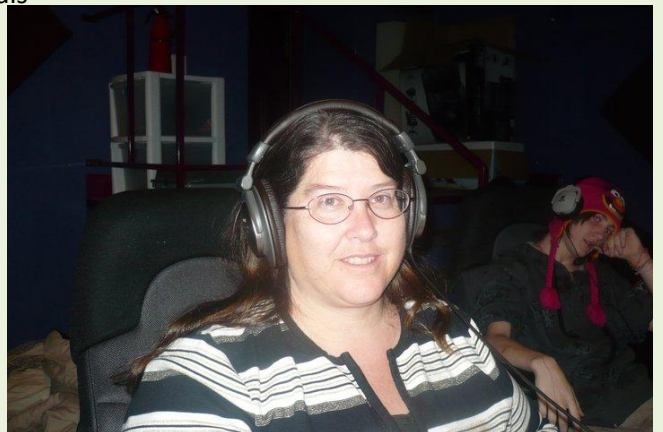
F. Brigdon – vocals, guitar; L. Tharp - guitar, vocals; S. Brigdon - vocals

One night when we were at the pub, our glasses full of stout  
Debating such important things, a dreadful row broke out.  
I grabbed my pen and started to immortalize the scene  
When one friend she stopped fighting, upset at what she'd seen.

“You're always doing that,” she said and pointed straight at me.  
“It's like you're always watching and will not let us be.  
There's none of us can make a joke unless you write it down.”  
She took a long draw of her stout and then said with a frown.

“It doesn't have to be a song, a chorus or a rhyme.  
Why not just let life happen? It happens all the time!  
Some people have no rhythm, their lives no harmony.  
So it doesn't have to be a song. Why don't you let it be?”

“Remember when your lady left and took your cat in tow?  
You had to write a ballad. You couldn't let it go.  
Most lads would be weeping and trying to bring her home.



You spent all your time finding chords and new rhymes for 'alone'.

"And how about that time last year when your dog up and died?

The song you wrote was so sad that everybody cried.  
Every night for six straight weeks we bawled into our cups  
But you kept right on playing it and would not give it up.

"It doesn't have to be a song, a chorus or a rhyme.  
Why not just let life happen? It happens all the time!  
Some people have no rhythm, their lives no harmony.  
So it doesn't have to be a song. Why don't you let it be?"

The pub had gone all quiet listening to my friend's tirade  
And I have to tell you truly I was moved by what she'd said.  
I dropped my pen and took a breath, chords running through my head.  
I looked the lass right in the eye and this is what I said:

It doesn't have to be a song. You're absolutely right.  
Some things you cannot write about. You've made me see the light.  
Some things don't bear repeating, even though they're true.  
No, it doesn't have to be a song. Sometimes a tune will do.

It doesn't have to be a song but you know very well  
That those who don't like music are already in Hell.  
So raise your glasses high, my friends, and let your voices ring.  
It might not have to be a song but oft a song's the thing.

Note: This is a song that literally evolved in the studio. Originally written by Floyd, as Leah and Sarah started playing with the tune, things started to change. When their recording engineer, Scott Fleming, and Sarah's son, Drew Huff got involved, things took a severe right turn and what came out at the end was much different from the original. This piece was truly a group effort.

### 3. Sweeter than apples 3:50

S. Brigdon – bouzouki, vocals; F. Brigdon - vocals; L. Tharp - guitar, vocals

Words and music by Allison Lonsdale ([www.allisonlonsdale.com](http://www.allisonlonsdale.com) )

Death she rode lovely all on a pale steed  
As she led us on into the slaughter  
Her kisses were sweeter than apples that day  
And the blood it flowed like it was water

CHORUS:

She fools all the mothers again and again  
"With your shield or upon it returning"



So they send off their sons to be butchers of men  
But how handsome they ride in the morning  
Sweeter than apples  
The kiss of my lady is sweeter than apples  
The kiss of my lady is sweeter than apples  
The kiss of my lady is metal on bone



Death she flew lovely all on a cold wind  
And she lifted our banners so bravely  
'Twas love of our country we claimed to fight for  
But we knew it was love of that lady

(Chorus)

Her kisses are cool on the sweat of my brow  
And her favor I'm happy to carry  
For she is the lady I faithfully serve  
And the maiden whom someday I'll marry

(Chorus)

Note: "Sweeter than Apples" was originally written and performed by Alison Lonsdale of The Wild Oats in the 90's. We love the tune but don't really do justice to the Oats' original harmonies. You can see their version on YouTube at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ijeoHIWN1bc>

#### 4. Green grow the laurels 4:16

L. Tharp – vocals, guitar; S. Brigdon – vocals; F. Brigdon – bouzouki, vocals

Traditional

I once had a sweetheart but now I have none  
He's gone and left me, now I'm all alone.  
He's gone and left me, for others to see  
Cause he loves another, far better than me.

Chorus:

Green grows the laurel, soft falls the dew  
Sorry was I, love when parted from you  
By our next meeting, I hope you prove true  
And we'll change the laurels for the violets of blue

I passed my love's window both early and late  
And the looks that he gave me would make my heart break;  
The looks that he gave me would ten thousand kill  
Cause he loves another, but I love him still

CHORUS



I wrote him a letter in red rosy lines  
The answer he sent back was twisted and twined  
Saying: Keep your love-letters and I will keep mine,  
You write to your love and I'll write to mine.

#### CHORUS

Now oft times I've wondered why maidens love men  
And oft times I wonder why young men love them  
But from my own knowledge there's one thing I know  
That men are deceivers wherever they go

#### CHORUS

Floyd originally sang this song but when looking for songs to use on the CD they decided to switch keys and have Leah sing it. It's a humorous look at relationships!

## 5. Glenlogie

4:10

F. Brigdon – vocals, bouzouki; S. Brigdon – vocals; L. Tharp – vocals, guitar

Traditional; based on Child ballad 238

There were four and twenty nobles  
Standing at the king's hall  
And bonnie Glenlogie,  
Was the flower o' them all

There were nine and nine nobles  
Rode through Banchory fair,  
Aye and bonnie Glenlogie,  
Was the flower o' them there

There were six and six maidens  
Sitting at the King's hall  
Bonnie Jean o Bethelnie  
Was the flower o them all

Down cam Jeannie Gordon  
Came trippin down the stair,  
She's chosen Glenlogie  
From all of them there;

Glenlogie, Glenlogie  
If ye should prove kind,  
My love it's laid upon on ye,  
I've told ya my mind.

He's turnin' round lightly,  
As the Gordon's do all,

"I'm sorry Jeanie Gordon  
I'm promised a-way."

She called to her maidens  
For to make her a bed,  
Aye with ribbons and with napkins  
To tie up her head.

An it's up an spake her father,  
Well a wise man was he,  
"I'll wed ye tae Dunfermline,  
He's more gold than he."

Oh hide your tongue father  
For this will not be,  
If I get me not Glenlogie,  
For him will I dee."

Her father's a chaplain,  
A man o great skill,  
He's writ a bold letter,  
And written it well.

Said a pox on ye Logie,  
now since it is so,  
This a lady's love laid on ye,  
Must she die in her woe?"

And a pox! on ye Logie,  
At sunset it's time  
This lady's love laid on ye,  
Must she die in her prime?"

Now when Logie's got the letter  
and being amongst men  
Och! it's up and spake Glenlogie  
"Who is this young woman?"

And he looked at the letter,  
A light laugh gave he,  
Aye, but e'er he read o'er it"  
A tear blinded his eye.

"Oh saddle me the black horse,  
And saddle me the broun,  
Bonnie Jean o Bethelnie  
Will be dead e'er I win."

*But the horses wouldna be saddled  
nor led upon the green  
Aye and bonnie Glenlogie  
Was twelve miles away*

Oh pale and wan was she  
When Glenlogie came in,

Ah it was red and rosy grew she  
When she saw it was him.

Where lies your pain lady  
Does it lie in your side.  
Where lies your pain lady  
Does it lie in your head.

Oh no no Glenlogie  
you're far from the part  
for the pain that you speak of  
Oh it lies in my heart.

"Turn round Jeannie Gordon,  
Turn around on your side,  
And I'll be your bridegroom,  
If ye'll be the bride."

Now Jeannie's got married  
An her teacher doun tauld,  
Bonnie Jean o Bethelnie  
Was just sixteen year old.

Bethelnie, Bethelnie,  
Ye'll shine where ye stand,  
And the heather bells all round ye  
Shine on Fyvie's land.

Note: When this song was first brought to a practice, Floyd and Leah were more familiar with it than Sarah and so the three of them came in at different times and on different parts pretty much naturally. After listening to their recording of that practice, they decided that they liked that effect and then arranged the song to reproduce it.

## 6. January man

3:48

F. Brigdon – vocals, guitar; S. Brigdon – vocals; L. Tharp – vocals, guitar

Dave Goulder ([www.davegoulder.co.uk](http://www.davegoulder.co.uk))

The January man he walks the road  
In woolen coat and boots of leather  
The February man still shakes the snow  
From off his hair and blows his hands  
The man of March he sees the Spring and  
Wonders what the year will bring  
And hopes for better weather

Through April rains the man comes down  
To watch the birds come in to share the summer  
The man of May stands very still  
Watching the children dance away the day  
In June the man inside the man is young  
And wants to lend a hand  
And grins at each new color

And in July the man in cotton shirt  
He sits and thinks on being idle  
The August man in thousands take the road  
To watch the sea and find the sun  
September man is standing near  
To saddle up another the year  
And Autumn is his bridle

The man of new October takes the reins  
And early frost is on his shoulder  
The poor November man sees fire and rain  
And snow and mist and wintery gale  
December man looks through the snow  
To let eleven brothers know  
They're all a little older

And the January man comes round again  
In woolen coat and boots of leather  
To take another turn and walk along the icy road he knows so well  
For the January man is here for  
Starting each and every year  
Along the road for ever

Note: Drawn to this song by Dave Goulder's haunting original version, Floyd presented this song to the band as a wonderful "end of the year" song. "January Man" contains some of the most powerful imagery and symbolic lyrics that Celtic music can demonstrate.

## 7. Fisherman's song 5:24

S. Brigdon – vocals; F. Brigdon - cittern; L. Tharp – vocals, guitar

Andy Stewart ([www.andymstewart.com](http://www.andymstewart.com) )

By the storm-torn shoreline, a woman is standing  
The spray strung like jewels in her hair  
And the sea tore the rocks near that desolate landing  
As though it had known she stood there

For she has come down to condemn that wild ocean  
For the murderous loss of her man  
His ship sailed out on Wednesday morning  
And it's feared she's gone down with all hands



And it's white were the wave-caps and wild was their parting  
So fierce is the warring of love  
But she prayed to the gods, both of men and of sailors  
Not to cast their cruel nets o'er her love

And she has come down to condemn that wild ocean  
For the murderous loss of her man  
His ship sailed out on Wednesday morning  
And it's feared she's gone down with all hands

There's a school on the hill where the son's of dead fathers  
Are led toward tempests and gales  
Where their God-given wings are clipped close to their bodies  
And their eyes are bound round with ships' sails

And she has come down to condemn that wild ocean  
For the murderous loss of her man  
His ship sailed out on Wednesday morning  
And it's feared she's gone down with all hands

What force leads a man to a life filled with danger  
High on seas or a mile underground  
It's when need is his master and poverty's no stranger  
And there's no other work to be found

And she has come down to condemn that wild ocean  
For the murderous loss of her man  
His ship sailed out on Wednesday morning  
And it's feared she's gone down with all hands



Note: Floyd has loved "Fisherman's Song" for as long as he has listened to Silly Wizard and Andy Stewart (which is a long time). He had worked up a version of the song to perform and distracted the band with it while they were in the midst of getting ready for an impending performance. When Sarah heard the song, she decided to steal the lead role right out from under him and they performed it in that set and she has been singing it ever since. He is still recovering...

## 8. Launcelot and Guinevere 3:32

L. Tharp – vocals; F. Brigdon - cittern

Eric Bogle

Is there anyone who's never dreamed  
of vanished age, of knights and kings,  
when magic danced along the wind,  
enchanters flew on dragon's wings.  
A seed grew in the hearts of men,  
that first bright flower of chivalry,  
when past and present were as one  
reaching for infinity.



But in this cold and winsome age  
we fear the future, scorn the past  
and stumble on from day to day,  
in a world where nothing seems to last.  
What can't be proved, can't be believed  
legends are lies to be dismissed,  
Excalibur rusts in its sheath  
and Camelot does not exist

So, please, will you go with me  
and leave this barren world behind  
it has no place for such as we  
we're out of fashion, out of time  
If you will be my Lancelot  
I'll try to be your Guinevere  
through storms and shadows we shall steer  
and come at last to Camelot.



Note: Leah has always been an Eric Bogle fan and while going through a list of his songs found "Lancelot and Guinevere" which included some more modern lyrics. She thought it would be a good ren faire song. Unfortunately in an attempt to find the tune, all of the CD's with the song on it were out of print. She contacted Eric Bogle, who kindly burned her a copy of the song from his own computer, mailed it from Australia, and included 11 more songs as icing on the cake! It was a real pleasure to get his permission to record this song.

## 9. To the begging 4:01

F. Brigdon – vocals, bouzouki ; S. Brigdon – vocals; L. Tharp – vocals, guitar

*Traditional*

Chorus:

To the beggin' I will go, will go  
To the beggin' I will go

Of all the trades a man can try, the beggin' is the best  
For when a beggar's weary he can just sit down and rest

I can beg for my supper, I've got nothing else to do  
If you've a pint or three to share, you can dine with me too

Before I go a beggin' I'll let my beard grow strong,  
And for my nails I'll let them grow, for a beggar wears them long

I'll go to find some greasy cook and buy from her a hat  
With a couple inches for a brim, a glitterin' o're with fat

I'll go and seek my quarters before that it grows dark  
Just when the goodman's sitting down and getting home from work

And I'll take out my supper dish and start to make a meal  
And say, "Goodwife, can you give me bread, for never would I steal."



And maybe the goodman will say, "Poor man, put up your bowl,  
we'll gladly give you supper now, and shelter from the cold

If there's a wedding in the town, I'll make sure to be there  
and pour my kindest wishes out upon the winsome pair

And some will give me bread and beef for me to grow fat  
and I'll slip out among the folk gathering pennies in my hat

Note: We first heard Arabesque ([www.ourarabesque.com](http://www.ourarabesque.com)) doing this one and found it too infectious to not perform.  
This is another one that lots of alternative lyrics exist for but we decided to do the simple/basic version.

## 10. The Water is Wide 5:27

S. Brigdon – vocals; L. Tharp – vocals, guitar; F. Brigdon - guitar

*Traditional, Child ballad 204*

The water is wide, I can't cross over  
and neither have I wings to fly  
give me a boat that can carry two  
and both shall row - my love and I

O down in the meadows the other day  
A-gathering flowers, both fine and gay  
A-gathering flowers, both red and blue  
I little thought what love can do

Now love is gentle, and love is kind  
the sweetest flower when first it's new  
but love grows old, and waxes cold  
and fades away like morning dew

I leaned my back up against some oak,  
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;  
But first he bended and then he broke,  
And so did my false love to me.

There is a ship, she sails the sea  
she's loaded deep as deep can be  
but not as deep as the love I'm in  
I know not how I sink or swim

O, love is handsome and live is fine,  
And love's a jewel while it is new;  
But when it is old, it growth cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.

The water is wide, I can't cross over



and neither have I wings to fly  
give me a boat that can carry two  
and both shall row - my love and I

and both shall row - my love and I

Note: While originally inspired to consider this tune by James Taylor's rendition, our version incorporates lyrics from multiple versions/renditions. We performed the Taylor version our first season at Four Winds Faire and the version that is here (with different lyrics and harmonies) was produced for this CD.

## 11. The Fair Flower of Northumberland 5:40

L. Tharp – vocals, guitar; F. Brigdon - cittern; S. Brigdon - vocals

*Traditional, based on Child ballad 9; music by Alistair Hulett*

The Provost's *young daughter* was walkin' *alone*  
Oh but her love it was easy won  
When she heard a Scots prisoner *making a moan*  
Aye and she was the flower o' Northumberland

*He said* "If I had a lassie to set me free  
Oh but her love it be easy won  
I would make her a lady o' high degree  
If she'd set me free from my prison so strong

Now she's gone inside her father's bed-stock  
Oh but her love it was easy won  
And she's stolen the keys to many stout locks  
For to free him from his prison so strong

And she's gone out to her father's stable  
And it's oh but her love it was easy won  
And she's stolen a steed both fleet and able  
For to hurl them over to bonny Scotland

But as they were a-ridin' out o'er yon Scots *moor*  
He cried "Oh but yer love it was easy won  
Get down from my horse, ye're a brazenfaced *whore*  
Although ye're the flower o' Northumberland"

She said "Cook in yer kitchen I surely will be  
Oh but my love it was easy won  
For I cannot go back to my own country  
Although I'm the fair flower o' Northumberland"

He said "Cook in my kitchen ye cannot well be  
Oh but yer love it was easy won  
For my lady she would not have servants like thee  
So ye'll need to go home to Northumberland"



But loathe was he then this lassie to vex  
And said "Oh but yer love it was easy won"  
So he's hired an old horse and he's hired an old man  
For to carry her back to Northumberland

Now when she got in her father did frown  
And said "Oh but yer love it was easy won  
To go wi' a Scotsman when ye're barely sixteen  
Aye, and ye were the flower o' Northumberland"

But when she got in her mother did smile  
And said "Oh but yer love it was easy won  
But ye're no' the first that yon Scots have beguiled  
And ye're welcome back home to Northumberland

"Oh ye will not want bread and ye will not want wine  
Oh but yer love it was easy won  
And ye will not want silver to buy a man with  
And ye're still the fair flower o' Northumberland"



Note: Floyd first heard this tune as it was performed by Alistair Hulett and was overjoyed to receive permission to base his interpretation on that version. After hearing the song, Leah asked him to change the key so she could sing it. For a Child ballad, it has a very happy ending.

## 12. Fool's jig 1:58

F. Brigdon - bouzouki

*Traditional*

Note: Triskelion first wanted to include this tune on their CD as an instrumental introduction to "Lonesome Robin" and, honestly, the two melodies work very well together. After playing around with both of them for while, though, "Fool's Jig" took on a life of its own.

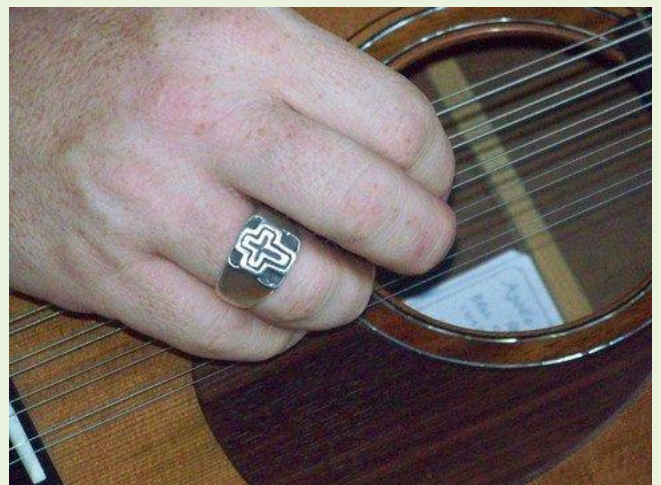
## 13. The Ring 3:54

F. Brigdon – vocals, guitar; L. Tharp – vocals, guitar; S. Brigdon - vocals

Words : Floyd Brigdon Music: Bill Sutton (<http://www.bsutton.com/>)

When I was a young lad, I heard the sea's song  
Calling my soul to come meet her,  
And I answered her gladly, like so many boys  
Who lay down life and soul just to please her.

But it's so many years I've sailed over the waves,  
I've watched the men fall, young and old -  
Watched them slide to her arms dressed in canvas and chain,  
Forever to lie dark and cold.



CHORUS: So I'll wear me this ring,  
And I'll sail the salt sea,  
And I'll fight where ever we're bound.  
And when this rough life  
Fin'llly takes me, this Ring  
Will see me safe into the ground, to the ground,  
Will see me safe into the ground.

This here blue ocean's a lonely old gal,  
And she longs for a man's company.  
But though I've been with her near most of my life,  
I'll be damned if I let her catch me.

She keeps thousands of lovers tight in her embrace  
Their faithful souls trapped evermore,  
But the price of this ring buys me free of her hold,  
For a tomb warm and dry on the shore.

#### CHORUS

There once was a ring of a different kind  
That circled my finger with gold,  
To bind me to love in a faraway land -  
Together, I dreamed, we'd grow old.

But she's died of a fever, while I was away,  
And no stronger love have I found.  
So when I'm done sailing this lady of foam  
I'll join my own lass in the ground.

#### CHORUS

Note: "The Ring" began life as a song that Floyd wrote in a lyrics writing workshop taught by the incredible Bill and Brenda Sutton (at FenCon in 2008). While there are many theories about why pirates wore earrings, Floyd based the idea for the song on the theory that the earring was there to provide for final expenses. After the workshop was over, the Suttons told Floyd that they would be willing to help him put the words to music and, after almost a year of struggling to get things right, he finally sent the song off to them. After a few short months, they had helped him put a polish on the words and a melody to the song. This is technically the first original song that was written for this CD.

## 14. Buy is a drink (faire version) 4:22

F. Brigdon – vocals, cittern; S. Brigdon – vocals; L. Tharp – vocals, guitar

*Original song and lyrics by Alistair Hulett ([www.alistairhulett.co.uk/](http://www.alistairhulett.co.uk/)); faire lyrics by Floyd Brigdon*

Here's to the knights who joust on the field  
And fight in the heat till they win or they yield.  
The Royals say "Lay on! Over the top!"  
Then they stand back to watch while the poor buggers drop.



## CHORUS

Come, buy us a drink and we'll sing you a song  
Of the chances you missed and the love that went wrong  
If you can't stand a whiskey, stand us a pint.  
We'll knock it right down and then sing half the night.

The ladies of Four Winds are known to be fair,  
With their beautiful garb and long flowing hair.  
They're courteous and pleasant and rarely do scoff  
As long, oh me lads, as you don't piss them off.

## CHORUS

Drink it down, boys, down  
As long as there is life in the day.  
For you'll get no more sup when your number is up  
And they lay you to rot in the clay.

We come to the pub to play and to sing  
Songs meant to honor the faire and the king.  
The music there fills us with hope and good cheer  
And all that we lack is a really cold beer.

## CHORUS

It's the taste of the whiskey, to tell you the truth,  
Has shortened me days and wasted me youth.  
Be kind to me health, sir, do it no harm.  
Put a pint of the black on the end of me arm and....

Note: *Triskelion* was in the middle of its first faire season when Alistair Hulett was taken from us in an untimely manner. The band practiced and performed the "normal" version of this song a couple of times at Four Winds as their way of closing the day before Floyd was struck by an inspiration to bring the lyrics closer to the faire. Fortunately, Alistair's widow, Fatima, liked the modification and allowed the band to put the song on this CD. Here's hoping that Alistair's legacy continues to live on in the world of Celtic music.

"January Man" and "Fisherman's Song" are licensed through the Harry Fox Agency. All other songs are used by the permission of their owners.

