

HOME · IS · WHERE · THE · VAN · IS
BATTLEFIELD
BAND

These are the words to the songs on Battlefield Band's classic and hugely influential album 'Home Is Where The Van Is', released in 1980. Additional notes on the songs and the music on the album are contained in the CD sleeve and are also included with downloads of the album purchased direct from www.templerecords.co.uk

2 BONNY BARBRY-O
(Trad. Arr. Battlefield Band)

Come down the stairs, Bonny Barbry-O,
Come down the stairs, Bonny Barbry-O;
Come down the stairs,
Combing back your yellow hair,
And bid a fond farewell to your mother-O.

How can I come down, Bonny Willie-O?
How can I come down, Bonny Willie-O?
How can I come down,
When I'm locked here in my room,
And a big deep well beneath my window?

I'll buy you ribbons, buy you pearls, Bonny Barbry-O,
I'll buy you ribbons, buy you pearls, Bonny Barbry-O;
And I'll buy you silken gowns,
And I'll roll you up and down,
When I follow you into your chambers-O.

Keep your ribbons, keep your pearls, Bonny Willie-O,
Keep your ribbons, keep your pearls, Bonny Willie-O;
And you can keep your silken gowns,
You'll not roll me up and down,
You won't get near my chamber-O.

For what would my mother say, Bonny Willie-O?
What would my mother say, Bonny Willie-O?
For what would my mother say
If I were to march away,
Along with you and all your soldiers-O?

The soldiers never fear, Bonny Barbry-O,
The soldiers never fear, Bonny Barbry-O;
For I'll make them all to stand,
With their caps all in their hands,
When they come into the presence of my Barbry-O

4 **BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER**

(Trad. Arr. Battlefield Band)

Braw, braw lads o' Galla Water,
Bonnie lads o' Galla Water
I'll kilt my coats abune my knee,
And follow my love through the water,
Braw, braw lads.

There is yin, a secret yin
Abune them a' I love him better,
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine
The Bonny Lad o' Galla Water,
Braw, braw lad.

Lothian lads are black as deils,
And Selkirk lads are no' much better,
I'll kilt my coats abune my knee
And follow the lad o' Galla Water,
Braw, braw lad.

Corn rigs are fine and bonnie,
A flock o' sheep is muckle better,
The wind will shake a field of oats
While lambs are friskin' in Galla Water,
Braw, braw lads.

Adieu, soor plooms o' Galashiels,
Tae you, my faither, here's a letter,
It's I'm awa' wi' the black-haired lad,
To bide wi' him in Galla Water,
Braw, braw lads.

5 UP & WAUR THEM A', WILLIE

(Words trad., tune composed A. Reid)

When we went to the field o' war,
And to the weaponshaw,
Wi' true design to serve our kind,
And chase our faes awa,
Lairds and lords came there bedeen,
And wow gin they were sma',
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa.

And when our army was drawn up,
The bravest e'er I saw,
We did not doubt to rax the rout,
And win the day and a',
Out-owre the brae it was nae play
To get sae hard a fa',
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa,
Up and waur them a', Willie,
Up and waur them a',
Up and sell your sour milk
And dance, and ding them a'.

When brawly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a',
Our bauld commander on the green,
Our faes their left did ca',
And there the greatest slaughter made
That e'er poor Donald saw,
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa,
Up and waur them &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,
They swore they'd slay us a',
And yet ane fyl'd his breeks for fear,
And so did rin awa,

We drave them back to Bonnyrigs,
Dragoons, and foot, and a',
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa,
Up and waur them &c.

But when their general view'd our lines,
And them in order saw,
He straight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw,
Thus we taught them the better gate
To get a better fa',
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa,
Up and waur them &c.

And then we rallied on the hills,
And bravely up did draw,
But gin ye speer wha wan the day,
I'll tell ye what I saw,
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa,
So there's my canty Highland sang,
About the things I saw,
Up and waur them &c.

8 THE BOAR AND THE FOX

(Trad. Arr. Battlefield Band)

The boar he has a hunting gone
To a lady of command,
And he's gone to the lady fox
and he has proferred her his hand.

You're welcome here, Lord Bruin, she says,
You are welcome here to me;
But ere I lie unto your bed
You must grant me favours three.

Favours three then I will grant
No matter what those favours be,
For there isn't a beast in all the wood
That will dare to challenge me.

Then bid me bring the red-deer's heart
Or the nambles of the hind
To be a bridal supper meat
That will fit my true love's mind.

No! Ah, no! cries the lady fox,
These are not the gifts for me;
But there are three birds in fair Scotland
Sitting on a single tree.

And I must have the heart of one
And the heads of the other two,
Then I will go, for will or woe
And be a bride, a bride to you.

Oh woe be to that lady fox,
She's the vilest of her breed;
For the bonny birds were reaved awa'
And condemned by her to bleed.

The boar was caught inside her den
With a trap that severed his leg;
And she's tied the boar up by the neck
And he has hung till he was dead.

10 THE LADS O' THE FAIR

(B. McNeill)

Come bonny lass, lie near me
And let the brandy cheer ye
For the road from Fife to Falkirk's lang
 and cold and wet and weary,
My trade it is the weavin',
At the bonny toon o' Leven,
And I'll drink the health o' the farmers' dames
 wha'll buy my cloth the morn.

Chorus:

For ye can see them a',
The lads o' the fair,
Lads o' the Forth and the Carron water,
Workin' lads and lads wi' gear,
Lads wha' sell ye the provost's daughter;

Soldiers back frae the German wars,
Pedlars up frae the border,
And lassies wi' an eye for mair than the kye,
At the Trystin' Fair at Falkirk.

Oh, Geordie, lead the pony,
For the path is steep and stony,
And we're three long weeks from the Isle of Skye
 and beasts are thin and bony,
We'll take the last o' the siller,
And we'll buy oursels a gill or two,
And we'll drink tae the lads wha'll buy our kye
 in Falkirk town the morn.

Oh, stand here and I'll show ye,
There's the town below ye,
But ye'd best bide here in the barn the nicht
 for the night watch dinna know ye,
My brother, he's a ploughman,
And I'm for the feein', now, man,
And we'll drink tae the price o' the harvest corn
 in Falkirk town the morn.

The work o' the weaver's over,
Likewise the day o' the drover,
And the ploughboy sits on a tractor now
 too high to see the clover;
The workin's no sae steady,
But the lads are a' still ready,
To drink the health o' the workin' man
 in Falkirk town the morn.