Over the Border

Tracks:

Take Her In Your Arms
Gallant Murray
River
Maggie
Flower 'O Scotland
Come By The Hills
Northwest Passage
The Field Behind The Plow
Haughs of Cromdale
Blue Bonnets O'er The Border
The Battle's O'er

Credits:

Alex Beaton – guitar & vocals
Bob Gothar – guitar
Mick Linden – bass
Eric Rigler – highland pipes
Eric Rigler – uilleann bagpipes
Eric Rigler – Scottish small pipes, whistles
Robin Lorentz – fiddle
Stefanie Fife – cello
Rudi Eckstein – mandolin
Randy Farrar – piano
Take Her In Your Arms
(Andy M Stewart)

Here's a pub with fun and laughter
The landlord's buying bevy
There's a session in the corner
And the craic is grand tonight
But your man who's lost his woman
He's still at home lamenting
If he'd gone and asked his father
Oh, I'm sure he'd set him right

Chorus:
Sayin' "Take her in your arms
And tell her that you love her
Take her in your arms
And hold that woman tight
Won't you take her in your arms
And tell her that you love her
If you're going to love a woman
Then be sure and do it right"

Now he met her at a disco
In a dive in San Francisco
And it all might have been different
Had he seen her in daylight
She was painted, she was scented
But she drove your man demented
If he'd gone and asked his father
Oh, I'm sure he'd set him right

Chorus

Here's a health to all true lovers
Their sisters and their brothers
And their uncles and their grannies
For this thing is black and white
If you're keen to start romancin'
With its leppin' and its dancin'
Then go first and ask your father
And I'm sure he'll set you right

Chorus
**Gallant Murray**

**Chorus:**
Wha will ride wi' gallant Murray
Wha will ride for Geordie's sel'
He's the flower o' Glen Isla
And the darlin' o' Dunkeld
See the white rose in his bonnet
See his banner o'er the Tay
His guid sword he now has drawn it
And has flung his sheath away

Every faithfu' Murray follows
First of heroes, best of men
Every true and trusty Stewart
Blythely leaves his native glen
Athol lads are lads of honour
Westland rogues are rebels a'
When we come within their border
We may gar the Campbell's claw

**Chorus**

MacIntosh the gallant sodger
Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay
They have ta'en the field of honour
Spite of all their chiefs could say
Bend the musket point the rapier
Shift the brog for Lowland shoe
Scour the dark and face the danger
MacIntosh has all to do

**Chorus**

Menzies he's our friend and brother
Gask and Strowan are nae slack
Noble Perth has ta'en the field
And a' the Drummonds at his back
Let us ride wi' gallant Murray
Let us fight for Charlie's crown
From the right we'll never sinder
Til we bring the tyrants down

**Chorus**
River
by Bill Staines

I was born in the path of the winter wind,
I was raised where the mountains are old.
Their springtime waters came dancing down,
And I remember the tales they told.
The whistling ways of my younger days
Too quickly have faded on by,
But all of their memories linger on
Like the light in a fading sky.

Chorus:
River, take me along
In your sunshine, sing me a song
Ever moving, and winding and free;
You rolling old river, you changing old river,
Let's you and me, river, run down to the sea.

I've been to the city and back again,
I've been moved by some things that I've learned;
Met a lot of good people and I've called them friends
Felt the change when the seasons turned.
I've heard all the songs that the children sing,
And listened to love's melodies;
I've felt my own music within me rise
Like the wind in the autumn trees.

Chorus

Someday when the flowers are blooming still
Someday when the grass is still green.
My rolling waters will round the bend
And flow into the open sea.
So here's to the rainbow that's followed me here,
Maggie

I wandered today to the hills Maggie
To watch the scene below
The creek and the creaking old mill Maggie
Where we used to long long ago

The green growth is gone from the hills Maggie
Where first the daisies sprung
The creaking old mill is still Maggie
Since you and I were young

Oh they say that I'm feeble with age Maggie
My steps are much slower than then
My face is a well written page Maggie
And time alone was the pen

Oh they say we have outlived our time Maggie
As dated as songs that we've sung
But to me, you're as fair as you were Maggie
When you and I were young

Oh they say we have outlived our time Maggie
As dated as songs that we've sung
But to me, you're as fair as you were Maggie
When you and I were young

When you and I were young
Flower 'O Scotland

Oh Flower of Scotland,
When will we see your likes again?
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him,
Proud Edward's army,
And sent him homeward,
To think again.

The hills are bare now,
And autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now,
Which those so dearly held,
That stood against him,
Proud Edward's army,
And sent him homeward,
To think again.

Those days are past now
And in the past they must remain.
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again.
That stood against him,
Proud Edward's army,
And sent him homeward,
To think again.
Come By The Hills

Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free.
Stand where the peaks meet the sky and the lochs meet the sea,
Where rivers run clear and the bracken is warm in the sun;
And the cares of tomorrow must wait until this day is done.

Come by the hills to the land where life is a song.
And sing while the birds fill the air with their joy all day long,
Where the trees sway in time and even the wind sings in tune;
And the cares of tomorrow must wait until this day is done.

Come by the hills to the land where legend remains.
Where stories of old fill the heart and may yet come again,
Where the past has been lost and the future has still to be won;
And the cares of tomorrow can wait until this day is done.

And the cares of tomorrow can wait until this day is done.
**Northwest Passage**  
(Stan Rogers)

Chorus:  
Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage  
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea;  
Tracing one warm line through a land so wild and savage  
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie  
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died;  
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones  
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones.

Chorus

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage overland  
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, where his "sea of flowers" began  
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again  
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain.

Chorus

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west  
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest  
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me  
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

Chorus

How then am I so different from the first men through this way?  
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away.  
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men  
To find there but the road back home again.

Chorus

The Beaufort Sea
The Field Behind The Plow
(Stan Rogers)

Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight, dark rows
Feel the trickle in your clothes, blow the dust cake from your nose
Hear the tractor's steady roar, Oh you can't stop now
There's a quarter section more or less to go

And it figures that the rain keeps its own sweet time
You can watch it come for miles, but you guess you've got a while
So ease the throttle out a hair, every rod's a gain
And there's victory in every quarter mile

You've mortgaged all you own
Buy the kids a winter coat
Take the wife back east for Christmas if you can
All summer she hangs on when you're so tied to the land

For the good times come and go, but at least there's rain
So this won't be barren ground when September rolls around
So watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows
Put another season's promise in the ground

And if the harvest's any good
The money just might cover all the loans

Poor old Kuzyk down the road
The heartache, hail and hoppers brought him down
He gave it up and went to town
And Emmett Pierce the other day
Took a heart attack and died at forty two
You could see it coming on 'cause he worked as hard as you

In an hour, maybe more, you'll be wet clear through
The air is cooler now, pull you hat brim further down
And watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows
Put another season's promise in the ground
The battle fought upon the plains of Cromdale in Strathspey took place on April 30 and May 1 of 1690. It resulted in the army of 1,500 highlanders being defeated by Sir Thomas Livingston's Hanoverians and marked the effective end of the Jacobite uprising. James Graham, First Marquess of Montrose, the hero of this song, was not present at the battle, having died some forty years before. However, he won a victory at the battle of Auldearn in 1645 and it is probable that the two events have been merged into this single event.

As I cam in by Auchindoun,  
Just a wee bit frae the town,  
Tae the Heilands I was bound  
To view the Haughs of Cromdale.

I met a man in tartan trews,  
I spiered at him what was the news,  
Says he, "The Heiland army rues  
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

"We were in bed, sir, every man,  
When the English host upon us cam;  
A bloody battle then began  
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.

The English horse they were so rude,  
They bathed their hoofs in Heiland blood,  
But our brave clans, they boldly stood  
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.

"Alas! We could no longer stay,  
For o'er the hills we cam away,  
And sore we do lament the day  
That e'er we came to Cromdale."

Thus the great Montrose did say:  
"Can you direct the nearest way?  
For I will o'er the hills this day,  
And view the Haughs of Cromdale."

"Alas, my lord, you're not so strong,  
You scarcely have two thousand men,  
That e'er we came to Cromdale."

There's twenty-thousand on the plain,  
Stand rank and file on Cromdale."  
Thus the great Montrose did say,  
"I say, direct the nearest way,  
For I will o'er the hills this day,  
And see the Haughs of Cromdale."

They were at dinner, every man,  
When the great Montrose upon them cam;  
A second battle then began  
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.

The Grant, Mackenzie and MacKy,  
Soon as Montrose they did espy,  
O' then they fought most valiantly  
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.

The MacDonalds they returned again,  
The Camerons did their standard join,  
MacIntosh played a bloody game  
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.

MacGregors fought like lions bold,  
MacPhersons, none could them control,  
MacLauchlins fought, like loyal souls  
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.

MacLeans, MacDougals, and MacNeils,  
So boldly as they took the field,  
And made their enemies to yield  
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.
Blue Bonnets O'er The Border

Chorus:
March! March! Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why my lads dinna ye march forward in order
March! March! Eskdale and Liddesdale!
All the blue bonnets are over the border

Many a banner spread, flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story,
Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for your King and the old Scottish glory.

Chorus

Come from the hills where your horses are grazing,
Come from the glens of the buck and the roe;
Come to the grag where the beacon is blazing
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow

Chorus

Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding.
Stand to your arms and march on good order
England shall many a day, tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border

Chorus
The Battle’s O’er
(Andy Stewart)

I return to the fields of glory
Where the green grass and flowers grow
And the wind softly sings the story
Of the brave lads of long ago

In the great glen they lie a sleeping
Where the cool waters gently flow
And the grey mist is sadly weeping
For the brave lads of long ago

Chorus
March no more my soldier laddie
There is peace where there once was war
Sleep in peace my soldier laddie
Sleep in peace now the battle’s o’er

See the tall grass is there a waving
As their flags were so long ago
With their heads high were forward braving
Marching onwards to meet the foe

Some returned from the fields of glory
To their loved ones who held them dear
But some fell in their hour of glory.
And were left to their testing here

Chorus