

EDDI READER

SINGS THE SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS





Eddi Reader	Vocals and acoustic guitar
Ian Carr	Acoustic guitar and piano
Phil Cunningham	Accordion, piano and whistles
Roy Dodds	Percussion
Christine Hanson	Cello
Boo Hewerdine	Acoustic guitar
John McCusker	Violin, cittern and whistles
Colin Reid	Acoustic guitar
Ewen Vernal	Double bass

String arrangements are by Kevin McCrae and are performed by players of the Royal Scottish National Orchestra conducted by Kevin McCrae.

RSNO players: 1st Violin: Edwin Paling, William Chandler, Tamas Fejes, Andrew Martin, Robert Yeomans, Barbara Paterson, Jane Reid, Gail Digney; 2nd Violin: Rosalin Lazaroff, Jacqueline Speirs, Marion Wilson, Wanda Wojtasinska, Elizabeth Lloyd, Paul Medd; Viola: John Harrington, Ian Budd, David Amon, Claire Dunn; Cello: Pauline Dowse, Jeremy Fletcher, Betsy Taylor, William Paterson; Double Bass: David Inglis, Robert Mitchell.

This album was premiered at The Glasgow Royal Concert Hall as part of the Celtic Connections Festival in January 2003.

Engineered by Robin Rankin at CaVa Studios, Glasgow.  
Mixed by Jon Kelly.

Mastered by Tim Young at Metropolis Studios, London.

All photography by Colin Dunsmuir except pages 12,13 and 23 by Jim Sharp.

Layout and design by Jeff Teader.

**Produced by Boo Hewerdine**

*Jamie Come Try Me* (1790) Trad. arr. by Eddi Reader/  
Ian Carr/Phil Cunningham/ Christine Hanson/Boo Hewardine/  
John McCusker/ Colin Reid/Ewen Vernal

*There is a beautiful traditional tune to this song and one day I shall sing it through but, this version came out through reading the words and messing about with a guitar tuning. So I only sing a hint of the trad tune. I also improvised on the order of the lyrics. It came out that way and I stuck to it. The image of a lassie calling for 'Jamie' to come and be with her struck me as so empowering. Robert writing from a woman's perspective.*

Jamie, come try me,  
Jamie, come try me,  
If thou would be my love,  
Jamie, if thou would kiss me love  
Wha could deny thee (*wha- who*)  
If thou would be my love, Jamie

If thou would kiss me, love,  
Wha could deny thee?  
If thou would be my love, Jamie,  
If thou would kiss me love  
Wha could espy thee (*espy- spy*)  
If thou would be my love, Jamie,  
Jamie come and try me

If thou would be my love,  
If thou would kiss me love,  
If thou would be my love,  
Jamie come try me,  
Jamie come try me...

## *My Love Is Like A Red Red Rose* (1794)

Trad. arr. by Eddi Reader

*I dedicate this to my partner.*

*Thank you for giving me a  
reason to sing this love song.*

*Kevin McCrea's orchestral  
arrangement was thrilling to  
sing with. I looked out from my  
window in the studio booth and  
there I saw all the orchestra's  
fiddle bows pointing to heaven  
and dancing in formation.*

My love is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
My heart is like a melody,  
That sweetly plays its tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lad, (*art- are*)  
So deep in love am I;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
'Til all the seas gang dry. (*gang- go*)

'Til all the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt with the sun;  
And I shall love thee still, my dear,  
Though the sands o' life shall run.

But fare-thee-weel, my only love,  
And fare-thee-weel, a while,  
And I will come again, my dear,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

My love is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
My heart is like a melody,  
That sweetly plays its tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lad,  
So deep in love am I;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
'Til all the seas gang dry  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
'Til all, all the seas gang dry.

**Willie Stewart** (1795) / **Molly Rankin** (contemporary)

Trad. arr. by Eddi Reader/Ian Carr/Phil Cunningham/Boo Hewerdine/  
John McCusker/Ewen Vernal Molly Rankin by John Morris Rankin

*This was written for Robert's good friend William Stewart. As I searched through some song books this song caught my eye because it was titled 'Enscribed on a Tumbler'. Robert had a diamond stylus and wrote these verses onto a crystal glass one night in celebration of his good friend. He wrote the last two verses for Willie's daughter Polly Stewart and I used those verses to continue his tribute to Willie. At the end of the song Phil Cunningham leads the band into a stirring tune called 'Molly Rankin' which was written by the late John Rankin of Cape Breton.*

Chorus.-You're welcome, Willie Stewart,  
You're welcome, Willie Stewart,  
There's never a flower that blooms in May,  
That's half so welcome's as thou art!

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,  
The bowl we must renew it,  
The tappet hen, go bring her ben,  
*(tappit hen-a quart measure of whiskey usually served in ben-a bowl with a lid)*  
to welcome Willie Stewart  
You're welcome, Willie Stewart...

Though foes be strong, and friends be slack  
Their action, must they rue it,  
May woman on him turn her back  
That wrongs thee, Willie Stewart,  
You're welcome, Willie Stewart...

A flower, it grows, it fades, it falls  
And nature cannot renew it,  
But worth and truth, eternal youth,  
We'll give to Willie Stewart

May she whose arms shall enfold thy charms  
Possess a loyal and true heart  
To her be given, to ken the heaven *(ken - know)*  
She holds in Willie Stewart.  
You're welcome, Willie Stewart....  
You're welcome, Willie Stewart...

***Ae Fond Kiss*** (1791) Trad. arr. by Eddi Reader/Ian Carr/  
Phil Cunningham/Boo Hewerdine/John McCusker/Ewen Vernal

*I have been singing this for a while and did a version of it on an old Fairground Attraction album... It came out on BMG records without my involvement and they spelt the bloody words wrong... So here I am with my beautiful mates reclaiming it.*

*God bless Sylvander and Clarinda (check out the Burns and Nancy McLehose love affair) for throwing their hearts at one another and for leaving Robert so bereft he wrote this.*

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever; (*ae-one*)

Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me; (*nae-no*)  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Nothing can resist my Nancy:  
For to see her was to love her;  
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly, (*sae-so*)  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Nor never met - nor never parted,  
We would never have been sae broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, my first and fairest  
Fare-thee-weel, my best and dearest  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure, (*ilka-every*)  
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever  
Ae fareweel alas, for ever  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

***Brose And Butter*** (1784) Trad arr. by Eddi Reader/Ian Carr/  
Phil Cunningham/Boo Hewerdine/John McCusker/Ewen Vernal  
and featuring the instrumental Peniston Way by Michael McGoldrick

*I started out to translate this, but I would rather, if you are interested, that you might go searching for yourself. My face got redder the more I tried to explain. I found this song in a book of bawdy verse. Robert was partial to a bit of a rude sing-song and replaced a lot of his own songs words with words your mother wouldn't sing, but your grannie might. I think this was an old one he collected so I don't know how much of it is Burns's original verse. I remember hearing this played by the band Ossian when I went to folk clubs in and around Irvine in 1979. Good luck with the translation. Included in this tune is an instrumental written by Michael McGoldrick called Peniston Way. Roy Dodds played percussion on this song.*

Gie my love brose, brose (*brose-oatmeal and hot water*)  
Gie my love brose and butter  
Aye gie my love brose  
Yestreen he wanted his supper (*yestreen-yesterday evening*)

Jenny was up at the laft (laft-loft)  
Johnny was glad to be at her  
A wind came oot o' the west (*oot o'-out of*)  
Made all the windows to clatter  
Gie my love brose....

A dow is a dainty dish (*dow-pigeon*)  
The goose is hollow within  
The sight would make you blush  
But aw the fun is to finishing (*aw-all*)  
Gie my love brose....

My daddie sent me to the mill  
To pull my minnie some heather  
And drive it intae yur fill  
Yur welcome tae the leather  
Gie my love brose....

A mouse is a merry wee beast  
The moodiewark wants the een  
And oh for a touch o the thing  
I had in my nieve yestreen oh  
Gie my love brose....

The lark she loves the grass  
The hen she loves the stubble  
And hey for the gardner lad  
Tae gully away wi' his dibble  
Gie my love brose...

## *Ye Jacobites* (1792) Trad. arr. by Eddi Reader/Colin Reid

*I heard this song years ago sung  
in Kilmarnock Folk Club. I  
hadn't read through the words  
'til recently. I love the line: 'leave  
your schemes undone, adore the  
rising sun'... I noticed that  
Robert Burns, although a  
supporter of the Jacobites, at this  
time felt that they were  
encouraging uprisings and  
revolts that could never be won  
and would cause the deaths of  
many common soldiers, and  
ordinary men and women would  
be the victims not the politicians  
or the leaders. I sing this for  
every mother/parent, of every  
child, in every nation, who  
understand that after five  
thousand years of civilisation we  
surely can come up with  
something better than the  
archaic notion 'war'. This was  
recorded as a duet with Colin  
Reid on guitar. We added  
orchestration afterwards.*

Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear,  
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear,  
Ye Jacobites by name,  
Your faults I will proclaim,  
Your doctrines I must blame, you shall hear, you shall hear  
Your doctrines I must blame, you shall hear.

What's right, and what is wrong, by the law, by the law?  
What's right and what is wrong by the law?  
What's right, and what is wrong?  
A short sword, and a long,  
A weak arm and a strong, for to draw, for to draw  
A weak arm and a strong, for to draw.

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?  
What makes heroic strife famed afar?  
What makes heroic strife?  
To whet the assassin's knife,  
Or haunt a parent's life, wi' bloody war, bloody war?  
Or haunt a parent's life, wi' bloody war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state,  
Aye let your schemes alone in the state.  
Ah leave your schemes alone,  
Adore the rising sun,  
And leave a man alone, to his fate, to his fate,  
Aye leave a man alone, to his fate.

Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear,  
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear,  
Ye Jacobites by name,  
Your faults I will proclaim,  
Your doctrines I must blame, you shall hear, you shall hear,  
Your doctrines I must blame, you shall hear.

## *Wild Mountainside* (February 2001) By John Douglas

*This song was written by John Richard Douglas of Irvine, Ayrshire. John plays and writes in the band The Trashcan Sinatras. I wanted to include this song because I wanted to show how poetry is alive and well in Burns country. Through the centuries it still breaths its way out of the sons and daughters of the west coast of Scotland. Also its a homecoming song. I found an appreciation of Burns along with my way home to Scotland. This features the amazing Kate Rusby on harmony voice.*

Beauty is within grasp  
Hear the islands call  
The last mile is upon us  
I'll carry you if you fall  
I know the armour's heavy now  
I know the heart is tired  
It's beautiful just over  
The wild mountainside

Snow is falling all over  
Out of clear blue sky  
Crow is flying high over  
You and I are going to wander  
High up where the air is rare  
Wild horses ride  
It's beautiful, let's go over  
The wild mountainside

Wild and free we roam  
Only a mile to go

Wild and free we roam  
Only a mile to go

Beauty is within grasp  
Hear the highlands call  
The last mile is upon us  
I'll carry you if you fall  
I know the armour's heavy now  
I know the heart inside  
It's beautiful let's go over  
The wild mountainside  
It's beautiful just roaming  
The wild mountainside

*Charlie Is My Darling* (1796) Trad. arr. by Eddi Reader/  
Ian Carr/Phil Cunningham/Boo Hewerdine/John McCusker/Ewen Vernal

*There are songs which are just part of the soundtrack as you grow up. This is such a song to me. I had a vague recollection of the melody and chorus. As I discovered, it also has a cheeky wee story. I was surprised to learn this was one of his.*

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
Right early in the year,  
That Charlie came to our town,  
The young Chevalier.

Chorus- Charlie is my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking doon the street, (*doon-down*)  
The city for to view,  
O there he spied a bonie lass (*bonie lass-beautiful girl*)  
The windae peekin' through. (*windae peekin'-window lookin'*)  
Oh Charlie is my darling...

So light he jumped up the stair,  
And tirl'd at the pin; (*tirl'd at the pin-rang the doorbell*)  
And wha's sae ready but herself (*wha's sae-who's so*)  
To let the laddie in? (*laddie-boy*)  
Oh Charlie is my darling...

He set his Jenny on his knee, (*set-sat*)  
All in his highland dress;  
For brawly weel he kent the way (*brawly weel-very well, kent-knew*)  
To please a highland lass.  
Oh Charlie is my darling...

It's up yon heathery mountain, (*yon-that*)  
And down yon scroggie glen, (*scroggie glen-scrubland*)  
We daurnae gang a-milking, (*daurnae gang-dare not go*)  
For Charlie and all his men,  
Oh Charlie is my darling...





Photograph by Jim Sharp.

*John Anderson My Jo* (1790) Trad. arr. by Eddi Reader

*This is Robert's celebration of  
fidelity and affection through the  
years. I want to be able to sing  
this to someone and mean it,  
when I am around eight-nine  
years of age.*

John Anderson, my jo, John Anderson, my jo,  
When we were first acquaint; (*acquaint-acquainted*)  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonie brow was brent; (*bonny-beautiful, brent-polished new*)  
But now your brow is beld, John, (*beld-bald*)  
And your locks are like the snaw; (*snaw-snow*)  
But blessings on your frosty pow, (*pow-head*)  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo,  
We climb the hill thegither; (*thegither-together*)  
And manys a cantie day, John, (*cantie-great*)  
We've had wi' ane anither: (*one anither- together*)  
Now we maun totter down, John, (*maun totter down-must climb  
down*)  
And hand in hand we'll go,  
To sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

*Winter it is Past* (1796) Trad. arr. by Eddi Reader

*I sang this song as the Curragh  
Of Kildare on my last recording,  
and in my search for material I  
was really excited to realise that  
the words to Robert's 'Winter it  
is Past' came from the same  
song. Robert had known the old  
Irish song so he adapted it and  
added a couple of verses. He did  
that to a lot of songs. Singing  
the first line is like breathing a  
sigh of relief to me.*

The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last  
And the small birds are singing in the trees,  
Now everything is glad, oh but I am very sad,  
For my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the briar, by the water running clear,  
May have charms for the linnet and the bee;  
Their little loves are blest, ah their little hearts at rest,  
But my true love is parted from me.

And all you who are in love and cannot it remove  
I pity all the pain that you endure  
For experience lets me know  
That your hearts are full of woe  
It's a woe that no mortal can cure.

My love is like the sun  
And the firmament does run  
Forever is constant and true  
But his is like the moon  
It wanders up and doon (*doon-down*)  
And is every month changing anew.

The winter is past, and the summer's come at last  
And the small birds are singing in the trees,  
Their little loves are blest, oh their little hearts at rest,  
But my true love is far away from me.

My true love is far away from me.

## *Auld Lang Syne* (1788) Trad. arr. by Eddi Reader

*I was informed by a friend that her mother knows, that this old tune came from a dance that was brought over to Scotland by Hebrew dancers. I will investigate further... I love singing this old tune and I will never forget the amazing sight of an audience of two thousand linking arms and singing with me in Glasgow Royal Concert Hall during Celtic Connections in January 2003. What a wonderful thing that man did... to write a song that makes everyone sing together and hold each other at the dawning of a new year, in ALL languages... and he never got to see it... God bless his soul.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, (*auld-old*)  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of auld lang syne. (*auld lang syne-old long since*)

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne.  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
For the sake of auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes, (*twa-two, braes-slope of a small hill*)  
And pulled the gowans fine; (*gowan-wild daisy*)  
We've wandered many a weary fit, (*fit-footstep*)  
Since auld lang syne.  
For auld...

We twa hae paddled in the burn, (*burn-small stream*)  
Frae morning sun 'til dine; (*frae-from, dine-dinner*)  
But seas between us broad have roared  
Since auld lang syne.

Aye and surely you'll be your pint stowp! (*pint stowp—a description of a beer belly*)  
And surely I'll be mine!  
We'll take a right gude-willie waught, (*gude-willie waught—a good will drink*)  
For the sake of auld lang syne.  
For auld...

And here's a hand, my trusty fere! (*ferè- friend*)  
And gie's a hand o' thine! (*gies-give me*)  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld...

For auld lang syne.

*My thanks... but first, a word  
from my co-musical directors  
John McCusker and  
Boo Hewerdine....*

John McCusker: "When Eddi first told me about her idea of doing a concert and a record of her singing Robert Burns songs with an orchestra I was a wee bit worried, 'cos my first thought was that it was gonna be dead posh! But when we started talking about it I got really excited because we both wanted to make it sound really earthy, mixing a folk group sound and the beautiful sound of the RSNO with Eddi singing these great songs from the heart, making them sound more like a Tom Waits record than anything high brow.

I was so excited to be involved. When thinking about who to ask to be in the band well, it didn't take very long. I knew we had to get musicians who had a great love of songs, but wouldn't be afraid to be a bit cheeky with them when required! I asked Ian Carr (guitar), Phil Cunningham (accordion and whistles) and Ewen Vernal (double bass) because I knew they were fantastic players but also because I knew it was going to be such a great experience, that they would love doing the project and add to it greatly.

One of the best things about the whole thing was being thrown together with Boo Hewerdine, Christine Hanson and Colin Reid who Eddi had asked to be involved...my team hardly knew her team but what a great noise everybody made together and also what a laugh we had and now we've all made some new pals!

Eddi sent me the demos of the songs. I loved them because they sounded raw and passionate, which was perfect. I took wee bits of ideas of Eddi's and expanded them into little instrumental pieces. I was trying to get the right feel for the songs and not wanting to be too precious with them. I wrote a cheeky bit over Eddi's chords for Charlie Is My Darling, which, after Ian Carr got his hands on it, sounded like a jazzy brothel band!...I think Robert Burns would have loved it!! Me and

Phil Cunningham had great fun coming up with counter melodies to the Burns melodies, like the wee whistle bit at the end of Winter It Is Past. Brose And Butter was great fun to play and we thought we should have an instrumental tune bit in the middle. My friend Michael McGoldrick's tune fitted really well. Eddi's guitar riff on Ae Fond Kiss was a great example of a simple riff that I thought became so beautiful when all the band did their bit on it.

It was such a brilliant experience watching the project go from a chat and a cup of tea at Eddi's house in November, to the rehearsals with a lot of laughing, to the two-thousand-ticket-sold-out show at The Glasgow Royal Concert Hall, with an amazing band and orchestra, by January. For me one of the best things is, Eddi made me listen to Robert Burns's songs for the first time and now I cannae get enough!"

Boo Hewerdine: "There are certain human universals. In every culture you have laughter, love, fear, play, dance, music, singing and poetry. What is poetry? I was wondering if it is our smart literate selves talking to something older within us. It is not about clarity but it is about understanding. What is it for? It is part of being human for sure. We feel it most in its absence. Who is the poet? Once in a while one of us is able to take words and rhythm and reach that place. That is why we celebrate someone like Robert Burns. I have a song that goes 'We are drawn to poetry when the world goes mad'. At this time I believe this more than ever. Peace."

Eddi: "I want to tell you about the beauty of the Ayrshire countryside (Burns's birthplace) and the people who I met there when my family were relocated to the town of Irvine, Scotland in 1976.

It saved my life to be introduced to an alternative Scottish beauty and language. I had been, until that point, raised in the

council estates of Greater Glasgow, having been moved from the centre of the city during the slum clearances of Glasgow tenements, to the outskirts of the city. So my experience had been an urban one, and now we headed for the sea. After fourteen years, my mother's steady pressure on the council finally paid off and they allowed all nine of us to leave our two bedroom apartment of ten years in South Glasgow, for a newer, more spacious, development home in the new town of Irvine, twenty-five miles south along the coast. It was where we would normally go for holidays or day trips, so it felt like we were moving to paradise.

The people of the old town of Irvine were not too pleased at the influx of Glaswegians. Their small town has expanded from three thousand people to around the thirty thousand it is today. We were called 'The Glasgow overspill' and the poor old town of Irvine watched as the council pulled down their old bridge and other relics of its magnificent past, to replace it with a mall. There were many changes and it must have been hard for the locals. Many new foreign hi-tech firms planted themselves there, so it seemed there would be plenty of work for us all. Of course, that turned out to be a false hope and, in Thatcher's Britain unemployment and very little work, and that without union protection or contracts, seemed to be the way of it for many of us.

I was finishing school and found solace in the harbour and the arts club and the shoreline. I discovered many who became writers, poets, painters. Music seemed to be all and everything to everyone around me, whether appreciating or participating. I thank The Irvine Arts Centre and The Irvine Folk Club in The Eglington Arms public bar for thrilling me with song, stories and art.

I discovered that my adopted town, two hundred years before me, had adopted Robert Burns. It was 1781. He was twenty-two years old. His father had sent the young poet ploughman here to learn the more lucrative trade of flax dressing. At that time Irvine was a thriving and wealthy port, bigger than even Glasgow or Greenock, therefore full of sailors. Robert was enchanted by their tales and experience. He became a man in Irvine, learning about women, drinking and life.

Two hundred years later at school I learned some of his poetry but I often thought Robert Burns was for the highbrow and not the likes of me, the hardly educated, council estate, overspill girl.... now I see that I was wrong and that I am precisely the person Burns wrote for. As I read more and more about him, I get the sense that he was the same as the rest of us, a spokesman for the glorious in the ordinary, the sublime in the mundane. I have met many, I guess, who might be like him, in that county of Ayrshire, and in the rest of Scotland. We are all Robert's babies.

I asked John McCusker and Boo Hewerdine to help me direct the music and sort out the songs I had chosen and I asked Kevin McCrae to arrange and conduct the orchestra parts. John played cittern, fiddle and whistles, he also brought Ian Carr in to play guitar....and a bit of piano too and Phil Cunningham to play whistles and accordion. John also brought Ewen Vernal for double bass playing. I thank John for his musicality. John made sure the album stayed earthy and true to the traditional sounds of Scottish music. Boo Hewerdine played guitar and played the role of overseer. I thank him enormously for his attention to detail and his carrying of the purity of this from start to finish. He and I have played regularly on tour with Colin Reid from Belfast who also played guitar on this cd... his work on 'Jacobites' came in a couple of takes. The wonderful Christine Hanson brought her vibe, her cello and her Canadian colours to the

whole thing....The wonderful Phil (Harmonic) Cunningham and his glorious musicality sparkled all over these recordings. Thank you Mr Ian Carr for your dynamic and amazing guitar work: 'If God had intended the guitar to be in a tuning....". I thank Ewen Vernal for being just about the most sensitive double bass player I have ever heard. Lastly the steady and true conducting and arrangements of Kevin McCrae . He looked after us free-formers and held us, him and the glorious musicians who work in the Royal Scottish National Orchestra. I have been blessed to be in their company. What a wonderful noise they make. Support them, go see them play whenever you can. There you have the players GOD BLESS THEM ALL.

We did fourteen songs live in three days at CaVa Studios with ROBIN RANKIN engineering. Then Boo took the tapes to Jon Kelly who, with him, mixed the songs, adding some percussion played by Mr Roy Dodds....thank you Roy. It was last minute and you did it, thank you!!!!!! The journey ended with MR TIM YOUNG who cut and mastered everything at Metropolis. Thanks Tim!

Thanks to Unique Events for The Burns An' A' That Festival and Colin Hynd and all at Celtic Connections who sparked the whole thing off. To Kresanna Aigner who gave Mr Hynd the idea, and for all her work for me through the years, cheers Heidi! Thanks to Julian de Ste. Croix and all at the admin of the RSNO. Thank you so much to Terry O'Brien, Pete Jenner and all at Sincere Management for the organising of everything. Thanks so much to Geoff Travis of Rough Trade Records who continues to champion me. Thank God for him. To my mum, sisters and brothers, relations, friends and supporters, to my John, to my Chazley, to my Sam and to the fish people, I adore you. To the Honeychildren website and all the wonderful things they said. Thank you!" PEACE TO ALL . xxx for Robert and his Tinder heart xxx

*Further reading: Robert Burns  
The Tinder Heart by Hugh  
Douglas (Sutton Publishing Ltd)*

This album is dedicated to the memory of the great Will Hastie of Temperance Seven (1926-2003) who played clarinet for my band Fairground Attraction and showed me how to sing Red Red Rose. "...and over the rooftops the stars glitter the skies..."  
xxx



