

## **“Somebody”**

### **1. Somebody**

My heart is sore, I dare not tell, my heart is sore for Somebody  
I would walk a winter's night all for a sight of Somebody

If Somebody were come again then one day he must cross the main  
And everyone will get his own and I will see my Somebody

#### ***Chorus***

***Ochon, for Somebody, Och hey, for Somebody,  
I would do, would I do not, All for the sake of Somebody***

Why need I comb my tresses bright, oh, why should coal or candlelight  
Shine in my bower day or night since gone is my dear Somebody

Oh, I have wept many a day for one that's banished far away  
I cannot sing and must not say how sore I grieve for Somebody

*Music: traditional Irish; lyrics: traditional Scottish*

*Adapted by Connie Dover*

*From the CD, Somebody (Songs of Scotland, Ireland and Early America) by Connie Dover*

*An 18th Century Scottish code song about the exiled Bonnie Prince Charlie, and one of many songs which express yearning for a Stuart king on the throne of Scotland. I have set the lyrics to a variant of the Irish tune, "The Star of the County Down."*

# “Somebody”

## 2. The Baron of Brackley

Down Deeside rode Inverey a-whistlin' and playin'  
He alit at brave Brackley's gates ere it was dawn  
Cries Baron of Brackley it's are you within  
There are sharp swords at your gates would make your blood  
spin

Up spoke the proud Baron from the castle wall  
Have you come Inverey for to plunder my hall  
Or if ye be gentlemen alight and come in  
If you drink of my wine you'll no make my blood spin

Up spake his lady at his back where she lay  
She heard the the cows lowing o'er hill and o'er brae  
Oh rise up oh Brackley and turn back your kye  
The lads of Drumwarren are driving them by

How can I rise up and go out again  
For if I have one man he surely has ten  
Rise up oh Brackley and be not afraid  
They're but hired young brigands with belted up plaids

She called on her ladies to come to her hand  
Saying bring your rocks, lassies, we will them command  
If I had a husband as what I hae nane  
He'd no lie in his bed and see his kye ta'en

Arise Peggy Gordon and bring me my gun  
Oh I will go out but I'll never come in  
Then kiss me my Peggy I'll no longer stay  
Oh I will go out and meet young Inverey

When Brackley was ready and stood in the close  
A bonnier gallant ne'er mounted a horse  
What'll come of your lady and your bonny young son  
What'll come of them all when Brackley is gone?

Strike dogs, cries Inverey, and fight till you're slain  
For we are four-hundred, ye are but four men  
Strike you proud boaster, your honor is gone  
Your lands we will plunder, your castle we'll burn

I'll stand here, cries Brackley, do you think I would fly  
But here I will fight and here I will die  
First they killed ane and then they killed twa  
And then they killed Brackley, the flower of them all.

Came ye by the castle and was ye in there  
Saw ye Peggy Gordon a-tearing her hair  
As I came by Brackley, as I came by there  
I saw pretty Peggy a-braiding her hair

She was ranting and dancing and singing for joy  
She swore that ere night she would feast Inverey  
She ate with drank with him, welcomed him in  
Was kind to the man that had slain her Baron

Oh fie on ye lady why did ye deceive  
Ye opened the gates to the false Inverey  
There's grief in the kitchen, there's mirth in the hall  
For the Baron of Brackley is dead and awa'

*Traditional Scottish*

*From the CD, Somebody (Songs of Scotland, Ireland and Early America) by Connie Dover*

*A ballad based on an alleged real-life feud between John Gordon of Brackley and John Farquharson of Inverey, Braemar, whose cattle were impounded by Gordon in 1666*

**“Somebody”**

**3. On Castle Rock – Instrumental**

*Original composition by Connie Dover.*

*Castle Rock is the name given to the large volcanic rock formation  
on which Edinburgh Castle stands.*

## “Somebody”

### 4. Lough Erne's Shore

One morning as I went a-fowling  
Bright Phoebus adorning the plain  
It was down by the shores of Lough Erne  
I met with a beautiful dame

Her voice was so sweet and so pleasing  
These beautiful notes she did sing  
The innocent fowl of the forest  
Their loving to her they did bring

It being the first time I met her  
My heart it did leap with surprise  
I thought that she could be nor mortal  
But an angel that fell from the skies

Her hair it hung down in gold tresses  
Her skin was as white as the snow  
Her cheeks were as red as the roses  
That bloom along Lough Erne's shore

When I heard that my love was eloping  
These words unto her I did say  
Oh, take me to your habitation  
For cupid has led me astray

All my life I will keep the commandments  
They say that it is the best plan  
Young maidens who yield to men's pleasures  
The scriptures do say they are wrong

Oh, Mary don't accuse me of weakness  
All treachery I do disown  
I will make you a lady of honor  
If with me this night you'll come home

Had I all the wealth of great Alladin  
His gold and his jewels what's more  
I would part with them all for to win you  
And live along Lough Erne's shore

### Traditional Irish

From the CD, *Somebody (Songs of Scotland, Ireland and Early America)*, by Connie Dover

*I learned this Irish pastoral love song from Cathal McConnell of Co. Fermanagh.*

## “Somebody”

### 5. Jack of Diamonds

Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds, I know you of old  
You have robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold  
Tis raining, 'tis hailing, 'tis a dark stormy night  
And my horses cannot travel for the moon gives no light  
My horses cannot travel for the moon gives no light

Go put up your horses and feed them some hay  
Then sit down beside me till the light of the day  
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay  
So fair thee well, Darlin', I'll be on my way  
So fair thee well, Darlin', I'll be on my way

I'll build me a cabin on the mountain so high  
Where the wild geese can see me as they pass me by  
As sure as the dewdrop grows on the green corn  
Last night you were with me but today you are gone  
Last night you were with me but today you are gone

Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds, I know you of old  
You have robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold  
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, I wish you no harm  
But I wish I had a bottle as long as my arm  
I wish I had a bottle as long as my arm

#### **Traditional American**

Lyrics adapted and arranged by Connie Dover

From the CD *Somebody (Songs of Scotland, Ireland and Early America)* by Connie Dover

*This version of the 19th-Century American folk song comes from southern Missouri, and its melody can be traced to the Scottish song, "Farewell to Tarwathie." Thanks to my father, Doil Dover and to fiddler Rebecca Pringle for help with the lyrics.*

## “Somebody”

### 6. Cantus

Personent hodie  
Voces puerulae  
Laudates jucunde  
Qui nobis est natus

Personent hodie  
Voces puerulae  
Laudates jucunde  
Qui nobis est natus  
Summo Deo datus

Ideo, ideo, ideo gloria in excelsis Deo

His the doom, ours the mirth  
When he came down to earth  
Flower of Jesse's tree  
Born on earth to save us  
Him the Father gave us

Ideo, ideo, ideo gloria in excelsis Deo

Is airiu agus a leanbh cad a dhéanfaidh mé  
Tá tú ar shiúl uaim agus airiú

Jesukin  
Lives my quiet cell within  
Thou in me dwelling  
All is lie but Jesukin

Jesu of the skies  
My little one, Thou my delight  
I with Thee, Thou with me  
Next my heart through every night

'S airiú  
Who hangs from yonder passion tree?  
Your son, dear Mother  
Do you not know me?

Judas, James and John  
Have you seen my only son?  
Ochon! My eyes are blind  
Ochon! My heart is wrung

Stella Maris, Semper Clara  
Rosa Munde, Res Miranda  
Misterium Mirabile

'S airiú agus ochon!  
Sad I am till you return  
To have you at the break of dawn!  
Ochon airiú  
Without you!

#### ***Translation from Latin and Irish Gaelic into English***

##### **Latin Verse:**

Today let youthful voices  
Sound forth joyous praises  
Of Him who is born for us,  
The gift of the most high God  
Therefore, "Glory to God in the highest."

##### **Gaelic Verse:**

Is airiú! (a keen or exclamation of lament -- no literal translation)  
And what shall I do, my child!  
You've been gone from me for a long time  
Is airiú!

##### **Latin Canticle/Counter melody:**

Star of the Sea, ever bright  
Spotless Rose, most admirable  
Wondrous Mystery

Praise, honor  
Strength and glory  
Are fitting for you, Oh Mary

Medley arranged by Connie Dover. *Personent Hodie*, 14th Century Latin carol; *Jesukin* music by Connie Dover; lyrics adapted and arranged by Connie Dover from 8th Century Irish poem attributed to St. Ita and *Caoineadh Mhuire*, traditional Irish.

From the CD, *Somebody*, (*Songs of Scotland, Ireland and Early America*) by Connie Dover © Taylor Park Music/Connie Dover

**“Somebody”**

**7. An Air for Mary Tipton – Instrumental**

*Original composition by Connie Dover  
in honor of her maternal grandmother, Mary Tipton Steed*

## “Somebody”

### 8. O'er the Hills and Far Away

Jocky met with Jenny fair  
Between the dawning and the day  
But Jocky now is full of care  
Since Jenny stole his heart away

Although she promised to be true  
She proven has, alack, unkind  
The which does make poor Jocky rue  
That e'er he loved a fickle mind

Jocky was a bonny lad  
That e'er was born in Scotland fair  
But now poor lad he does run mad  
Since Jenny

Young Jocky was a piper's son  
He fell in love when he was young  
And all the tunes that he could play  
Was O'er the Hills and Far Away

#### **Chorus**

***And it's o'er the hills and far away  
It's o'er the hills and far away  
It's o'er the hills and far  
The wind has blown my plaid away***

He sang when my first my Jenny's face  
I saw she seemed so full of grace  
With mickle joy my heart was filled  
That's now alas with sorrow killed

Oh were she but as true as fair  
'T would put an end to my despair  
Instead of that she is unkind  
And waivers like the winter wind

Hard was my hap to fall in love  
With one that does so faithless prove  
Hard my fate to court a maid  
Who has my constant heart betrayed

Since she is false whom I adore  
I'll never trust a woman more  
From all their charms I'll flee away  
And on my pipes I'll sweetly play

Music: Connie Dover; Lyrics: Traditional Scottish, adapted by Connie Dover  
From the CD, *Somebody (Songs of Scotland, Ireland and Early America)* by Connie Dover

*From The Peddler's Pack of Ballads & Songs, ed. W.H. Logan, Edinburgh 1869. Logan wrote that he collected the lyrics from "A Dairy Maid; or a Vocal Miscellany, being a Collection of Choice Songs, Scots and English, with a Variety of Taosts and Sentiments, printed by A. Robertson, Edinburgh, and sold at his shop in Niddry's Wynd, 1784."*



## **“Somebody”**

### **9. Shenandoah**

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you  
Way hey, you rolling river  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you  
Away, I'm bound away across the wide Missouri.

For seven years I courted Nancy  
No other girl would suit my fancy

She would not have me for her lover  
But I never courted any other

One day she went to Kansas City  
And there she had a little baby

She must have had another lover  
It must have been that cavalry soldier

Oh Shenandoah, I loved your daughter  
Though she'll never cross your shining water

*Traditional American; lyrics arranged and adapted by Connie Dover*

*From the CD, Somebody (Songs of Scotland, Ireland and Early America) by Connie Dover*

## “Somebody”

### 10. Rosemary's Sister

Brother of disaster and sister of our fate  
Do you count the tragedies we see?  
And brother of confusion and sister of debate  
Do you remember the sister of Rosemary?

The doodlebugs were flying and the blitz was at its height  
Rosemary lay sleeping with her sister only nine  
And no one heard the one that hit, the one that blew the lid  
Rosemary came out crying but her sister never did

#### *Chorus*

***And we fly high, our dreams are all in vain  
One moment we are singing and the next we cry in pain  
But high above the heavens in a host of angels' wings  
Rosemary's sister will be dancing***

Her mother cried all that year as many others did  
There were times when she'd pull through now and again  
And the people there in Bethnel Street in the rubble and the stone  
Swept up the street and started all again

When tyranny is biting you do your best to try  
And stifle all your heartache till it's safe again to cry  
And when the darkness disappears and the light comes shining through  
We'll gather up and start our fall anew

There's a teacher in the classroom, there's a mother in the hall  
The children sit and wait for the bell for home  
And Rosemary is waiting, she has a child now of her own  
And she's waiting to collect and take her home

And sometimes in the firelight in the silence where she sits  
Her mind goes back to Bethnel Street, the darkness and the blitz  
And she hears if there's another one, then the end will be complete,  
Well, I wonder what they'd say in the Bethnel Street

*Words & music by Huw Williams (PRS)*

*From the CD, Somebody (Songs of Scotland, Ireland and Early America), by Connie Dover*