



OUR DEEPEST THANKS...

THE WILLOW COLLECTION IS A RESULT OF THE LOVE, SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE WE'VE RECEIVED FROM A MOUNTAIN OF INCREDIBLE PEOPLE. THE MAKING OF THIS ALBUM HAS SHOWN US AGAIN AND AGAIN HOW TRULY FORTUNATE WE ARE TO NOT ONLY KNOW AND WORK WITH THEM, BUT TO CALL THEM FRIENDS.

We've started each of our previous records with a note to our parents, and this one is no exception. To John and Anfta, and our whole family, thank you for your unwayering love and support and for being the best role models any dalighters could ask for.

Dave Gunning, you brought this album to life with us and taught us so very much along the way. You will never know how truly grateful we are for every minute spent working with you. Alex Meade, your talent knows no bounds and you leave no challenge unmet, thank you for lending your touch to this record! Andrew Sneddon, we are so lucky to call you a dear friend, your playing and advice has been an integral part of this album. Kris MacFarlene, how can we thank you enough for your willingness to impe in with both feet and more!

To all those who have been there since the beginning; Frances and Archie, Warren & Eleanor, Sean and Robyn Boyd, we will never stop thanking you for all you have done and continue to do for us. To everyone who has ever opened their home to us while we were on the road, most especially; the Gards, the Frasers and the Phillips-Grandes.

TO LEWIS MACKINNON AND JULIE THOMPSON, FOR YOUR WONDERFUL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS PROJECT AND TO ROD SNEDDON, STEVE EDGE, RICKIE SIMPKINS, DAVE REID, BLACKIE O'CONNELL, CYRIL O'DONOGHUE, DAMIEN O'REILLY, HASI AND MARTIN, BILL MARGESON FOR YOUR SUPPORT AND STEERING US IN THE DIRECTION OF INCREDIBLE SONGS. TO ALL THE COMPOSERS FOR GENEROUSLY LETTING US RECORD YOUR TUNES, THANK YOU FOR CONTINUING TO INSPIRE US EVERY DAY.

THANK YOU TO SERGE SAMPSON AND ALL THE AMAZING FOLKS AT MUSIC NOVA SCOTIA, THE ECMA, CANADIAN FOLK MUSIC ASSOCIATION, SOCAN, LIMELIGHT, NERFA, FOLK ALLIANCE INTL AND ALL THE RADIO STATIONS, FESTIVALS AND VENUES THAT HAVE SUPPORTED US OVER THE YEARS.





CREDITS

Cassie MacDonald - Fiddle [All Tracks] Harmony Vocals [1 5 6 9 10 11] Stepdancing [4]

MAGGIE MACDONALD - GUITAR [ALL TRACKS] PIANO [78] LEAD VOCALS [ALL SONGS] HARMONY VOCALS [311] ACCORDION [11]

DAVE GUNNING GUNNING GUTAR [3 4 9 10] ACOUSTIC BASS [5 6 10] ELECTRIC BASS [3 8] BANJO [6] HARMONY VOCALS [10]
KEYBOARDS [6] ADDITIONAL PERCUSSION [1 3 5 6 7]

ANDREW SNEDDON - DOBRO [3 6] WEISSENBORN GUITAR [5]

KRIS MACFARLANE - PERCUSSION [8 9 10]

ALEX MEADE - ELECTRIC BASS [2 4] PERCUSSION [2 4] GUITAR [2]

ALL TRACKS EXCEPT [2 4]

RECORDED BY DAVE GUNNING AT WEE HOUSE OF MUSIC CO.
PRODUCED BY DAVE GUNNING, CASSIE MACDONALD, AND MAGGIE MACDONALD
ARRANGED BY CASSIE MACDONALD, MAGGIE MACDONALD, AND DAVE GUNNING

TRACKS [24]

RECORDED AND PRODUCED BY ALEX MEADE AT MOUSTACHE MUSIC ARRANGED BY CASSIE MACDONALD, MAGGIE MACDONALD, AND ALEX MEADE

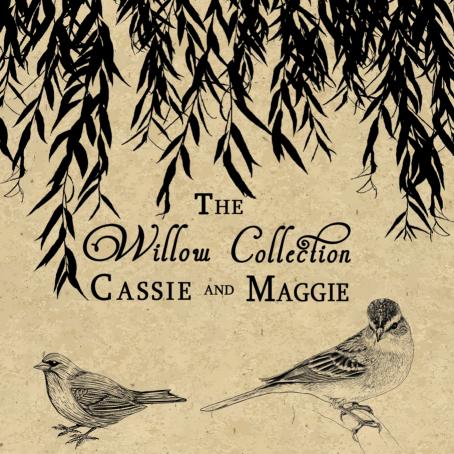
ALL TRACKS EXCEPT [5 6] MIXED BY ALEX MEADE AT MOUSTACHE MUSIC TRACKS [5 6] MIXED BY DAVE GUNNING AT WEE HOUSE OF MUSIC CO.

MASTERED BY J. LAPOINTE ARCHIVE MASTERING

COVER AND ALBUM DESIGN BY MAGGIE MACDONALD ELEMENTS DESIGNED BY FREEPIK.COM

TREE ARTWORK- JULIE THOMPSON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CASSIE MAGDONALD





Introduction

The Willow Tree has a long and rich history of symbolism in traditional folk music. Often representing themes such as unrequited love, bereavement and death, the willow also offers us a symbol of hope, resilience and rebirth. The "weeping" willow has been said to encourage the expression of deep emotions, but the tree's incredible ability to bend to great lengths without breaking, reminds us that even in the face of great adversities, we have the ability to persevere and to grow. Given its ability to evoke the strongest emotions, the willow tree has inspired some of the most poignant songs in traditional music. After much research and discovery, we have carefully

chosen these songs to present in "The Willow Collection".

Growing up in a very musical Nova Scotian family, we spent our lives immersed in a strong instrumental music tradition. While we grew up surrounded by fiddle tunes and dancing, singing was not as strong a presence in our musical upbringing. This project allowed us to delve into the world of vocal songs in a way we've not done before. Many of these songs, while rooted in the Celtic tradition, have transcended musical genres and geographic boundaries. Originating mainly in Scotland, Ireland and England, they made the journey across the Atlantic, shaping the repertoire of traditional music as we know it today. Over time these songs have become staples in Bluegrass, Appalachian and Celtic Folk music. They continue to evolve and change with each generation of tradition bearers and collectors who learn and pass them on.

It was an incredible experience exploring the song traditions of those that came before us. We merged vocal and instrumental worlds and the songs took new life as we added own voices.

In addition to the traditional songs on the album, we've included some lesser-known and original pieces that highlight the ability of the Willow Tree to unify many genres of traditional music. We are excited to share these songs and tunes with you. We hope they bring you comfort in times of sadness and make you dance in times of joy...

HANGMAN



TRADITIONAL

TINMAN'S REEL BY CASSIE MACDONALD

Hangman, O hangman, just wait awhile
Wait a little while
Till I see my Father
For he's rode a many a long mile

Father, O Father, do bring me gold
To pay my bond so free
Or have you come, to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree
Daughter, O daughter, I brought you no gold
To pay your bond so free
But I have come, to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree

Mother, O Mother, do bring me gold
To pay my bond so free
Or have you come, to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree
Daughter, O daughter, I brought you no gold
To pay your bond so free
But I have come, to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree

Brother, O brother, do bring me gold
To pay my bond so free
Or have you come, to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree
Sister, O sister, I brought you no gold
To pay your bond so free
But I have come, to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree

Lover, O lover, do bring me gold
To pay my bond so free
Or have you come, to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree
Sweetheart, O sweetheart, I brought you gold
To pay your bond so free
I have not come to see you hung
but to take you home with me





SEILEACH

LYRICS BY LODAIDH MACFHIONGHAIN/LEWIS MACKINNION
ADAPTED FROM THE MELODY: NEIL MARTIN'S BY PAUL CRANFORD

Feithidh mi riut aig an t-seileach ud Feithidh mi riut air a' bheinn Feithidh mi riut aig an t-seileach ud Seileach mór bòidheach an t-sléibh'

Mire 's mo ghaol-sa mu'n t-seileach ud A' mireadh 's a' beadraich le chéil' Feithidh mi riut-as mo ghaol-s' Aig seileach mór bòidheach an t-sléibh' I will wait for you at yonder willow tree I will wait for you on the mountain I will wait for you at yonder willow tree The big beautiful willow tree of the mountain

A frolic with my love about the yonder willow tree Frolicking and flirting with each other I will wait for you my love At the big beautiful willow tree of the mountain



LET NO MAN STEAL YOUR THYME

TRADITIONAL.

Come all you fair and tender maids
That flourish in your prime.
Beware, beware, if you're good and fair
Let no man steal your thyme,
Let no man steal your thyme.

For when your thyme is past and gone
He'll care no more for you
and every place that your thyme was waste
Will all spread o'er with rue,
Will all spread o'er with rue.

The gardener's son, was standing by,
Three flowers he gave to me.
The pink, the blue and the violet too
And the red, red rosy tree,
And the red, red rosy tree.

But I forsook the red rose bush And gained the willow tree, That all the world may plainly see How my love slighted me, How my love slighted me.

For woman is a lofty tree
And man's a clinging vine,
And from her branches carelessly
He'll take what he can find,
He'll take what he can find.



Thymus Vulgaris 1;

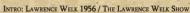
STRIP THE WILLOW SET

DOT THE DRAGON'S EYES BY HANNEKE CASSEL
THE LAST MILE BY MARK STEWART
CALGARY CAPERS
BY PETER TICKELL



BLUE WILLOW

TRADITIONAL



Long long ago lived a maid named Zulu Graceful fair like a jasmine spray Chang was a china boy poor young china boy Sing low low sing well a day Sing low low sing well a day





Wing Wong pu was her haughty father Drove young chang from the door away Then 'neath the willow tree Zulu wept for him

Sing low low sing well a day
Sing low low sing well a day

Sad our tale but tis not yet ended Fairies came so the old book says Chang and the little maid changed to turtle doves Sing low low sing well a day Sing low low sing well a day

Now they sit in the Willow Branches Where soft breezes around them play Look on your willow plate you will find them there Sing low low sing well a day Sing low low sing well a day



THE WILLOW LULLABY

Lyrics by Maggie MacDonald / Cassie MacDonald / Kevin Evans
Melody by Maggie MacDonald

Hey little babe don't you cry
Give your tears to the willow tonight
Let her weep for your worries
She'll kiss them goodbye
Hey little babe don't you cry

When you're tired and you find you can't sleep
Hear the song of the wise willow tree
Feel the breeze kiss her leaves
So soft and so sweet
When you're tired and you find you can't sleep

Sleep with the sweetest of dreams
May you dance in the light of moonbeams
And sing hey diddle diddle
with the cat and his fiddle
Sleep with the sweetest of dreams

When you find you can't sleep the night through
And you're worries they come back to you
Rest your head on the pillow
Of leaves from the willow
When you find you can't sleep the night through



THE SALLEY GARDENS SET

THE MOORLOUGH SHORE TRADITIONAL

> FATHER KELLY'S TRADITIONAL

BUNTATA AGUS SDAGÁN

ALLAN MACDONALD

GREENGRASS TRADITIONAL



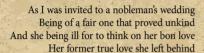




NOBLEMAN'S WEDDING

TRADITIONAL

THE BOYS FROM BALLDOWSE BY DAVID FOLEY



The bride she said to the head of the table Hearing those words that she knew quite well No longer no longer she could not bear it And down from the table the new bride fell

When the wedding supper it was over
The company around were to sing a song
The first that sang was her former true lover
And then for her he did sing one

One request I am going to ask you Granted it to me I hope you will For this very night for to Istay with my mother The rest of my life for to lie with thee

How can you lie your head on another man's pillow
And I that was your love so late
You left me here for to wear this green willow
And discontent love for your sake

This request was freely granted Sighing and sobbing she went to bed And he rose in the day next morning He rose and he found his new bride dead



How long have I to wear this lonely green willow Is it for one month or two And then I'll take off this lone green willow And change the old love for the new

A green willow tree is a handsome flower In the spring time of the year Where many soldiers spend all the long hours Dreaming of love that never was near

DOWN IN THE WILLOW GARDEN

TRADITIONAL

Down in the willow garden
Where me and my true love did meet
It was there, we went a courting
My love fell off to sleep
I had a bottle of burgundy wine
My true love, she did not know
It was there, I murdered that dear little girl
Down on the banks below



I drove my saber through her
It was a bloody knife
I threw her into the river
It was an awful sight
My father often told me
That money would set me free
If I'd but murder that dear little girl
Who's name was Rose Connelly

Now, he stands at his cabin door Wiping his tear dimmed eye Gazing on his own dear son Upon the scaffold high My race is run beneath the sun ⁵The devil is waiting for me For I did murder that dear little girl Who's name was Rose Connelly



Down in the willow garden
Where me and my true love did meet
It was there, we went a courting
My love fell off to sleep
I had a bottle of burgundy wine
My true love, she did not know
It was there, I murdered that dear little girl
Down on the banks below

THE WILLOW HITS

BIG RIVER / JOHNNY CASH
BURY ME BENEATH THE WILLOW TREE / TRADITIONAL
WALKIN' AFTER MIDNIGHT / ALAN BLOCK AND DONN HECHT

I taught the weeping willow how to cry cry, Showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky. The tears that I cried for that man, are gonna flood you Big River. I'm gonna sit here until I die.



Bury me beneath the willow tree
The weeping willow tree
Then he'll know where I am sleeping
And perhaps he'll weep for me

My heart is sad I am lonely
For the only one I love
When shall I see him oh no never
'Til we meet in heaven above

I see the weepin' willow Cryin' on it's pillow Maybe he's crying for me As the skies turn gloomy the night winds whisper to me I'm lonesome as I can be



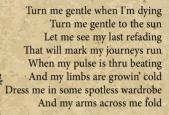
He told me that he dearly loved me How could I believe it untrue Until the angels softly whispered He will prove untrue to you

Tomorrow was to be our wedding God oh God where can he be He's out a courting with another And no longer cares for me

And perhaps he'll weep for me I'm lonesome as I can be Under the Weeping willow tree



TRADITIONAL



Bur' me in some quiet graveyard
Where my restin' place shall be
If it please the brother stranger
O'er my body plant a tree
Plant it with the greenest branches
Pointing upward to the sky
It will tell to all that passes
That the soul will never die

In it stood a weepin' willow
With its twig bent to the ground
It will hear the body slumbering
In the dust beneath the ground
Plant it with the greenest branches
Pointing upward to the sky
It will tell to all that passes
That the soul will never die