



Golden Bough

Specialising in the traditional music from the seven Celtic Nations, Golden Bough has become a popular and in demand group on both sides of the Atlantic. Founded in 1980 this trio of modern day minstrels has since travelled great distances, crossed numerous borders and shared the stage with a variety of ethnic musicians, to bring their music to enthusiastic folk fans the world over.

After several years of performing as a duo, Paul Espinoza and Margie Butler formed Golden Bough in January of 1980. Their concept was to combine traditional Celtic music with a more contemporary acoustic sound, highlighting their own compositions. They were joined in their endeavour by fellow folk-artist, Lief Sørbye. The band's first recording was made with a 5-piece line-up in 1981. This recording also included violinist Margot Duxler and multi-instrumentalist Simon Spaulding, who performed with Golden Bough during 1980 and 1981.

By the beginning of 1982, Paul, Margie and Lief found themselves travelling as a trio and developing the music for Golden Bough's next release. In late 1982 violinist Florie Brown joined the band. Through the next several years Golden Bough toured the U.S. and Europe regularly and recorded four albums. By the end of 1987, Lief decided he wanted to pursue a more electric sound. Bidding a fond farewell to Golden Bough, he went on to form the Celtic-rock band, Tempest. From 1993 through 1996, Golden Bough became a quartet once again, with the addition of flute player Richard Ferry, who joined the band on their recording, "Kids at Heart".

In the autumn of 1997, Florie left Golden Bough to raise a family. Alison Bailey, who brought an intense and exciting fiddle style of her own into the band, replaced Florie. Alison toured with Golden Bough up until March of 1999. During that time, Golden Bough recorded "Song of the Celts", which received rave reviews. The band also toured Japan, where they were met with enthusiasm by fans who had been following their music for years. Wanting a more driving sound and looking to develop her fiddle styles further, Alison left Golden Bough in March of 1999. She was replaced by Sue Draheim, a well respected musician, who has performed and recorded with John Renbourn and Any Old Time String Band. Sue's fluid violin playing and complimentary vocal style was a natural fit for the band. After a two year stint, she decided to join with another Golden Bough alumnus, Lief Sørbye in the Celtic rock band Tempest.

In April of 2001 the band's current fiddle-player, Kathy Sierra, joined Golden Bough and brought a new level of energy and excitement to the band. A talented and energetic artist, Kathy has performed in various setting with orchestras in Hawaii and California while developing her fiddle style. Kathy majored in drama and music and this is apparent in her comfortable and likeable stage manner. Her vocal harmonies blend naturally with Paul and Margie and, together, the three create a rich, full sound.

Golden Bough's first European performances were in the streets and small folk clubs of Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Holland and Switzerland in the early 1980s. These simple beginnings soon led to major tours of European cities and a recording contract with the top European folk music label, ARC Music. Other activities that Golden Bough have been involved in over the past several years include peace marches in cities all over Europe protesting the war in Bosnia-Herzegovina, musical presentations for tens of thousands of elementary school children and events for human rights, religious freedom and drugs education.

Since their inception, Golden Bough have become a popular and in demand group on both sides of the Atlantic, gaining critical acclaim and enthusiastic support from folk fans wherever they perform. Blending their voices in pristine harmony, they back themselves on an array of rare

and more common acoustic instruments, including: *Celtic harp, pennywhistle, violin, octave-mandolin, mandolin, accordion, guitar, viola, harmonica, recorder* and *bodhran*. In the recording studio, as well as on stage, Golden Bough capture the essence and joy of traditional folk music and captivate listeners with the uniqueness of their original compositions.

Golden Bough have spent three decades researching and performing not only the better known music of Ireland and Scotland, but also the music of the lesser known Celtic lands of Wales, Cornwall, the Isle of Man, French Brittany and Galicia (in Spain). Although their sound is rooted in the music of these Celtic nations, they have expanded upon these ethnic styles to create a sound that is unique in traditional music. This music has a wide and diverse variety of emotions and rhythms; from haunting ballads, mythological tales and beautiful airs, to lively sing-alongs and toe-tapping jigs and reels.

From the concert hall to the festival stage, Golden Bough have captivated listeners with the magic and beauty of Celtic music, music that is well received and enjoyed by audiences of all ages.

"There is a love of this music by the performers that is obvious. A great example of how to do something the right way when many are just doing it, period."
- Wind and Wire Magazine

"This group has more fun and produces more good music than anyone we have seen in many a year." - Russ Hagen, Editor, Oregon Coast Magazine

For this collection we have recorded several songs by Scotland's beloved poet, Robert Burns. We have also included some of our favourite Scottish pieces, as well as the Irish ballad, "Donal Og", which is embraced by Ireland and Scotland alike. Having performed the music of Scotland for over three decades, we have collected a wealth of material from its folk heritage. This album is dedicated to the people of Scotland and to Scots the world over who proudly carry on the traditions of their homeland.



1. Wheel of Fortune

Chorus:

Round and round go the wheels of fortune, Round and round till they weary be, Young women's hearts are so uncertain, sad experience teaches me.

On yon hill there lives a lassie and her name I do not know, One fine day I'm going to see her, whether she be rich or no. Nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen, eleven, nine, seven and a five three one,

Twenty, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen, twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, none.

Chorus:

Round and round go the wheels of fortune,...

Lassie I've got gold and silver lassie, I've got houses and land, Lassie I've got ships on the ocean, all to come at your command, I do not want your gold and your silver, I do not want your houses and land, I do not want your ships on the ocean, all I want is a good young man.

Chorus:

Round and round go the wheels of fortune,...

Lassie I've no gold and silver lassie, I've no houses and land, Lassie I've no ships on the ocean, here I am your good young man. I'd rather have your gold and your silver, I'd rather have your houses and land,

I'd rather have your ships on the ocean, than to have you for my man.

Chorus:

Round and round go the wheels of fortune,...

Nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen, eleven, nine, seven and a five three one

Twenty, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen, twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, none Round and round go the wheels of fortune,

Round and round till they weary be, Young women's hearts are so uncertain, sad experience teaches me.

2. Caledonia

I don't know if you can see the changes that have come over me, In these last few days I've been afraid that I might drift away. I've been telling old stories, singing songs
That make me think about where I came from,
That's the reason why I seem so far away today.

Let me tell you that I love you, and I think about you all the time Caledonia you're calling me, now I'm going home. If I shall become a stranger, oh it would make me more than sad, Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

I have moved and I've kept on moving, proved the points that I needed proving,

I've lost the friends that I needed losing, found others on the way. I have kissed the fair lads, I have left them sighing, I've stolen dreams, there's no denying,

I've travelled hard with conscience flying, somewhere with the wind

Let me tell you that I love you, and I think about you all the time Caledonia you're calling me, now I'm going home.

If I shall become a stranger, oh it would make me more than sad,

Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

Now I'm sitting here before the fire, the empty room, the forest choir, The flames, they couldn't get any higher, they've withered now they've gone. I'm steady thinking my way is clear,

I know what I will do tomorrow,

When the hands are shaken and the kisses flow, then I will disappear.

Let me tell you that I love you, and I think about you all the time Caledonia you're calling me, now I'm going home. If I shall become a stranger, oh it would make me more than sad, Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

Let me tell you that I love you, and I think about you all the time Caledonia you're calling me, now I'm going home.

If I shall become a stranger, oh it would make me more than sad, Caledonia's been everything I've ever had. Caledonia's you're everything I've ever had.

3. The Gypsy Laddie

There were three gypies in a row, And o' but they were bonnie-o, They sang sae sweet and sae complete, They've stolen the heart of a lady-o. Laddie o, laddie o, follow the gypsy laddie-o, Laddie o, laddie o, follow the gypsy laddie-o.

It's ye'll tak' aff that silken gown, put on this tartan plaidie-o, Ye'll come awa' this lee-lang night,
And follow the gypsy laddie-o,
Lord Castles he come home that night,
Enquiring for his lady-o,
The hounds is run, the hawks is flown,
And they gypsy's awa' wi' yer lady-o.
Laddie o, laddie o, follow the gypsy laddie-o,
Laddie o, laddie o, follow the gypsy laddie-o.

Come saddle tae me the black, the black,
Make haste and soon by ready-o,
Meat and drink I will not taste,
Till I have found my dearie-o,
He's rode east, he's rode west, he come to yonder boggie-o,
There he spied his wee fair maid,
In the arms of the gypsy laddie-o.
Laddie o, laddie o, follow the gypsy laddie-o,
Laddie o, laddie o, follow the gypsy laddie-o.

Will ye come wi' me my honey and my heart,
Will ye come wi' me my lady-o,
I swear by the sword that hangs by my side,
The black band ne'er shall steal ye-o,
I winnae come wi' you my honey and my heart,
I winnae come wi' you my dearie-o,
Till I hae drank the breest I brewed,
And that's in the water o' Eerie-o.
Laddie o, laddie o, follow the gypsy laddie-o,
Laddie o, laddie o, follow the gypsy laddie-o,
Laddie o, laddie o, follow the gypsy laddie-o.

4. Aye, Waukin' O

Chorus:

Aye waukin', O, Waukin' aye and weary, Sleep I can get nane, For thinkin' on my dearie, Aye waukin' O!

Summer's a pleasant time, Flowers o' ev'ry colour The water runs ower the heugh, And I long for my true lover

Chorus:

Aye waukin', O,...

When I sleep I dream, When I wake I'm eerie, Sleep I can get nane, For thinkin' on my dearie.

Chorus:

Aye waukin', O,...

Lanely night comes on, A' the lave are sleepin', I think on my bonny lad, I bleer my een wi' weepin'.

Chorus:

Aye waukin', O,...

Chorus:

Aye waukin', O,...

5. The Highland Soldier

High up among yon highland hills, there lived a bonny maiden, Shes gone out one fine summer's night to watch all the soldiers paradin',

Chorus:

And they looked so brave as they marched away, The drums they did rattle and the pipes they did play Which caused young Mary for to weep and to say, I'll follow the Highland Soldier.

Ah, but Mary, my wage is small, what if in battle I should fall? I say to gang hame to your highland hall, think no mare on your Highland Soldier.

Chorus:

And they looked so brave as they marched away,

I've got twenty pounds in store, I've got a herd 'bout ten times more, I'll give it all to the laddie I adore, I'll follow the Highland Soldier.

Chorus:

And they looked so brave as they marched away,

High up among yon highland hills, there lived a bonny maiden, She's gone out one fine summer's night to watch all the soldiers paradin',

Chorus:

And they looked so brave as they marched away,

6. Ladies' Evening Song

Oh the glass is no' for you, bonnie laddie-o, The glass is no' for you, bonnie laddie-o, The glass is no' for you, For it dyes your manly brow, And it fills you roarin' fu', bonnie laddie-o.

Then drive us not away wi' your drinkin'-o, We like your presence mair than you're thinkin'-o, How happy will you be, In our blithesome company, Taking innocence and glee for your drinking-o.

Now your eyes are glancing bright, bonnie laddie-o, Wi' a pure and joyful light, bonnie laddie-o, But at ten o'clock at night, Tak' a lady's word in plight, We will see another sight, bonnie laddie-o.

There's a right path and a wrong, bonnie laddie-o, And you need not argue lang, bonnie laddie-o, For the mair you taste and see, O' our harmless company, Aye the happier you'll be, bonnie laddie-o.

The glass is no' for you, For it dyes your manly brow, And it fills you roarin' fu', bonnie laddie-o, Oh the glass is no' for you, bonnie laddie-o.

7. Laird's Favourite / The Picnic Reel / Traditional Reel

8. Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae weary full o' care? Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wantons thro' the flowering thorn, Thou minds me o' departed joys, Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Full sweet upon its thorny tree
But my fause lover stole my rose,
Ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,...

9. Kilbogie

First when I came tae Kilbogie town, With my short coat an' my tartan plaidie, First when I came my true love tae see, She stayed in her bed till her breakfast was ready. When her breakfast it was set down, She said she had been to the fields wi'her daddy, Weel I could see by the silk o'her hands, She stayed in her bed till her breakfast was ready.

When her breakfast it was set down, It was set down and it was made ready, Out spoke her mother untae her, Have nothin' tae do wi' a hielan' laddie."

They went out for to take a walk, To take a walk till her dinner was ready; He's set her up on his high horse back, She's far, far awa' frae her home in Kilbogie.

When at last tae the Hielan's they came, There was nothin' there fittin' for a lady. Nothing was there for her to lay on But a wee pickle heather an' his tartan plaidie.

"In Kilbogie we've got blankets and sheets, They are very white and bonny; Right angry my father wad be, Tae see me lyin' here on yer tartan plaidie."

"In the Hielan's we've got plenty o' sheep, They are very white and bonny; You'll get wool, an' you'can spin, You can make you a blanket instead of a plaidie."

"A coach an' six tae me prepare,
A coach an' six was got ready.
A coach an' six to take her the way,
An' she's gone back to her hame in Kilbogie.

10. Hey, How, my Johnie Lad / Hey, Ca'Thro'

Hey, how, my Johnie lad, ye're nae sae kind's ye sud hae been, Gin your voice I had na kent, I could na eithly trow my een... Sae weel's ye might hae touzled me, sweetly prie'd my mou bedeen, Hey, how, my Johnie lad ye're no sae kind's ye sud hae been; My father he was at the pleugh, my mothers she was at the mill, My Billie he was at the moss, and no ane near our sport to spill, The feint a body was therein, there was nae fear of being seen, Hey, how, my Johnie lad ye're nae sae kind's ye sud hae been;

Wad only lad who loed her weel, hae left his bonnie lass her lane, To sigh and greet ilk langsome hour and think her sweetest minutes gane, O, had ye been a wooer leal, we shud hae met wi' hearts' mair keen, Hey, how, my Johnie lad ye're nae sae kind's ye sud hae been;

But I maun hae another jo whase love gangs never out o' mind, And winna let the moment pass, when to a lass he can be kind Then gang your wa's to blinken Bess, nae mair for Johnnie e green Hey, how, my Johnie lad ye're nae sae kind's ye sud hae been.

Hey, how, my Johnie lad, ye're nae sae kind's ye sud hae been, Gin your voice I had na kent, I could na eithly trow my een, Sae weel's ye might hae touzled me, sweetly prie'd my mou bedeen Hey, how, my Johnie lad ye're nae sae kind's ye sud hae been.

Hey, Ca'Thro'

Up wi the carls o Dysart, and the lads o Buckhaven, And the kimmers o Largo and the lasses o Leven. Hey ca thro, ca thro, for we hae mickle ado, Hey ca thro, ca thro, for we hae mickle ado.

We have tales to tell and we have sangs tale sing, We have pennies to spend and we have pints to bring. Hey ca thro, ca thro, for we have mickle ado,...

We live all our days, and them that comes behind, Let them do the like, and spend the gear they win. Hey ca thro, ca thro, for we hae mickle ado,...

We hae tales to tell and we hae sangs tae sing, We hae pennies to spend and we hae pints to bring. Hey ca thro, ca thro, for we hae mickle ado,...

Up wi the carls o Dysart, and the lads o Buckhaven, And the kimmers o Largo and the lasses o Leven. Hey ca thro, ca thro, for we hae mickle ado,...

11. Lizzie Lindsay

Will ye gang tae the Highlands, Lizzie Lindsay? Will ye gang tae the Highlands, wi' me? Will ye gang tae the Highlands, Lizzie Lindsay? My bride and my darling to be.

Tae gang tae the highlands wi'you, sir, is a thing that never can be, For I ken ney the land that you live in, Nor ken I the lad I gang wi'.

Will ye gang tae the Highlands, Lizzie Lindsay?... Oh, Lizzie, lass, ye mon ken little, If ye that ye dinnae ken me, For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald, A chieftain of high degree.

Will ye gang tae the Highlands, Lizzie Lindsay?...

She has kilted her coats of green satin, She has kilted them up to her knee, And she's off with Lord Ronald MacDonald, His bride and his darling to be.

Will ye gang tae the Highlands, Lizzie Lindsay?...

Will ye gang tae the Highlands, Lizzie Lindsay?...

12. Donal Og

If you should go across the water, take me with you to be your partner, At fair or market you'll be well looked after, And you will sleep with the Greek king's daughter.

I saw you first on a Sunday evening, Down at the altar as I was kneeling, 'T was about Christ's passion that I was reading, But my eyes were on you and my poor heart bleeding.

Oh and Donal Og you'll not find me lazy, Not like some high born expensive lady, I'll do your milking I'll nurse your baby, And if you're set on I'll defend you bravely. For you took what's before me and what's behind me, You took east and west when you wouldn't mind me, Sun, moon and stars from my sky have been taken, And God as well for I'm much mistaken.

Oh black as the sloe is the heart that binds me, Black as the coal since you wouldn't mind me, Black as a footprint in a shining hallway, 'T was you that blackened it, forever and always.

If you should go across the water, take me with you to be your partner, At fair or market you'll be well looked after, And you will sleep with the Greek king's daughter.

13. Sixteen Come Sunday

As I come o'er yon Hieland hill, I spied a bonny lassie; She gave me a wink wi the tail o her ee, And faith but she was saucy.

"Where are ye gang my bonnie lass? Where are ye gang my honey? Where are ye gang my bonnie lass?" "I'm makin' for my grannie."

Chorus:

Wi ma rovin eye, Fol the diddle eye, Wi ma rovin fol a derry, Wi ma rovin eye.

"What is your name my bonnie lass? What is your name my honey? What is your name my bonnie lass." "They cry me bonnie Annie."

"How old are you my bonnie lass? How old are you my honey? How old are you my bonnie lass?" "I'll be sixteen come Sunday."

"Where do ye sleep my bonnie lass? Where do ye sleep my honey? Where do ye sleep my bonnie lass?" "In a wee bed next my mommy."

"Gin I were tae come tae your house then, When the moon is shining clearly; Would you arise and let me in, So yer mother wouldn't hear me?"

When I come to the lassie's door, Faith, but she was waitin', Lying long all through the night, Her mother heard us talkin'. The old woman rose to kick up the fire To see if she could ken me, But I kicked the old wife into the fire And I stayed close to defend me.

Soldier, soldier marry me now It's marry me now or never Soldier, soldier marry me now Or I'm undone forever.

Come o'er the burn my bonnie lass, Come o'er the burn my honey, For you are a fair and a bonny lass, But, ach, you're like your mommy.



Golden Bough

Golden Bough spezialisiert sich auf die tradtionelle Musik der sieben keltischen Nationen und ist auf beiden Seiten des Atlantiks überaus beliebt und gefragt. Das Trio wurde 1980 gegründet und ist seitdem weit gereist, hat zahlreiche Grenzen überquert, teilte die Bühne mit vielen ethnischen Musikern, und stellte seine Musik enthusiastischen Folk-Fans auf der ganzen Welt vor.

Nachdem Paul Espinoza und Margie Butler mehrere Jahre lang als Duo aufgetreten waren, formierten sie im Januar 1980, Golden Bough'. Ihr Ziel war, traditionelle keltische Musik mit einem mehr zeitgenössischen akustischen Sound zu kombinieren und ihre eigenen Kompositionen einzubringen. Sie wurden von dem Folk-Musiker Lief Sørbye darin unterstützt. Auf der ersten Aufnahme der Band, die 1981 gemacht wurde, wirkten fünf Künstler mit, u.a. die Violinistin Margot Duxler und der Multi-Instrumentalist Simon Spaulding, der von 1980 bis 1981 mit Golden Bough auftrat.

Anfang 1982 traten Paul, Margie und Lief als Trio auf und arbeiteten an der Musik für Golden Boughs nächstem Album. Ende 1982 wurde die Geigerin Florie Brown Mitglied der Band. In den folgenden Jahren ging Golden Bough regelmäßig auf Tournee durch die USA und Europa und nahm vier weitere Alben auf. Ende 1987 entschloß sich Lief, in eine Musikrichtung mit mehr elektrischem Sound zu wechseln. Er verließ Golden Bough und gründete die Celtic-Rock Band 'Tempest'. Der Flötist Richard Ferry war von 1993 bis 1996 Mitglied von Golden Bough und wirkte auf dem Album 'Kids at Heart' mit.

Im August 1997 verließ Florie Golden Bough, um sich ihrer Familie zu widmen. Sie wurde von Alison Bailey ersetzt, die ihren eigenen fesselnden Stil in die Band einbrachte. Alison ging bis März 1999 mit Golden Bough auf Tournee. Während dieser Zeit nahm die Band das von den Kritikern hoch gelobte Album, Song of the Celts' auf. Bei einer Tournee durch Japan trafen sie auf viele begeisterte Fans.

Alison verließ die Band im März 1999 auf der Suche nach einem anderen Sound, und um ihr Können weiterzuentwickeln. Sue Draheim, eine angesehene Musikerin, die mit John Renbourn und "Old Time String Band" spielte, wurde ihre Nachfolgerin. Sues fließendes Geigenspiel und ihr schmeichelnde Stimme paßten hervorragend zum Stil der Gruppe. Nach zwei Jahren entschloß sie sich, zu Lief Sørbyes Gruppe, Tempest" zu wechseln.

Im April 2001 trat die Geigerin Kathy Sierra der Band bei, und verlieh Golden Bough neue Energie und frischen Schwung. Kathy ist eine talentierte und dynamische Künstlerin und spielte mit Orchestern in Hawaii und Kalifornien während sie ihren Stil entwickelte. Sie hat ein Diplom in Dramaturgie und Musik, was bei ihren natürlichen und sympathischen Bühnenauftritten ersichtlich wird. Ihre Gesangsharmonien verschmelzen mit Paul und Margie und zusammen kreieren sie einen reichen, wohlklingenden Sound.

Golden Bough trat zu Beginn der 1980er Jahre in Europa zuerst als Straßenmusiker und in kleinen Folk-Clubs in Irland, England, Schottland, Wales, Deutschland, Holland und der Schweiz auf. Dies führte schnell zu Auftritten in großen europäischen Städten und einem Plattenvertrag mit ARC Music, einem der führenden Plattenlabels für Folk- und Weltmusik. In den vergangenen Jahren nahm Golden Bough an Friedensmärschen gegen den Krieg in Bosnien-Herzegowina in zahlreichen europäischen Städten teil, an Veranstaltungen für Menschenrechte, Religionsfreiheit und Drogenaufklärung und sie machten musikalische Präsentationen für zehntausende von Grundschülern.

Golden Bough wurde zu einer beliebten und gefragten Gruppe auf beiden Seiten des Atlantiks. Wo immer sie auftreten werden sie von Kritikern gepriesen und von begeisterten Folk-Fans bejubelt.

Ihren makellosen Gesang begleiten sie auf einer Sammlung von seltenen und mehr gebräuchlichen akustischen Instrumenten, wie z.B. der keltischen Harfe, Pennywhistle, Geige, Oktav-Mandoline, Mandoline, Akkordeon, Gitarre, Viola, Harmonika, Blockflöte und Bodhran. Golden Bough fängt im Aufnahmestudio wie auch auf der Bühne das Wesen und die Fröhlichkeit der traditionellen Folk-Musik ein und fesselt ihr Publikum mit der Einmaligkeit ihrer Eigenkompositionen.

Golden Bough recherchiert und spielt seit drei Jahrzehnten nicht nur die bekanntere Musik Irlands und Schottlands, sondern auch die der weniger bekannten keltischen Länder Wales, Cornwall, der Isle of Man, Bretagne und Galizien (Spanien). Obwohl ihr Sound in der Musik dieser keltischen Länder verwurzelt ist, hat die Gruppe diese ethnischen Stile erweitert und so einen Sound geschaffen, der in der traditionellen Musik einmalig ist. Die Musik vermittelt ein breites Spektrum von Emotionen und Rhythmen, von eindringlichen Balladen, mythologischen Erzählungen und schönen Airs, bis zu lebhaften Liedern zum Mitsingen, und Jigs und Reels zu denen man einfach mit den Füßen wippen muß.

Von Konzertsälen zu Festival-Bühnen bezaubert Golden Bough das Publikum mit der Magie und Schönheit keltischer Musik. Musik, die alle Altersgruppen begeistert.

"Die Liebe der Musiker zu dieser Musik ist offensichtlich. Ein hervorragendes Beispiel, wie man etwas richtig macht, während viele es einfach nur tun, Punkt." - Wind and Wire Magazine

"Diese Gruppe hat mehr Spaß und produziert mehr gute Musik als alle anderen, die wir in den vergangenen Jahren gesehen haben." - Russ Hagen, Editor, Oregon Coast Magazine

Für dieses Album haben wir verschiedene Lieder des beliebten schottischen Poeten Robert Burns aufgenommen und auch einige unserer schottischen Lieblingsstücke. Die irische Ballade "Donal Og" ist in Irland wie auch in Schottland beliebt.

In den mehr als drei Jahrzehnten, in denen wir keltische Musik aus Schottland gespielt haben, trugen wir eine Fülle von Musik aus diesem prächtigen Land zusammen. Dieses Album, das einen Teil dieser Musik präsentiert, ist dem schottischen Volk gewidmet, das diese großartige Kultur geschaffen hat, und allen Schotten auf der ganzen Welt, die stolz die Traditionen ihres Heimatlandes weiterführen.

Golden Bough:

Margie Butler - vocals, whistle, harp, bodhran
Paul Espinoza - vocals, guitar, octave-mandolin, accordion
Kathy Ross Sierra - vocals, violin, viola

Guest musicians:

Aaron Shaw (from The Wicked Tinkers)
Scottish highland pipes on "Sixteen Come Sunday"
Scottish small pipes on "Caledonia" & "Traditional Reel"
Electric pipes on "Gypsy Laddie"

Warren Casey (from The Wicked Tinkers)

Bodhran on "Gypsy Laddie", "Sixteen Come Sunday" & "Picnic Reel / Traditional Reel"

Tapan on "Sixteen Come Sunday" & "Traditional Reel"

Pam & Laura Browne (from The Browne Sisters)

Backing vocals on "Lizzie Lindsay" and "Wheel of Fortune"

Sue Draheim (from Tempest) *Viola* on "Highland Soldier"

Recorded & engineered by Lee Parvin at Lee Parvin Studios, Pacifica, CA
Mixed by Lee Parvin, Paul Espinoza & Margie Butler
Mastered by Mike Bemesderfer at Sparks Studios, Emmeryville, CA
Produced by Margie Butler & Paul Espinoza
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