

Four Aflame

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Jenny Dang the Weaver/Dunmore Lasses/Tam Lin Reel

Set of Traditional Scottish Reels arr: Havilah & Heather Justice

Lark in the Morning:

Traditional arr: Heather Justice

The Lark in the morning, she rises off her nest and she flies up to the meadow with the dew all in her breast. Like a jolly plough boy she whistles as she sings and she comes home in the evening with the dew all in her wings. Wack-a-too-ra-laddie....

O, Roger the ploughboy he is a dashing blade, he goes whistling and singing in the yonder leafy shade. He met a sweet colleen, she's handsome I declare and she is far more enticing then the birds all in the air. Wack-a-too-ra-laddie.....

Here's a health to ye ploughboys where ever ye may be, that has a bonny lassie, home and hearth, a wait' in for thee. With a pint of porter he'll whistle and he'll sing for the ploughboy is as happy as a prince or as a king! Wack-a-too-ra-laddie....

Tea Cup

Traditional, arr: Tabitha & Havilah Justice

Jolly Rover

Traditional jig, lyrics: Heather & Havilah Justice, music arr: Heather Justice

One bright day, on me jolly way, walk' in to Mavournin. I chanced to meet, a pretty little maid, on that summer morning. And I say's, say's I, sweet maiden shy, stay a moment near me. With a too-ri-o, a folli-didle-day, da-ri-folli-didle-dari-i-o.....

Who are you me pretty little maid, who are you me darling? *repeat* And she answered me quite modestly I
am me Daddy's darling! With a too-ri-o ...

On we strode, together down the road, for to reach Mavournin. Then I said me thinks I might dare, to meet
your Daddy darling. And she said to me ye do what ye please. Me Daddy is your landlord! With a too-ri-o...

With a new cravat and a tip of me old hat and Maggie close behind me. I swallowed me pride and I
quickenened me old stride, to meet her daddy darlin'. For perchance he'll say come here me lad. Ye jolly
rambling rover! With a too-ri-o ...

But never a fear, for I am such a dear, me mothers charming laddie, and I may get a raise for you know it
pays, to love such a charming lassie. For now each day in his fields make hay, in evening court his daughter.
For I am tied fast, to this tiny lass! With a too-ri-o ...

Shannon's Mist

Foggy Dew: Traditional, lyrics: Alfred Percival Graves, arr: Heather Justice

O, a wan cloud was drawn o'er the dim weeping dawn, as to Shannon's side I returned at last. And the heart
in my breast for the girl I loved best was beating O, beating O, how loud and fast. While the doubts and the
fears of the long aching years, seemed mingling there voices in the moaning flood, till full in my path, like a
wild water wraith, my true love's shadow lamenting stood.

But the sudden sun kissed the cold cruel mist, into dancing showers of diamond dew and the dark flowing
stream laughed back to it's beam and the lark soared singing aloft in the blue. While no phantom of night but
a form of delight stood with arms out spread for her darling boy. And the girl I love best, standing here on
this crest brings her thousand treasures with a smile of joy.

Sleepy Maggie/Musical Priest

Traditional arr: Heather Justice

O the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

Lyrics: Samuel Trevor Francis, 1875, Welsh Melody, arr: Heather Justice

O, the deep, deep love of Jesus, vast unmeasured, boundless free. Rolling as a mighty ocean, in it's fullness
over me. Underneath me, all around me, is the current of thy love. Rolling as a mighty ocean,
in it's fullness over me.

O, the deep, deep, love of Jesus. Spread His praises, shore, to shore. How He loveth, ever loveth, changes
never, never more. How He loveth, ever loveth, died to call them all His own. How for them he intercedeth
watching o'er them, from the throne.

O, the deep, deep, love of Jesus, love of every, love the best. Tis' an ocean vast of blessing, tis' a haven,
sweet of rest. O, how he watches, o'er His loved ones, died to call them all His own. Leading, O, leading
onward, leading, leading homeward. To thy glorious, rest above.

Jerusalem's Ridge

Bill Monroe arr: Havilah Justice

Waholning Rails

Maidens take, on Ervin Rouse's "Orange Blossom Special" arr: Havilah Justice

Andy's Gone

Australian verse, Henry Lawson 1867 music: Heather Justice

Andy's gone with cattle now, our hearts are out of order. With drought he's gone to battle now, across the Queensland border. He's left us in dejection now our thoughts with him are roving it's dull on this section now, since Andy went a droving.

And who shall wear the cheerful face? In times when things are slackest? And who shall whistle round the place? When fortune smiles her blackest? *repeat*

And who shall check the squatter now, when he comes round us snarling? His tongue is growing hotter now, since Andy crossed the darling. And may the showers in torrents fall and all the tanks run over and may the grass grow green and tall, in the pathway of the drover. And may good angels send the rain on desert stretches sandy. And when the summer comes again, God grant will bring us Andy. And may good angels..
.....Andy's gone with cattle....And may good angels.....God grant will bring us Andy.

Fiddlers Magic

Lonesome John: Traditional, Fiddlers Magic: Heather & Havilah Justice

Doxology

Louis Bourgeois 1551, Amen: John Stainer, arr: Heather Justice

Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Praise him all creatures here below. Praise him above ye heavenly hosts. Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen....

Four Aflame

Havilah Justice, arr: Heather & Havilah Justice

Havilah Justice: Violin, Vocal

Heather Justice: Lead Vocal, Bodhrán, Violin, Cajón

Abigail Justice: Viola, Vocal, Percussion

Tabitha Justice: Guitar, Vocal

Recorded, mixed & mastered by Paul Hamann, Suma Recording Studio Painesville, Ohio

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Produced by Maidens IV

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I will sing of steadfast Love and Justice; to you, O Lord, I will make music. Ps. 101:1

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