

## Chapter 1 : Sheet Music : Boatman's Dance

*Finbar Furey wrote this all time favourite in , originally on a 5 string banjo but played by musicians world wide, used in film and TV scores -a classic piece of Irish Music.*

Adapted and produced by Bertie Image by Shutterstock If you enjoy this haunting tale from Vietnam, dip into our archive and listen to the Watermelon Prince. Every evening, he sat in the back of his boat, and glided down the river. As he sailed, he played upon his flute that was made of bamboo, and all who heard his music agreed it was the most beautiful sound they had ever heard. Now you might think that such a master of beauty would easily find a girl who wished to marry him. But his face was ugly, and the girls in his village shunned him. And so he lived alone. At this time there lived a young lady who was as rich and beautiful as the fisherman was poor and ugly. However, she too was lonely. Her father was a wealthy lord and he thought the world of his lovely daughter. But as he never wanted to lose her, he forbade her to leave his mansion. And so she spent her days sitting in her room, safe, but alone. However, her day was not empty of distraction. Every evening she sat at her window, which overlooked the river, and waited for the fisherman to slip past. The sweet notes of his flute thrilled her heart and set her imagination on fire. She imagined that she was lying back in the boat and gazing up into the eyes of her strong and handsome fisherman as he played his serenade for her upon his flute. He is beautiful and kind, passionate and loving. And I detect something else in his music. Yes, I feel it so strongly - just like me, he is lonely. We are meant to be together. I swear that I shall marry him one day. Her father showed no sign of willingness to release his daughter from her gilded prison. He ordered his servants to move her to the other side of the mansion, so that she could no longer be distracted by the cheeky flute-playing fisherman. She lay in her new room and sobbed. She sobbed and sobbed until she became so ill that her father feared for her life. At last he relented. If his music proved to be strong enough medicine to cure her, he would be rewarded with a bag of gold. Troung Chi sat by the bed and played. As he played, he felt a mysterious connection with this poor girl who was in a sleep so deep that it was almost like death. His sweet notes reached her inner soul, and the warmth of his love came over her body and revived her. At last she opened her eyes and looked up at him - the fisherman of her dreams. But oh, he was ugly! This was not at all as she had imagined. The boy refused it. His heart was broken. He went to his boat, and as he sailed away, he tossed his flute into the water. He was never seen again. After Troung Chi had been gone for some days, an old woman who lived in his village, went to look inside his hut. She found that his only possession was a beautiful cup. She took the cup to the mansion and asked for it to be given to the girl in remembrance of Troung Chi whose music had saved her from dying. She had been correct. The young girl was indeed sorely missing Troung Chi and his lovely flute music. Now that she held his cup in her hands, she raised it to her lips and drank cool water from it. Suddenly she was in a dream. His sweet music filled her heart and she could hear him just as if he was in the room with her. Oh how she knew that she loved him, even though he was ugly! Then suddenly the cup slipped from her hands and smashed on the floor. She opened her eyes and saw a bird flying out of her window and soaring over the river. The girl never married. And that was the story of the Ugly Boatman, read by me, Natasha, and adapted by Bertie, for Storynory.

**Chapter 2 : The Lonesome Boatman : Bobby Sands Trust**

*Scotland is a land with a rich, multilayered history, a place where every corner of the landscape is steeped in the past - a deserted croft on an island shore, a moor that was once a battlefield, a cave that sheltered Bonnie Prince Charlie.*

Ian Rankin in the Oxford Bar, Edinburgh. Murdo Macleod How is it possible for a city to be both blazingly public and intensely private at the self-same time? Somehow Edinburgh manages the feat, even in August with festivals all go and the population almost double the norm. The Scottish capital is bursting with stories, but sometimes you have to tease them out. Maybe it is all an accident of history and geology. In times past, while invading armies prepared to strike, the denizens would secrete themselves in tunnels dug beneath Castle Rock and the Old Town. Edinburgh has always seemed to me a furtive place. Throughout history it has made its money from invisible industries such as banking and insurance. And while the city has been known to celebrate its success stories the Scott Monument and flag up folly the unfinished "Parthenon" on Calton Hill , it is not a place where people flaunt their talents. Travel just a little further afield and you can widen your appreciation. I discovered it as a young writer. It is small, but contains the widest possible cross-section of Edinburgh life. As I walk in, there are a few nods of greeting nothing too effusive. Edinburgh at one time had more than 40 breweries – the Scottish Parliament sits on the remains of one of them. These days, though, there is just the one. The "Ox" is run by Harry Cullen. In fact, everyone I have ever met in the Oxford Bar has a story to tell. I ask Harry today if any Rebus fans have been in. He rolls his eyes. I shake my head. With a shrug and a wave, I head out, crossing nearby Charlotte Square home to the First Minister and emerging on a rain-soaked Queensferry Street. The shops soon disappear as I approach Randolph Cliff. I cross the road and head down Bells Brae, turning right at a signpost announcing that Leith is two-and-three-quarter miles away. This path, deserted apart from the odd dog-walker and jogger, runs along the Water of Leith. Robert Louis Stevenson once called Edinburgh a "precipitous city", and he was absolutely right. From here, it is a short uphill stroll into the New Town proper. When the Old Town, stretching from the castle down to the Palace of Holyroodhouse, became overcrowded and insanitary, the New Town was proposed, with work commencing in the s. At this point, I have to admit that I get lost in the New Town. Edinburgh is quiet and reserved – a place for thinking. Maybe the locals only loosen up when they enter their favoured watering-hole. Rested, I start to climb back uphill, walking along Queen Street, past the Scotch Malt Whisky Society, which boasts hundreds of malts and no two alike. A right turn takes me to George Street, the grande dame of the Princes Street area. Time was, it was filled with banks, but most of these have become bars and restaurants. The Dome, for example, was the Commercial Bank of Scotland headquarters. It is now a place to do lunch, beneath a spectacular glass dome in what used to be the main banking hall. At the far end of George Street, I turn left and then take a right. The weather has brightened by now, and I see no reason to head home just yet. I have some shopping to do. A friend in London collects LP records, and he visits Edinburgh a couple of times a year, due to the quality of the record shops. Another stretch of good shops runs the length of South Bridge, Nicolson Street and Clerk Street, and includes just off the main thoroughfare on East Crosscauseway Backbeat. Dougie McShane opened Backbeat in , selling mostly blues albums. He now sells pretty well everything, and he reckons he has 65, items in stock. An English lad emerges with his finds. My own son is 17, and likes vinyl and the blues both. I ask Dougie about this. Having escaped Backbeat with just the one purchase of boogie-woogie piano tunes , I notice a couple of early Patricia Highsmith an American crime writer novels in a charity-shop window, so I have to have those, too. I have a plan in mind now, and I hail a taxi, telling the driver to take me to Blackford Glen Road. He reckons this unholy trinity will kill tourism stone dead. I remind him that in the past few days, Edinburgh has been voted the best city in Britain. But not quite a dead end – a path leads into the wooded parkland called the Hermitage. This is another steep-sided valley. I could be in the middle of the countryside. A stream runs through the Hermitage and, as usual, a dog comes bounding out of the water, shakes itself dry next to me and deposits a stick at my feet. Here, again, is the hidden Edinburgh. Only locals ever seem to find this place. Their kids wear wellies and play Poohsticks or disappear into the trees. Strangers smile and nod at you. By the time I emerge on Braid Road, my batteries

have been recharged. Morningside is yet another Edinburgh "village", and I live on the edge of it. As a student, I rented a shared New Town flat. Later, I made my home near Backbeat Records coincidence, I assure you. I have also lived in Tollcross and Oxgangs and Peffermill. Each one boasted its own unique atmosphere; each holds memories. This article contains affiliate links, which means we may earn a small commission if a reader clicks through and makes a purchase. All our journalism is independent and is in no way influenced by any advertiser or commercial initiative. The links are powered by Skimlinks. By clicking on an affiliate link, you accept that Skimlinks cookies will be set.

### Chapter 3 : 10 of Scotland's best bothies to visit - The Scotsman

*I climb the mountain and scan the ocean For thee, my boatman, with fond devotion When shall I see thee? today? tomorrow? Oh! do not leave me in lonely sorrow.*

East Anglia[ edit ] The Adam and Eve, Norwich is thought to date to ; although the current building was only built in the 17th century. The Berney Arms in Norfolk may only be reached by foot, by boat or by train as there is no road access. Both the pub and shop close during the winter months. The pub is opposite the Cavendish Laboratory [4] and the event is commemorated by a blue plaque next to the entrance. It incorporates caves under Nottingham Castle and claims to be the oldest pub in England, although the first confirmed reference to a pub on the site called the Pilgrim dates to Claims to date back to and be the second oldest pub in the United Kingdom. The Bell Inn in Nottingham. Has been officially dated to It has been proven to be actually older than the other two pubs, although there is some evidence that there was a Brewery on the site of the "Trip" which served the Castle above it, and which does date back to somewhere around the end of the 12th century. List of pubs in London The Alchemist, Battersea , a pub built in the Victorian-era and originally called The Fishmongers Arms, which closed in and was demolished in May by a property developer without permission. Formerly a coaching inn , the first on the route northwards out of London, where Thomas Paine is believed to have written much of The Rights of Man and was mentioned by Charles Dickens in Oliver Twist. It is also on the board in the British version of the board game Monopoly. The building was demolished without permission by a property company in April , who were later ordered by Westminster City Council to rebuild it brick-by-brick. Huge ornate late Victorian pub, closed but reopened October , said to have been built by Frank Crocker on this site in the expectation that the Great Central Railway terminus in London would be built opposite and not in Marylebone. Known as The Crown Hotel from its opening until The Dutch resistance met here during the Second World War. Established in [25] and originally called The Old Jerusalem it is named after ironmonger Nathaniel Bentley, who upon the death of his fiancée on the eve of their wedding, refused to clean, clear up anything or even wash. Built in as a hotel, it was converted to pub use in the s. A pub since it is claimed to be the smallest in London, with only three tables and a small bar. Famous for being frequented by Virginia Woolf and others of the Bloomsbury Set. Dating from the 17th century the original building was destroyed by fire in it is famous for have been visited by Charles Dickens it appears in the serial novel Little Dorrit [36] and William Shakespeare , although there is little evidence that the latter ever visited. Said to be haunted by a young grenadier who was beaten to death after being caught cheating at cards. It was the first building in this road and existed in , being named after the British victory in the Battle of Magdala in the same year. Said to have been frequented by Vladimir Lenin during his time in the capital. Old public house-cum-theatre where, it is claimed, Thomas Paine wrote parts of Rights of Man. A listed building built in , it is said to take its name from two of its former owners " Spaniards Juan and Francisco Porero. Claims to be the oldest licensed pub in London; Old Bailey archives date it back to North West England[ edit ] The Old Wellington Inn, Manchester The White Lion Inn , Barthomley , built in in the ancient parish and village of Barthomley in Cheshire this historic pub is situated in a place of great beauty with an intriguing history. Once much favoured by the Liverpool Poets. It was the town house for Peter the Clerk, the administrator of Chester Castle. The older house, on the east side, is dated The Falcon, Chester , The building originated as a house in about and was later extended to the south along Lower Bridge Street, with a great hall running parallel to the street. Town Crier public house , Chester was built in as a hotel. It was built in on the site of a previous manor house. The John Brunt V. Its claim to be the oldest pub in Britain is disputed by other establishments.

**Chapter 4 : The Lonesome Boatman (reel) on The Session**

*The Lonesome Boatman Print This Page. In the middle of the sleeping lake The Lonesome boatman dwells, Around him rise the bracken hills The dreamy glens and dells.*

Please leave this field empty. Shapiro Of the many outstanding questions regarding the ramifications of the British vote to leave the EU, one of the most important is the future of Scotland. Just two years ago, the Scots held a referendum over the question of their independence, and voted by a percent margin to remain in the United Kingdom. The outcome was by no means assured. I lived in England in the year leading up to the vote, and the fears that Scotland would vote to leave were very real. The margin of victory for union was certainly not enough to put the question to bed in the event of a serious disagreement between Scotland and the Crown. The question of whether to remain in the European Union has turned out to be just such a disagreement. Scotland voted by a percent margin to remain in the EU, as opposed to a vote overall to leave, which means Scotland felt even more strongly about remaining in the EU than it did about its own independence. Scottish First Minister Nicola Sturgeon is already on record with her dissatisfaction. And then a strange thing happened. Jean-Claude Juncker, president of the European Commission, at first appeared too busy, but squeezed Sturgeon in for an evening meeting. And a host of countries, led by Germany, issued various statements of indifference, all variations on the theme of this being an internal British issue that it was far too premature to address publicly. Brexit pushed Scotland off a cliff and the EU has left it hanging. A number of factors led to the United Kingdom voting to leave the EU by a narrow margin. But the key underlying issue was the widening gap between the political elites and the average citizen. That is not what is at stake when it comes to Scotland. The issue of Scottish independence is first and foremost an issue of nationalism. It sets a dangerous precedent for a continent that has been trying to subdue the potency of nationalist sentiments since Much is made of the artificial borders of the Middle East, drawn haphazardly by European imperial powers. Nationalism has just been around longer in Europe, and I would be willing to venture that more wars have been fought over national identity in Europe than anywhere else in the world. Spain contains within it Catalonia and Basque Country among others. The list is very long when you get down to it. If the question of whether Scotland should be independent were based strictly on economics, most of the evidence would point in the direction of staying in the U. In , Scotland was on the verge of default. Furthermore, according to Scottish government statistics for the most recent year available , Scotland gets about half of its GDP from exports and 64 percent of those exports go to the rest of the U. Only 15 percent go to EU countries, and the second biggest export destination for Scottish goods is not a European country. It is the United States. If Scotland had voted for independence, it would have depended on oil income from the North Sea, and that revenue has plummeted with the fall in oil prices. In the first six months of , it was only 55 million pounds. This is to say nothing of a host of issues that would have to be figured out if Scotland voted to withdraw from the U. What currency would Scotland use? Would Britain let an independent Scotland use the pound? Could it use the euro? Or create a new currency pegged to the pound or euro? A white paper released by the Scottish National Party said a minimum of 2. Equipment would have to be purchased from Britain, and Scottish units would have to either separate from the British Armed Forces or be created anew. No matter how many facts, figures or opinions marshalled, however, focusing too much on these hindrances in some ways misses the point. Yes, Scotland leaving the U. But that is not the way geopolitics works. And nationalism is one of the strongest forces in the world that shapes the way individuals and political entities make decisions. For over three centuries, Scotland and England have been part of the same state, with the same rulers and the same language. Those hundreds of years did not eliminate a Scottish desire for national self-determination in large swaths of the population, nor did it make Scottish individuals identify as English. While Scotland and England have lived side by side in relative peace since , it must also be remembered that the two are historical enemies. The Scottish maintained an off and on alliance with France in the centuries preceding its union with England precisely because they shared a common enemy in England. The Scottish desire to pull closer to the EU is an echo of that same fear. Scottish independence would mean the separation of two sovereign nation-states on the

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British island. The referendum raised the possibility of Scottish independence in a serious way. The Scottish and English divide over Brexit brings it up again, possibly with even more force. We are, however, still a long way from Scottish independence. At minimum, Scotland would have to call for a referendum and Britain would have to approve it, and that process by itself could take months, if not years. Scottish nationalism is a real and powerful force. European fear of what legitimizing Scottish nationalism means is just as real and powerful. As Germany tries to keep the EU together in some form, the last thing it needs is a new competitor on the export market, or a new peripheral country that will need serious economic help in creating an independent state. None of these things, however, mean an independent Scotland is impossible, nor that Scotland would be any less important should it separate and that should give all those who dwell in Europe a great deal of pause.

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### Chapter 7 : I Climb the Mountains (Fhir A Bhata)

*Scotland the Lonely. questions regarding the ramifications of the British vote to leave the EU, one of the most important is the future of Scotland. Just two.*

### Chapter 8 : Ian Rankin's Edinburgh | Travel | The Guardian

*Lonely Scotland Lunch, Everyone welcome. Pop along have a cuppa and a chat. Even 5 minutes of your time will be helping people with their fight against loneliness and isolation. 5 minutes is all you need to make a difference.*

### Chapter 9 : The Fureys & Davey Arthur - sheet music and tabs

*Irish folk band The Fureys put you on the shore before the boat leaves the harbour and take you out to sea. Close your eyes and you are there!*