

WRCD1601



Arcanadh

Turning of a Day

Taste the salt sea on your lips,
See the warm wind dancing ships
Summer sun you light my face,
In this wild and kindred place.

Smell the life blood in the clay,
Steal the last light from the day,
We'll take the high road along the sea,
To the twilight whispering seas.

Twilight shadows across the night,
A dream and a tomorrow's flight,
The scent of memory fills my mind,
My friends and mine as I've left behind.

a day



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Arcanadh are:

Maria Corbet Harp, Vocals

Fiona "Dickie" Walsh Fiddle, Whistle, Bodhrán, Vocals

Colm Breathnach Mandola, Banjo, Vocals

Sinéad Gibson Guitar, Low Whistle, Tin Whistles, Vocals

Martin Gallen Guitars, Bodhrán, Vocals

Mags Gallen Piano, Fiddle, Vocals

Turning of a Day

(Lyrics and melody: Martin Gallen; Arr. Arcanadh)

The title track of the album, this song is one of our own and has become a firm favourite with audiences since it was added to our set.

Taste the salt-sea on your lips
See the warm wind dancing ships
Summer sun you light my face
In this wild and kindred place

Smell the life-blood in the clay
Steal the last light from the day
We'll take the high road along the bree
To the twilight whispering sea

Moonlight shadows across the night
Touch the tail of tomorrow's flight
The scent of memory fills my mind
Of friends and ghosts I've left behind

And in the heavy darkness there
I'll find you floating in the air
Just like the silver falling dew
That spills across this land anew

Then with the early morning sun
We'll watch the darkness coming undone
To light the chore of turning clay
In the turning of a day



Lead vocals and guitar: Martin
Backing Vocals: All
Piano and Keyboards: Mags
Fiddle: Fiona
Whistle: Sinéad
Mandola: Colm

Billy Taylor (Trad. Arr. Arcanadh)

A young girl dresses up as a man and joins the navy in order to find her sweetheart. She discovers him married to another woman. Being very understanding (like all women) she reacts to the situation in a dignified and mature manner...and shoots him dead!

Billy Taylor was a sailor, he was courting a fair lady
Instead of Billy getting married he was forced to take to sea.
But his bride soon followed after, under the name of Richard Carr
Her snow white fingers small and slender covered up in pitch and tar.

She's dressed herself in sailor's clothing, ah but she was a bonny wee lad
Away she sailed upon the ocean all aboard the Mary Ann
A storm blew up out on the ocean she being there among the rest
The wind blew off her silver buttons and there appeared her snow white breast

Well said the captain "My dear lady, what misfortune brought you here?"
"I'm in search of my true lover whom you have pressed the other year"
Then said the captain "My dear lady tell to me this young man's name"
"Some folk call him Billy Taylor, William Taylor is his name"

"If Billy Taylor is your true lover then he has proved to you untrue,
He's got married to another and left you here alone to rue.
Rise you early in the morning, early at the break of day
There you'll find young Billy Taylor walking out with his lady gay"

She rose early up next morning, early at the break of day
There she spied young Billy Taylor walking out with his lady gay
A gun and pistol she commanded, a gun and pistol at her side
There she shot young Billy Taylor walking out with his new May bride

Lead Vocals: Colm and Sinéad
Backing vocals: All
Guitar: Martin
Piano: Mags
Fiddle: Fiona
Mandola: Colm

Silver Dagger (Trad. Arr. Arcanadh)

The song has a message that is the mantra of certain band members: "All men are Fools"! Definitely a song written from the female perspective!

Don't sing love songs, you'll wake my mother
She's sleeping here right by my side
In her right hand a silver dagger
She says that I can't be your bride

All men are fools so says my mother
They'll tell you again love and lies
And they'll go and court some other
Leave you alone to pine inside

My daddy is a handsome devil
He's got a chain five miles long
On every link a heart does dangle
Of another maid he's loved and wronged

Go court another tender maiden
In hopes that she might be your wife
For I've been warned so I decided
I'll sleep alone all of my life

Lead Vocal: Sinead
Backing Vocals: Maria, Mags, Fiona
Low Whistle: Sinead
Piano: Mags
Guitar: Martin
Mandola: Colm
Fiddle: Fiona



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Tomlan's Stream (Lyrics: Martin Gallen, melody/arr. Arcanadh)

Another of our own, this song was inspired by recent events at the ancient seat of the High Kings of Ireland at Tara where future development threatens the rich local heritage.

Tomlan's stream runs by the hill
Where ghosts of Chieftains wander still
I brought my mare to water there
Beneath an oak one August fair

The morning sun climbed in the sky
Spilled its light to charm the eye
On the brush strokes of nature's hand
Her colours painted on the land

Then morning calm was shattered shrill
As thundering hooves approached the hill
The mare drew back and rose to face
A stranger to the sacred place

This warrior spoke an ancient tongue
His words commanding me to come
On wings across a mystic sea
Of time and place to meet his King

An ageing Chieftain whispered words
Of dark clouds o'er the other world
His spirits of the past sent forth
To stop the sacking of the earth

On Tara's hill I danced the lore
Of the generations gone before
These guardians of the ancient ties
That bind the stories of our lives

On Tara's hill we dance the lore
Of the generations gone before
We the guardians of the ties
That bind the stories of our lives



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Vocals: All
Piano and Keyboard: Mags
Guitar: Martin
Mandola: Colm

From Time to Time / Coinleach Ghlas an Fhomhair (Mick Hanley/Trad, arr. Arcanadh)

Sinead had been singing this old Irish song since her early days in Cloich Cheannshaola Fhaoile, and Martin heard his version of the song (translated by Mick Hanley) from the singing of Michael O Dubhail from an Spideail, in County Galway

Sean amhrán traidisiúnta é seo a d'fhoghlaim Sinead i nGaeltacht Thír Chonaill agus chualamar an leagan Béarla le déanaí ó Martin. Chuireamar an dá leagan le chéile agus seo an toradh!

Ar Choinleach glas an Fhomhair
A stóirín, do dhearc mé thú
Ba dheas do chosa i mbrógin
Is ba ró-dheas do leagan siúl.

Do ghrua ar dhath na rósaí
Is do choirnín bhí fite dlúth
'S é mo léan gan mé is tú pósta
Nó ar bord loinge dul anonn

From time to time
I lose my way
When clouds obscure
My guiding star
And no wind blows
This languid sail
I think of you
And where you are

There is none but you I'd rather see
There is none but you I'd rather call
If this be love, then there go I
For you this aching heart enthral



*Lead Vocals: Martin and Sinead
Backing Vocals: Mags and Colm
Guitar: Martin and Sinead
Piano and keyboard: Mags
Harp: Maria
Fiddle: Fiona
Mandola: Colm*

Carrick-a-rede (Cathie Ryan and John Doyle, Arr. Arcanadh)

A song celebrating the breathtaking landscape of the Antrim coast and the treacherous rope bridge of Carrick-a-rede.

I'll walk the miles from Ballintoy
No shining moon to light my way
Across the fields of Larrybane
And the rope bridge where my true love waits.

The fishermen lie in their beds
The salmon spawn in Moyle's blue sea
And you lie there upon the grass
Waiting for me on Carrick-a-rede

Chorus: One step and two, hold tight, let go
Twenty and four, hold tight, let go
I'm nearly there, let go, let go.

I will find you where you lie
And steal in soft under your coat
We will tell our stories love
And sing our songs out, every note.

Your sweet kiss will bring the rest
Your mouth on my mouth, wave on wave
We will meet the sea's loud roar
No better way to cheat the grave

Lead vocals and piano: Mags
Backing vocals: All
Guitar: Martin
Mandola: Colm
Percussion: Martin and Maria



Doire Cholm Cille (Trad. Arr. Arcanadh)

Amhrán ó ghaeltacht Dhún na nGall mar gheall ar an imirce. Tá go leor amhráin ón gceantair seo bunaithe ar an dtéama seo de bharr na blianta crua inar fhág an-chuid daoine do chósta eile. Seo scéal buachaill amháin ag fágáil slán lena chlann don uair dheireannach agus é ag dul chun an bhád a fháil i nDoire.

The age old theme of emigration is central to many of the old songs of the Donegal Gaeltacht. This area lost many people to distant shores and this song tells the story of one young man bidding farewell to his family for the last time before boarding the ship at Derry.

Nuair a d'fhág an bád inniu ó chathair Dhoire
Scair na mílte smaointe os mo cheann
Ar an ché sheas mo mháthair is mo mhuintir
lad ag sileadh deoir is ag cur a mbeannacht liom.

Siúd thall an teapall mór thar bharr na cathrach
An áit ar umhlaigh mé don chreideamh is don chré
An áit ar dheachaigh mé ar aifreann ann Dé Domhnaigh
Is a Dhia na Glóire Gille ná diúltaigh mé

Tá mé anocht is mé mo luí anseo go brónach
Tá mo thuras thart is tá gach osna liom
Mé ag smaointeamh ar mo dheartháir bhocht i bpríosún
Ina luí i leaba tais i gcampa lom

Mé ag smaointeamh ar mo mháthair bhocht ag caoineadh
Is í fágtha léi féin ag briseadh croi
Ó ní fheicfidh mé níos mó thú a mháthair dhílis
Is a Dhoire Cholm Cille céad slán a chois

Lead vocals, guitar and whistle: Sinead
Backing vocals and harp: Maria
Guitar: Martin
Keyboard: Mags



The Tinkerman's Daughter (Lyrics and Melody: Mick McConnell, Arr. Arcanadh)

We heard this song a while back and put our own arrangement to it. A ballad detailing the uneasy relationship between a farmer and his new wife. She does all she can for him but at the end she simply cannot resist the need to go out on the road again.

Maria would like to dedicate this song to the memory of Joshua Burke.

The small birds were lining the bleak Autumn branches
Preparing to fly to a far sunny shore
When the tinkers made camp at the bend on the river
Coming back from the horse fair at Ballinasloe
Now the harvest being over the farmer went walking
All along the fair river that borders his land
And it's there he first saw her twixt firelight and water
The tinkerman's daughter, the red-headed Anne

Next morning he rose from a night without slumber
Went straight to the father and he made his case
At a pub in Listowel they struck out a bargain
To the tinker a pony to the daughter a home
The trees cast their shadows along the fael
While tinker and farmer inspected the land
A wild gallant pony the price they agreed
For the tinkerman's daughter the red-headed Anne.

Now the wedding soon over the tinkers departed
They were eager to travel on south down the road
The crunch of the iron-shod wheels on the gravel
As bitter to her as the way she'd been sold
She tried hard to please him, she did all his bidding
Slept in his bed and she worked on his land
But the walls of that cabin pressed tighter and tighter
Round the tinkerman's daughter, the red-headed Anne.

As white as the hands of a priest or a hangman
The snow spread its blanket the next winter round
The tinkerman's daughter got out from the bedside
Her back to the land and her face to the town
It's said someone saw her at dusk that same evening
Making her way down by Ladhairaghrúbán

And that was the last that the settle folk saw her
The tinkerman's daughter the red-headed Anne

Where the north Kerry Hills cut the Fael at Listowel
In a farm on its banks lives a bitter old man
He swears by the shotgun he keeps at his bedside
He'll kill any tinker that camps on his land
And yet when he hears iron-shod wheels crunch on gravel
Or a horse in the shafts of a bright caravan
His day's work tormented his night's sleep demented
By the tinkerman's daughter, the red-headed Anne

Lead Vocals: Maria
Piano: Mags
Guitar: Martin
Mandola: Colm
Whistle: Sinead
Fiddle: Fiona

Anam Cara (Lyrics and melody: Martin Gallen, Arr. Arcanadh)

The Irish have been a wandering nation for many generations, unfortunately most often not by choice. This song celebrates the bond with home that the music tradition has maintained through timelines, together with the solace it continues brings to the traveller.

There's warm blue in the summer sky
Crimson veiling the night
There's a new moon in the darkness
Calling the traveller to flight

There's honey straw in the meadows
Tossed on the hardening earth
There's a sun that sets in the evening
On the weary wanderer's heart

Chorus
But somewhere on the paths of time
The spirit is longing for home

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Echoes on the winds afar
Are calling from Anam Cara

There's an early start in the morning
Sleep is stilling the mind
But the music from o'er by the lakeside
Is calling the senses to life

There are melodies from down through the ages
Songs of sadness and joy
The flame that burns through the song line
Welcomes the traveller to join

Lead Vocals, piano and keyboard: Mags
Backing vocals: Maria
Guitar: Martin
Whistle: Sinead
Fiddle: Fiona

Tráthnóna Aoine (Lyrics: Páidin Breathnach, Melody Sinead Gibson, Arr. Arcanadh)

Dúthaigh iascaireacta is ea Rinn O gCuanach I gCo. Phortláirge, agus maraon le haon áit cois na farraige, tá scéal tragóideach ag gach duine. Bád beirt déagóir I 1993 agus d'fhág sé scamail thar an Rinn ar feadh na blianta. Seo dán a scríobh deartháir Cholm faoin lá úd agus chuir Sinead ceol aoibhinn leis. Ar dheis Dé go raibh anamnacha na leaids!

A song remembering a tragic drowning in An Rinn, Co Waterford of two inseparable teenagers.

Tráthnóna Aoine
Sa Deireadh Fomhair Dubhach
Beirt chara og
Ag seoladh a gcurrach amach
Athar duine acu
Ag amharc go gear
Ón aill iargulta

Na líonta á dtarraingt isteach
Is iad á dtarraingt aníos
Mo thrua é an lá

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A tharla an bá
Me fein is mé suite
Faoi theallach adhanta
I gcomord fothain
O threascairt na dtonn
Nuacht a chrith mo cholainn
Is do roeigh mo chroí
Nuair a seoladh iad chun cuan

Lead vocals and mandola: Colm
Backing vocals: Maria and Sinead
Guitar: Martin and Sinead
Fiddle: Dickie and Mags
Harp: Maria
Keyboard: Mags



Horo Johnny (Sean McCarthy, Arr. Arcanadh)

A fun song which Fiona had in her immense repertoire! The song has an infectious beat which the band was immediately drawn to. The song is a warning to all women about the nature of young men!!

Chorus:
Horo Johnny won't you come home soon
The winter is coming and I'm all alone
A candle is burning in my window love
And the wild geese they are going home

A young man's love is something to behold
First it burns then it soon turns cold
He'll whisper in the moonlight and your hand he'll hold
Then he'll vanish in the morning dew

He'll court you by a meadow in the summertime
When first you love it's the sweetest time
He'll promise a golden ring and then one day
He'll vanish with the morning dew

You'll be waiting for his footsteps in the lonely room
Listen by the window he'll be coming soon
Your heart it will be breaking in the early dawn
For he'll vanish with the morning dew

So come all you young men who are in your prime
A young maid's love is like the rarest wine
When first you taste it, it's the golden time
Sweeter than the morning dew.

Lead vocals and fiddle: Fiona
Backing vocals: All
Piano and Keyboard: Mags
Guitar: Sinead
Bodhran: Martin
Mandola: Colm

The Swallow (Richard Fariña, arr. Arcanadh)

An Israeli folk song, Martin got this one from the German singer, Angelika Bienek, who was living and playing her music in East Clare. The song appealed immensely to us and we had great fun putting our own interpretation on it.

Come wander quietly and listen to the wind
Come near and listen to the sky
Come walk and high above the rolling of the clouds
And watch the swallows as they fly

There is no power like the freedom of their flight
There is no choir like their song
There is no murmur like the murmur of their wings
While the swallows fly along

Do you hear the calling of a hundred thousand boys?
Hear the echo in the stone
Do you hear the angry bells ringing in the night?
Hear the swallows in the night

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And will the breezes blow the petals from your hand?
And will some loving ease the pain?
And will his silence drive confusion from your soul?
And will the swallows come again ?

Main vocals: Colm and All
Low Whistle: Sinead
Keyboard: Mags

As I Roved Out (Trad. Arr. Arcanadh)

One of the great songs composed in the last number of years, this song has been covered by many people. It deals with the incredibly difficult choice between love and land! (choose land I hear you shout!) We have been meaning to try it for a long time and recently added it to our set after performing it in America to great acclaim.

As I roved out on a bright May morning
To view the meadows and flowers gay
Whom should I spy but my own true lover
As she sat under yon willow tree

I took off my hat and I did salute her
I did salute her most courageously
When she turned around the tears fell from her
Saying "False young man you've deluded me"

"A diamond ring I own I gave you
A diamond ring to wear on your right hand
But the vows you gave love you went and broke them
And married the lassie that had the land"

If I married the lassie that had the land my love
It's that I'll rue until the day I die
When misfortune falls sure no man can shun it
I was blindfolded I'll ne'er deny

And at night when I go to my bed of slumber
The thoughts of my true love run in my mind
And when I turn around to embrace my darling
Instead of gold sure it's brass I find

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And I wish the Queen would call home her army
From the West Indies, America and Spain
And each young man to his wedded woman
In hope that you and I will meet again

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Buiochas

The band would like to thank the following:

- ~ Our families, especially our parents who suffer through it all!
- ~ Pádraig and Sadie the hoteliers who usually (!) had their door open to us during the recording; Mick and Ann for promising to mind all our baggage on tour ; John and Colette and the inspiration of their sitting room; Bertie and Nuala for the use of their Dublin pad and all the airport runs; Billy and Mai for the great times in Bohola!
- ~ All at Liam Clancy studios. Special mention to a fantastic sound engineer Kevin "only 'cos I like ya" Evans.
- ~ Caitríona, from Martin, for her infinite patience and support
- ~ All our colleagues especially Henry, Roisin, Tom, Frank and Sheila who remain incredibly supportive
- ~ All at "Sographic" especially Paul Feeney who drew the short straw of dealing directly with the band!
- ~ Emma Jane Reilly for the inspired artwork
- ~ Chris Brien for the printing
- ~ Hughie Boyle for having the craic while sound engineering at our gigs
- ~ Vincent Macklin who, lucky for us, lives up to the title of his company name: Panic Hire!
- ~ Declan Doherty who braved the elements with us in Ramelton and who still managed to take some photos!
- Tony Pond for the lovely shots at short notice and Fergal Magennety for coming up with the goods for the Irish Folk Festival Tour.
- ~ Do Maria, Dickie, Martin agus Mags ó Chormac
- ~ Canice and Marion at Wren Records. They still believe!!
- ~ All our friends, fellow musicians and supporters in Letterkenny, Dublin and everywhere.
- ~ To Donal K. O Baoil who is a constant source of support and advice.
- ~ Marie and Paddy for their expertise in Clare!
- ~ Seanan Brennan, Derek Morrissey and Grace Kiely for filling shoes in Romania.
- ~ Fitz Howard for the work on the instruments.
- ~ Alan Groarke and Laura for the web work

Lead Vocals and Mandola: Colm
Backing vocals: All
Guitar: Martin
Piano: Mags
Fiddle: Fiona
Whistle: Sinead

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