

# Together

FIL CAMPBELL  
& TOM MCFARLAND



## Until We Meet Again

(Campbell, IMRO)

*One of the joys of being a travelling musician is the people we meet and the places we visit.*

As the evening settles slowly over fields  
of emerald green  
I wander through my memories to places  
that I've seen  
To the friends we've met along the way,  
the towns we've driven through  
And I think of all the riches that I've known  
because of you.

*Here we are together let our voices ring  
Here we are this evening, let us sing*

*Let's forget the world for just a while  
And toast the friends we've made  
Let's sing a chorus, raise a glass  
Until we meet again.*

With boats and planes, through snow and rain,  
we've travelled many miles  
Seen wondrous places big and small and sampled  
their delights  
Heard many different languages, sang songs of  
love and war  
And when we head for home again your voices  
take us far

In the morning as we're moving on, you'll travel  
in our hearts  
Each journey brings us many things to cherish  
as we part



*Nuala*

The car piled high with souvenirs we'll hit  
the road once more  
And your voices in our memory will always  
feel like home.

## We'll Get There When We Get There

(McFarland, IMRO)

*Tom says "I was watching the antics of our  
politicians and this song came out one day while I  
was driving – take from it what you will!"*

Last Sunday out driving alone in my car  
Stuck in the traffic and getting nowhere  
And wondering how far it is we have all come  
And if in the future we can be as one

*We'll get there when we get there and  
not before that  
We'll get there when we get there can  
you picture that  
We'll get there when we get there I'm  
hoping for that  
And we'll get there when we get there  
and that'll be that*

When I'm watching the politics on the tv  
Folks bickering and fighting saying nothing to me  
I look at their faces behind the forced smiles  
The things in their heads that they can't reconcile

We're all very good knowing what should be done  
It'll take all of us to be thinking as one  
And we know deep inside that this is all true  
To you them is them and to them is you  
If you're wondering like me what's the  
point of this song  
Surely it's time that we all got along  
Will we ever think of each other as friends?  
And when will our Troubles finally end

## Ring The Bell (Campbell, IMRO)

*I wrote this at a writing session with the Perth  
Songwriting Group which took place in a fire  
station and reminded me of one of the members of  
our singing group who had passed away suddenly.  
The funeral was very moving. The same singing  
group, Singmarra, join us on this.*

I knew a man, a quiet man  
Whose joy of life was catching.  
Family, friends and songs to sing  
That's all that he was needing.  
Then one day I heard the news  
His precious world had shattered  
Family, friends and songs to sing  
None of them now mattered.



*Singmarra*

*Ring the bell for danger  
Ring the bell for all clear  
Ring the bell for fallen comrades  
Ring the bell, ring the bell.*

They carried him into the church  
In uniform so proudly  
They told about the fireman's oath  
And of his love of duty  
Others told about his life  
And how his neighbours loved him  
I only knew the songs he sang,  
And nothing else about him.

Then they read the fireman's prayer  
Have courage and be set to go  
Be prepared to face the worst  
To never know your time has come  
When they rang the Fireman's Bell  
Three times three it sounded  
Dignity and honour  
For his final outing.

## Peace in Erin

(Traditional, Lyrics Hugh McWilliams, arr.  
Campbell/McFarland, IMRO)

*Composed in 1831 by hedge schoolmaster Hugh McWilliams, who taught near Newtownards (Co. Down) and in Clough (Co. Antrim). The tune used is that of the Robert Burns' song "Now Wrestlin' Winds and Slaughtering Guns". \*This refers to the political and religious topography of the area both then and now where the planted families lived in the town and the Catholic residents moved out to the hills and glens.*

Were all mankind inclined like me,  
To live in peace and unity,  
No more contention there would be,  
Among the sons of Erin.  
Originally we were sprung,  
From father Adam, old and young,  
These words should flow from every tongue:  
We'll cherish peace in Erin.

We're formed by one Deity,  
To worship him, let's all agree,  
And live in peace and harmony  
With every class in Erin.  
On Sundays, if our paths do lie,  
To Clough, or to the Glens\* close by,  
This should not weaken friendship's tie,  
Among the sons of Erin!

What shore can boast so pure an air;  
Or men so brave, or girls so fair,  
Or who was e'er esteemed in war,  
Before the sons of Erin?

Their courage far abroad is known,  
In field of Mars their glory shone;  
Now let us cultivate at home,  
The laws of peace in Erin!

If fortune fair and commerce shine,  
Upon my dear, my native isle,  
Not Egypt with her flowing Nile,  
Could equal thee, sweet Erin;  
Fine silver lakes and pearly streams,  
With verdant groves where music rings,  
Now peace, with healing in her wings,  
Will bless this land of Erin.

'Tis principle that shows the man,  
This is the one, the only plan,  
And it's one that I have built upon,  
When passing through old Erin.  
So let us, at this present day,  
Drive prejudice and spleen away,  
Far, far across the Atlantic Sea,  
And we'll all shake hands in Erin!

## The Birds' Song

(Campbell/McFarland, IMRO)

*Tom says, the idea for this song was born from a conversation with Fil's mum who was commenting that there seemed to be very few visiting birds in her garden over the winter, a topic which was also being discussed on nature programmes at the time... His mind went a-wandering!*



*Brendan*

The blackbirds and the thrushes and  
the robin sat around  
Discussing all the changes and what's been  
going down  
"I'm worried said the robin, there's rumours  
in the air  
I'm not sure what is happening, but I know that it's  
not fair

Have you ever wondered where the  
other birds have gone  
There aren't so many here these days I'm missing  
their sweet song  
Some say it is the weather, some say it is the wind  
But I think other forces are not letting them come in

*Chorus*

*We may have different feathers and sing  
a different song  
But when we sing together the differences are gone*

If you look up in the sky high up above your head  
All along the borders something's being said  
All the crows and magpies of the neighbourhood  
Are saying "we don't want you here taking all our  
food'  
They're living in the hedges and roosting in the trees  
Building mud huts on the walls and nesting in  
the eves  
They're stealing all our berries and eating all  
our bugs  
We don't want foreign lads here, they're all a bunch  
of thugs"

*Chorus*

Geese that come from Canada are told they can't  
come round  
Eating all the grasses and messing up the ground  
All the swifts and swallows are not allowed to stay  
Even all the starlings have been told t go away

But I for one like to hear their exotic cry  
They sing another language as they're flying by  
I think for all our children's sake it really would  
be sad  
If they didn't see that different really isn't bad"

*Chorus*

Now the blackbirds and the thrushes and the robin  
all agreed  
They'd have to teach the others that there's no need  
for greed  
For birds they don't see borders as they fly o'er the  
sea  
To find a place to feed their kids, just like you and  
me

*Chorus*



BW

## A New Song To Sing (Campbell/McFarland, IMRO)

*This song was nearly 20 years in the writing. For a long time it seemed too naive somehow to wish that people here would get along. But as chaos and discord has escalated everywhere in the world it felt like our problems at home are very small and it would be so wonderful if everyone was "singing from the same hymn sheet" as they say.*

In my life, I've seen many things  
I would sooner forget if allowed  
But the dreams I had a long time ago are still strong  
History teaches us separate truths  
That the lessons of time reinforced  
And I dream of a day to come when we all get along

Looking over my shoulder experience points to  
A future that could be much brighter  
We just need to find a way to move forward together  
At the end of the day, we're the only ones here  
Who can show us the right and the wrong way  
Perhaps we should just draw a line in the sand and

move on  
*We'll find a new song to sing  
One we all can join in  
Let the past rest  
And look to the future  
We'll find a new song to sing  
One we all can join in  
Let's find a new song to sing for tomorrow*

We've all been brought up in our separate ways  
That the different histories have taught us  
Is it not time to move a bit closer together?  
Whatever your colour, or the language you speak  
And regardless of what you believe in  
If you look in my eyes I've the same dream as you  
for the future

## People Tell Me I'm Lucky (McFarland, IMRO)

*A picture of a soldier returning from war looking down at a line of his dead comrades inspired this song written at a song writing session in Perth.*

People tell me I'm lucky  
A hero of my time  
But every day the memories haunt me  
I'm the only one left behind

In a line we marched out together  
Walking side by side  
We were marking time with each other  
Heads held high with pride

*There was fear all around us  
We knew that death would come  
All that kept us going*

*Was the hope that we'd get home  
We set out on our tour of duty  
To a far off foreign land  
A place all battered and broken  
Where we must make a stand.*

*As trees drop leaves in Autumn  
Men were falling all around  
Bodies shattered and broken  
Lives soaked into the ground*

#### *Chorus*

*Now it's done we're not standing together  
Just lying side by side  
I want to be lying with them  
Not the one left to stand and cry.*

#### *Chorus*

*People tell me I'm lucky  
It don't feel that way to me  
Every day the memories haunt me  
I wish the one that came back wasn't me.*

## **The Maple's Lament** **(Laurie Lewis/Spruce and Maple Music/ASCAP)**

*I first heard this beautiful song at a folk club in England and fell in love with the idea of it. Later I read that Laurie, while working in a violin shop, was struck by the Latin inscription inside old violins, which translated loosely as "When I was alive I stood mute in the forest. Now in death I sing." And she thought, "What about the tree!" My thanks to Laurie for giving me permission to record this.*



Stev

When I was alive the birds would nest  
upon my boughs  
And all through long winter nights the storms  
would 'round me howl,  
And when the day would come I'd raise my branches  
to the sun  
I was a child of earth and sky, and all the world  
was one.

But now that I am dead, the birds no longer sing  
in me  
And I feel no more the wind and rain as when  
I was a tree  
But bound so tight in wire strings I have no room  
to grow  
And I am but the slave who sings when master  
draws the blow.

But sometimes from my mem'ry I can sing the birds  
in flight  
And I can sing of sweet dark earth and endless  
starry nights  
But oh, my favourite song of all, I truly do believe  
Is the song the sunlight sang to me, while dancing  
on my leaves.

## Sunshine in the Rain

(Campbell, IMRO)

Everywhere I look  
I see crying, I see fear  
I see news of war and terror  
near and far.  
I hear anger, I hear pain  
And a world that is confused  
Please let me step outside it  
for a while

*I want sunshine in the rain  
Give me happiness and joy  
Let me see the colours in the sky  
Feel the wind blow on my face  
Smell the meadows full of flowers  
Hear the birds singing sweetly  
in the trees*

Step outside the news  
And all the madness of our time  
I find it hard to cope  
with so much pain  
My body's full of tears  
I feel guilty and ashamed  
If I try to find some quiet  
for my mind

And maybe in the darkness  
I'll be grateful for the moments  
That will help me be the change  
I want to see.

## Time

(McFarland, IMRO)

*Sometimes we don't notice what we have  
until it's gone*

There was a time I needed you to hold me  
There was a time I wanted you to say  
Come to my arms I'll hold you here forever  
There was a time there was a time

There was a time I looked to you for guidance  
There was a time I longed for you to say  
Do what you love I'll be there beside you  
There was a time there was a time

*But now you're gone and time has passed us by  
I feel you here inside my heart  
If only once I could say to you I love you  
But there's no time there's no more time*

There was a time I needed you to love me  
There was a time I wanted you to say  
You're in my heart and you'll be there forever  
There was a time there was a time

But this is the time the time for me to love you  
This is the time the time for me to say  
I love you and always will forever  
This is the time this is the time  
This is the time this is my time





*Column*

## Island Love

(Campbell/McFarland, IMRO)

*This is the true story of Peter and Julia from the island of Hallig Hooge, off the West Coast of Germany, a place we've been fortunate to visit many times.*

Out upon an island many, many years ago  
A silent graveyard held a secret in the ground below  
They found a grave, two bodies there  
No markings up above  
A story often told today, a story full of love.

They grew up on the island there and  
he made her his wife  
At one with sea and wind and earth, they  
loved their island life  
Until the time came when they were too  
old to be alone  
The family took them back with them to their  
mainland home.

*Island life and island love can't be torn apart  
The smell of sea and feel of wind, woven through  
the heart*

Longing for their island life, they felt so all alone  
They were so far from all they loved, the island in  
their bones  
Then one sunny summer's day a neighbour saw  
them pass  
Home again, so happy there, dressed in Sunday best.

A friend went out to say hello and wondered where  
they'd gone  
He found them tethered hand in hand together in  
the foam  
In a single grave they placed them, lying side by side  
Nothing there to mark their names  
Nothing written of their fate  
Church bells ring, the island waits  
To tell their tale of love

## Talk About (Campbell, IMRO)

*Some songs take shape very quickly, but this one took a bit longer. It started in 1998, the day after the referendum in Northern Ireland to ratify the Good Friday Agreement when politicians started to qualify their position – I thought to myself, we've spoken now get on with it. But the fair side of me thought, give them a chance! I only managed to finish it after the next referendum in 2016 on Brexit when the same rhetoric became obvious.*

### Chorus

*What you gonna talk about  
when there's nothing left to talk about?  
What you gonna talk about  
when there's nothing left to say?  
What you gonna shout about  
when there's nothing left to lie about?  
What you gonna talk about  
when there's nothing left to say?*

Your anger and your passion left me speechless  
Nothing you could say would change my mind  
Your paranoid outbursts on the TV  
Show your generation must be left behind

Your energy rechanneled could move mountains  
You're making these decisions in my name  
But Mr Politician can you hear us  
We're saying that it's time to up your game

### Chorus

The staying power you've shown is without question  
Your single-minded mission has been clear  
Just think what great achievements you could broker  
If you lead by hope and never lead by fear

So now's the time for you to start to listen  
Cos at the minute we don't trust what you say  
Your talent for convincing us you'll give us what  
we want  
Would be a blessing if you really lead the way.

### Chorus

Those that come behind will ask the question  
What did you do to earn your way?  
Are you leaving things behind that you'll be proud  
of?  
Or will they say you're in it just cos you're vain?



John

## Musicians

### **Vocals and Rhythm Guitar**

Fil Campbell

### **Vocals, Bodhran, Congas, Shakers**

Tom McFarland

### **Lead, High Strung, Gut String, Fretless Bass Guitars**

Steve Cooney

### **Fiddle**

John Fitzpatrick

### **Mandolin**

Ben Sands

### **Whistles**

Brendan Monaghan

### **Cello**

Nuala Curran

### **Double Bass, Concertina**

Colum Sands

### **Choir on Ring The Bell**

#### **Singmarra**

Singmarra are Anne Mullan, Barbara Wendel Sands, Belinda Cullen, Cecile Barter, Dorothy Major, Joanna Quinn, Joanne Fox, Judith Annett, Lorna Cunningham, Maurice McConville, Paul Carty, Shelagh Roberts, Susan Farrell, Wendy Young.

Recorded and mixed by Tom McFarland at Ballyneddan Studio, Rostrevor, Ireland.

[www.tommcfarland.co.uk](http://www.tommcfarland.co.uk)

Photos – Eddie Megaw

Artwork – Noel @ Apex Media and Print Ltd, Newry

Manufactured by Mid Atlantic Digital, Dublin

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