# 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

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

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# 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.

*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!*

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*

# A New Song To Sing

(Campbell/McFarland © 2014, IMRO)

*This is another song that was nearly 20 years in the writing. For a long time it seemed too naïve 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.*

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

# 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 paranoic 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?