



Tony Christie & Ranagri

THE GREAT IRISH SONGBOOK

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Total 47'02"

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------|-------|
| 1 | Cliffs of Dooneen | 3'01" |
| 2 | On Raglan Road | 4'38" |
| 3 | The Banks of The Lee | 3'52" |
| 4 | Spencil Hill | 3'39" |
| 5 | Star of The County Down | 3'24" |
| 6 | When You Were Sweet Sixteen | 3'55" |
| 7 | Lord Franklin | 3'57" |
| 8 | She Moved Through The Fair | 5'07" |
| 9 | Carrickfergus | 4'23" |
| 10 | The Black Velvet Band | 4'45" |
| 11 | Wild Mountain Thyme | 2'24" |
| 12 | The Parting Glass | 3'26" |





Dónal Rogers (Ranagri)

recalls his first encounter with Tony Christie 1990's

"It was cold and wet that late autumn night, the wind and rain whirled about your face the moment the car door was opened. We made a frantic dash from the car park to the venue where singer Tony Christie was playing. We were there for one reason - the drummer! I'd been searching with my brother Tony (now with The Charlatans) for a drummer for a long time and this was a tip off from our manager. When we made it into the venue the first thing that hit me was: 'Wow, Tony Christie can sing!!'. I'd obviously heard of him - he'd sold over 10 million albums - but I wasn't expecting the sheer depth of power and emotion in that voice! And behind the singer, playing like there was no tomorrow, was the drummer Sean Fitzgerald (Tony Christie's son). I didn't know at the time but Tony's surname is Fitzgerald, Christie being a stage name. It was the kind of gig that stays in the mind forever. A quick chat after the show and we were all invited back to Tony's house."



A close-up photograph of a green melodeon case. The case is made of a dark green material, possibly leather or cloth, with brass hardware. At the top, there is a brass plate with the word 'MELODEON' and 'MADE IN GERMANY' embossed on it. Below this, the word 'MELODEON' is written vertically in gold lettering, with 'Germany' written in smaller gold lettering below it. A brass latch is visible on the left side. The background is dark and textured, suggesting the interior of the case or a similar surface.

'So who plays the melodeon?'

"Tony produces a beautiful old melodeon from the shelf. He explained how the melodeon was brought over from Co Mayo, in the West of Ireland, by his Grandfather, to South Yorkshire when he came over to England looking for work. Tony's Grandfather played the melodeon; his Grandmother played the fiddle in a Céilí dance band and Tony's father played the piano.

We sat around the kitchen table until the early hours of the morning, having a few drinks and singing old folk songs from a shared heritage; the songs we remembered our parents singing; songs of great joy and deep sorrow, many of which we would go on to record on this album.

As we left for home that morning I suggested to Tony that one day we should record those songs. He smiled; 'Maybe - someday.' "



Ranagri

Ranagri is a British/Irish contemporary folk band based in London, featuring Eliza Marshall - flutes/whistles/bansuris, Jean Kelly - acoustic/electric harps, Tad Sargent - bodhrán/bouzouki and Dónal Rogers - guitar/banjo/vocals.

Between them they have graced some of the world's biggest stages from Red Rocks Amphitheatre Colorado to The Royal Albert Hall London, they have composed and recorded music for film/TV and radio but when they can they are often to be found at the fireside down by the river Thames at a good old Seisiún.





Tony Christie on Ranagri

“What I love about Ranagri is their unique sound and original take on folk music. They’re certainly not afraid to bend the rules a bit so when I got the call from Sean about recording an album of Irish songs with Ranagri, I thought ‘Great!’, they would stay true to the songs but not be constrained by typical traditional arrangements. After all, these songs have been recorded many times before and you want, if possible, to shine a new light onto them.”

Stockfisch Records

Günter Pauler signed Ranagri to his Stockfisch Records Label in 2014, where they recorded their debut album 'Fort of the Hare'.

"This was such a rare experience" explain Ranagri. "Günter has fantastic ears and knows when you've just recorded something great. He knows how to get the best performance from his musicians and he tries to avoid endless, repetitive 'takes' where the energy can be lost. The Stockfisch slogan is 'Closer To The Music' and that's exactly what you get!"

One evening, after a late recording session, Ranagri band members were chatting to Günter Pauler and Sean Fitzgerald. A familiar question arose.

"Sean, why is your surname Fitzgerald if your father's surname is Christie?"

Sean told the story of the family's Irish roots and the conversation turned to talk of the Irish album we'd always dreamt of recording. Stockfisch studios seemed such an ideal space to come to record and collaborate. Sean made an excited late night call to Tony Christie and a deal was agreed by morning.







Jean Kelly (Ranagri)

on choosing songs for the album with Ranagri and Tony Christie

“A fond tradition in Ireland is that of sitting together to sing the folk songs we know and love. The first rehearsal for this album started with a sing-song where each of us took it in turns to sing our favourite folk song. We wanted to choose songs that particularly resonated with all of us - from rousing ballads such as ‘Black Velvet Band’ to the poignant farewell song ‘The Parting Glass’. Within this group of musicians we have a very interesting cultural mix; Irish; British; 2nd and 3rd generation Irish - born in Britain; with varying senses of identity between two countries who have a long and troubled history. The Twentieth Century saw great waves of emigration from Ireland to Britain and America. We find ourselves now living in a time of peace and extraordinarily good relations between Ireland and Britain. This recording project gave us the opportunity to explore and find common ground, and what better way to celebrate this than through song”.

Many of the songs we chose reflect this dual heritage. A good example of this is ‘Lord Franklin’ - a song with a perfect blend of lyrics from an English collection, twinned with an ancient Irish traditional melody. What a thrill for us to discover, whilst rehearsing this song, that Franklin’s lost ship from his ill-fated 19th Century expedition in search of the Northwest Passage - HMS Erebus - was rediscovered in 2014 near Canada.

A man and a woman are standing in a rural landscape with bare trees. The man is on the left, wearing a dark coat and grey trousers, smiling. The woman is on the right, wearing a dark dress with a green detail and a pearl necklace, also smiling. The background shows a field and a large, leafless tree.

And so,
three decades after the initial seisiun around the kitchen table,
what a lovely journey this has been to record these songs for

THE GREAT IRISH SONGBOOK



1. Cliffs of Dooneen

Jack McAuliffe

Tony Christie · Vocal

Dónal Rogers · Guitar

Jean Kelly · Harp

Eliza Marshall · Flute

Tad Sargent · Bouzouki

You may travel far far, from your own native home
Far away o'er the mountains, away o'er the foam
But of all the fine places, that I've ever seen
There's none to compare, with the cliffs of Dooneen

Take a view o'er the water, fine sights you'll see there
You'll see high rocky slopes, on the west coast of Clare
And the towns of Kilkee, and Kilrush, can be seen
From the high rocky slopes, at the cliffs of Dooneen

It's a nice place to be, on a fine summer's day
Watching all the wild flowers, that ne'er do decay
The hare and lofty pheasant, are plain to be seen
Making homes for their young, round the cliffs of Dooneen

Fare thee well to Dooneen, fare thee well for while
And to all the fine people, I'm leaving behind
To the streams and the meadows, where late I have been
And the high rocky slopes, of the cliffs of Dooneen

On Raglan Road of an Autumn day
I saw her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare
That I might one day rue
I saw the danger and I passed
Along the enchanted way
And I said let grief, be a fallen leaf
At the dawning of the day

On Grafton Street, in November
We tripped lightly along the ledge
Of a deep ravine where can be seen
The worth of passions pledge
The Queen of hearts still making tarts
And I not making hay
Oh I loved too much, and by such and such
Is happiness thrown away

I gave her gifts of the mind
I gave her the secret signs
That's known to artists who have known
True Gods of sound and stone
And words and tint, I did not stint
I gave her poems to say
With her own name there
And her own dark hair
Like clouds over fields of May

On a quiet street, where old ghosts meet
I see her walking now
Away from me so hurriedly, my reason must allow
That I had loved, not as I should
A creature made of clay
When the angel woos, the clay he'll lose
His wings, at the dawn of day

2. On Raglan Road Patrick Kavanagh

Tony Christie · Vocal

Dónal Rogers · Guitar

Jean Kelly · Harp

Eliza Marshall · Whistle / Low Whistle

3. The Banks of The Lee Traditional

When true lovers meet, down beside the green bower
When true lovers meet, down beneath the green tree
When Mary, fond Mary, declared to her true love
You have stolen my poor heart, from the banks of the Lee

For I loved her very dearly, most truly and sincerely
There was no one in this wide world, I loved more than she
Every bush, every bower, every wild Irish flower
Remind me of my Mary, on the banks of the Lee

Don't you stay out too late love, on the moorlands my Mary
Don't you stay out too late love, on the moorlands from me
But it's little was my notion, when we parted on the ocean
That we were forever partin', by the banks of the Lee

For I loved her very dearly, most truly and sincerely
There was no one in this wide world, I loved more than she
Every bush, every bower, every wild Irish flower
Remind me of my Mary, on the banks of the Lee

I will pick my love some roses, some wild Irish roses
I will pick my love some roses, the fairest ever seen
And I'll leave them on the grave of my own sweet darlin' Mary
In that cold and silent churchyard, where she sleeps 'neath the dew

For I loved her very dearly, most truly and sincerely
There was no one in this wide world, I loved more than she
Every bush, every bower, every wild Irish flower
Remind me of my Mary, on the banks of the Lee

Tony Christie · Vocal
Dónal Rogers · Guitar / Banjo / Shaker
Jean Kelly · Harp
Eliza Marshall · Flute / Bass Flute / Vocal
Tad Sargent · Bodhrán / Bouzouki

4. Spancil Hill

Michael Consideine

Tony Christie - Vocal

Dónal Rogers - Guitar / Vocal

Jean Kelly - Harp

Eliza Marshall - Flute / Bass Flute

Tad Sargent - Bodhrán / Bouzouki

Last night, as I lay dreaming, of pleasant days gone by
My mind being bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly
I stepped on board a vision, and followed with a will
Till next I came to anchor, at the cross of Spancil Hill

It being the twenty third of June, the day before the fair
When Ireland's sons and daughters, and friends assembled there
The young, the old, the brave and bold, their duty to fulfil
At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill

I went to see my neighbours, to see what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young ones turning grey
But I met the tailor Quigley, he's bold as ever still
He used to mend me britches, when I lived in Spancil Hill

I paid a flying visit to my one and only love
She's white as any lilly, and as gentle as a dove
She threw her arms around me, saying "Johnny I love you still"
Ha! She's Nell, the farmer's daughter, and the pride of Spancil Hill

I dreamt, I held and kissed her, as in the days of yore
Oh Johnny, you're only jokin', as many the times before
Then the cock, he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill
And I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill

5. Star of The County Down

Cathal McGarvey

Tony Christie - Vocal

Dónal Rogers - Guitar / Banjo / Vocal

Jean Kelly - Harp

Eliza Marshall - Flute / Bass Flute / Bansuri / Vocal

Tad Sargent - Bodhrán / Bouzouki / Vocal

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down
One morning last July
From a breen green, came a sweet Colleen
And she smiled as she passed me by

She looked so sweet, from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut brown hair
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself
To be sure I was really there

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
And from Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the sweet Colleen
That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head
And I looked with a feelin' rare
And I says, says I, to a passer by
"Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?"

He smiled at me, and he said, said he
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown,
It's Rose McCann from the banks of the Bann
She's the star of the County Down"

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
And from Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the sweet Colleen
That I met in the County Down

Well I've travelled a bit, but I never was hit
Since my roving career began
But fair and square, I surrendered there
To the charms of Rose McCann

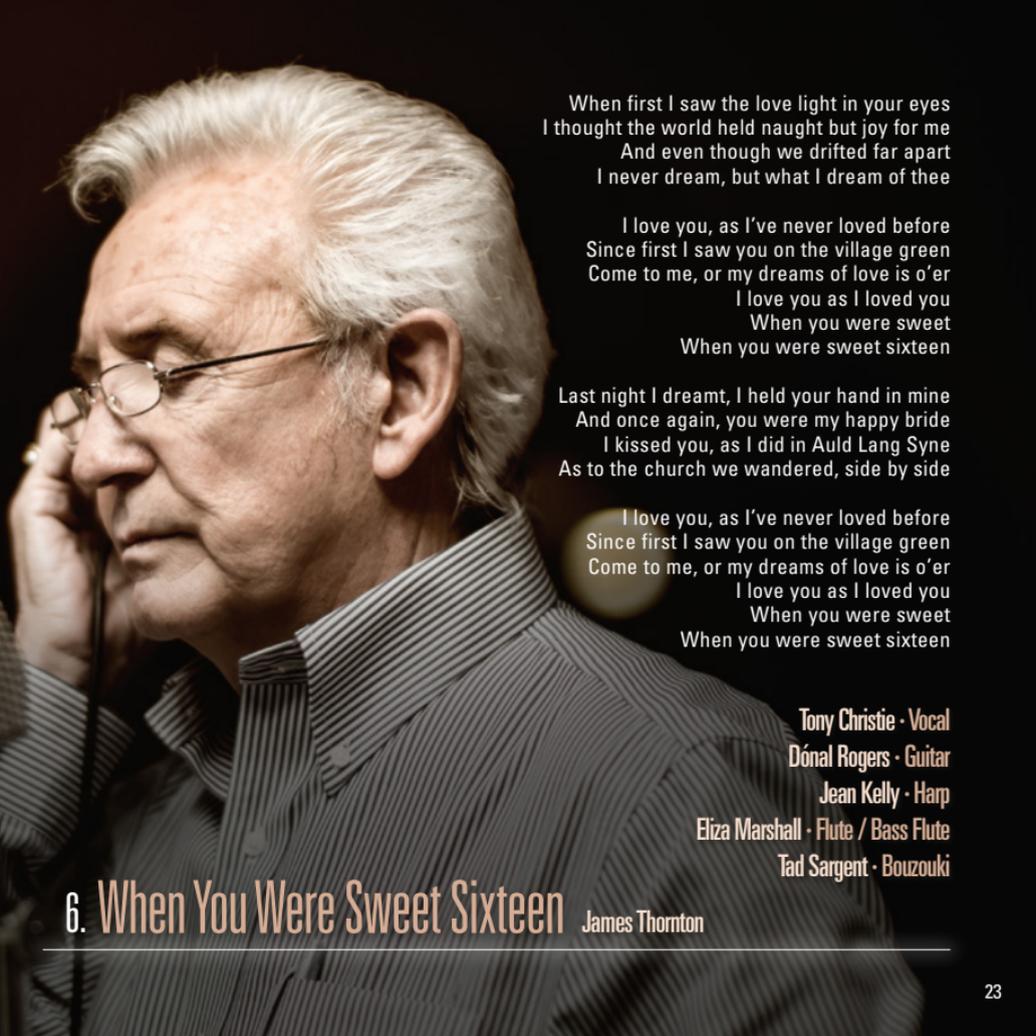
I'd a heart to let, and no tenant yet
Did I meet in a shawl or gown
But in she went, and I asked no rent
From the star of the County Down

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
And from Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the sweet Colleen
That I met in the County Down

At the harvest fair, she'll be surely there
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
With my shoes shone bright, and hat cocked right
For a smile from my nut brown Rose

No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
Till my plough turns a rust coloured brown
Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
And from Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the sweet Colleen
That I met in the County Down



When first I saw the love light in your eyes
I thought the world held naught but joy for me
And even though we drifted far apart
I never dream, but what I dream of thee

I love you, as I've never loved before
Since first I saw you on the village green
Come to me, or my dreams of love is o'er
I love you as I loved you
When you were sweet
When you were sweet sixteen

Last night I dreamt, I held your hand in mine
And once again, you were my happy bride
I kissed you, as I did in Auld Lang Syne
As to the church we wandered, side by side

I love you, as I've never loved before
Since first I saw you on the village green
Come to me, or my dreams of love is o'er
I love you as I loved you
When you were sweet
When you were sweet sixteen

Tony Christie - Vocal

Dónal Rogers - Guitar

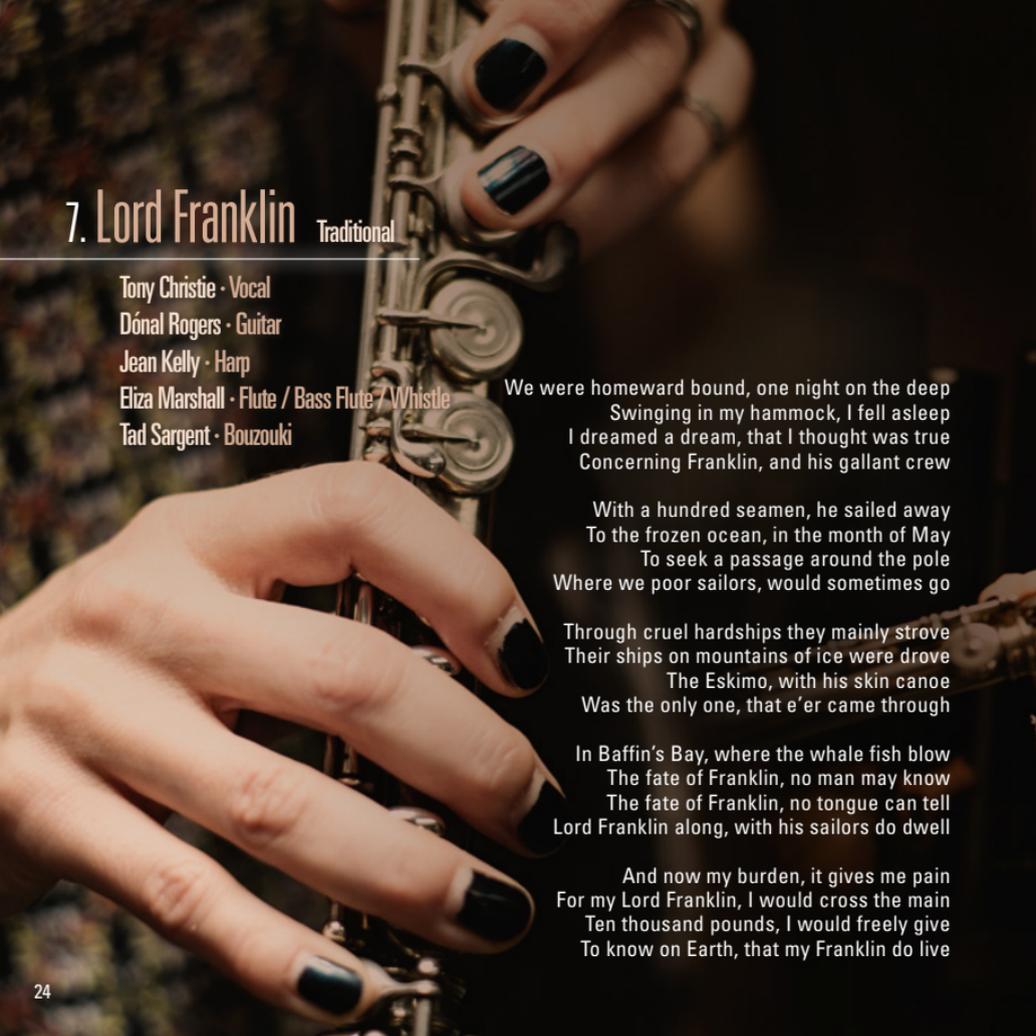
Jean Kelly - Harp

Eliza Marshall - Flute / Bass Flute

Tad Sargent - Bouzouki

6. When You Were Sweet Sixteen

James Thornton



7. Lord Franklin

Traditional

Tony Christie · Vocal

Dónal Rogers · Guitar

Jean Kelly · Harp

Eliza Marshall · Flute / Bass Flute / Whistle

Tad Sargent · Bouzouki

We were homeward bound, one night on the deep
Swinging in my hammock, I fell asleep
I dreamed a dream, that I thought was true
Concerning Franklin, and his gallant crew

With a hundred seamen, he sailed away
To the frozen ocean, in the month of May
To seek a passage around the pole
Where we poor sailors, would sometimes go

Through cruel hardships they mainly strove
Their ships on mountains of ice were drove
The Eskimo, with his skin canoe
Was the only one, that e'er came through

In Baffin's Bay, where the whale fish blow
The fate of Franklin, no man may know
The fate of Franklin, no tongue can tell
Lord Franklin along, with his sailors do dwell

And now my burden, it gives me pain
For my Lord Franklin, I would cross the main
Ten thousand pounds, I would freely give
To know on Earth, that my Franklin do live



My young love said to me
My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you
For your lack of kine

And she stepped away from me
And this she did say
It will not be long love
Till our wedding day

She stepped away from me
And she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there

And she went her way homeward
With one star awake
As the swan in the evening
Moved over the lake

Last night she came to me
My young love came in
So softly she entered
Her feet made no din

And she laid her hand on me
And this she did say
It will not be long love
Till our wedding day

8. She Moved Through The Fair Traditional

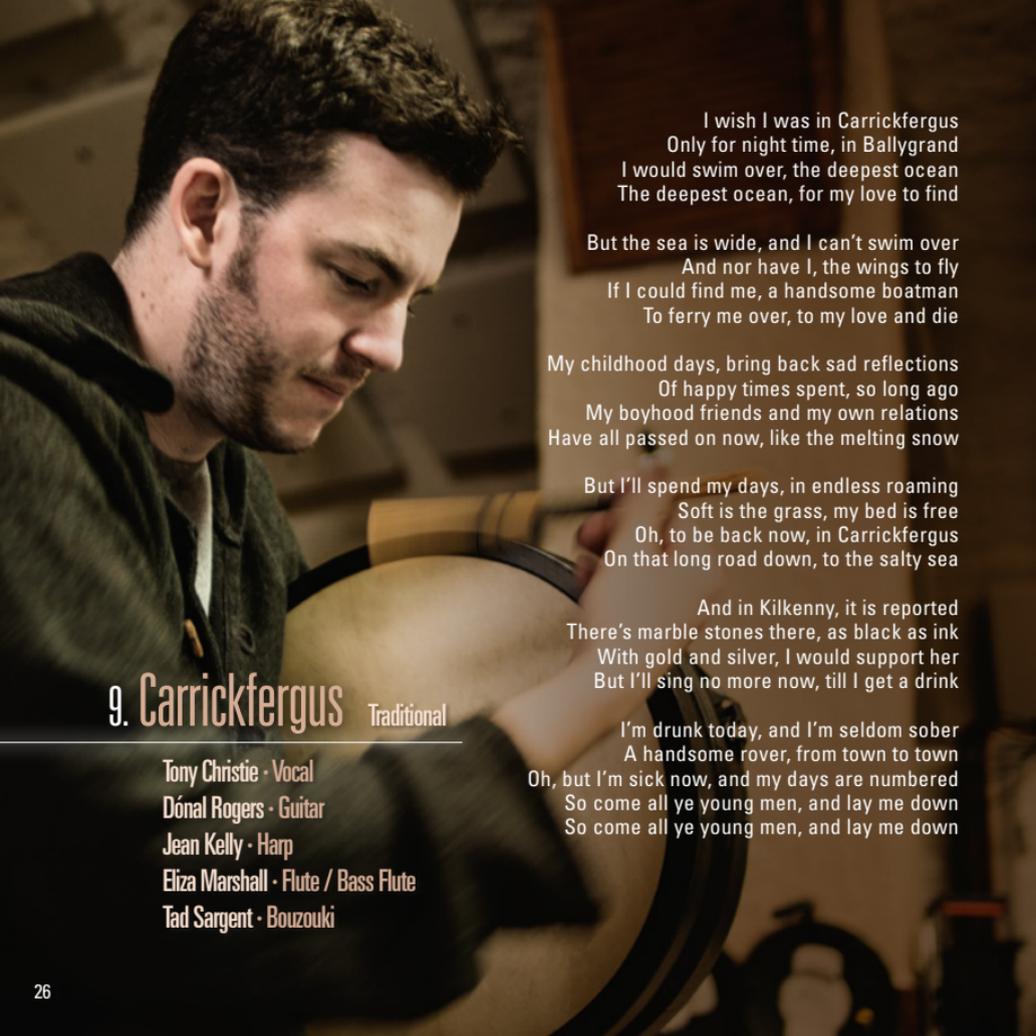
Tony Christie · Vocal

Dónal Rogers · Guitar / Drum / Monochord

Jean Kelly · Harp

Eliza Marshall · Whistle / Harmonium

Tad Sargent · Bouzouki



9. Carrickfergus Traditional

Tony Christie - Vocal

Dónal Rogers - Guitar

Jean Kelly - Harp

Eliza Marshall - Flute / Bass Flute

Tad Sargent - Bouzouki

I wish I was in Carrickfergus
Only for night time, in Ballygrand
I would swim over, the deepest ocean
The deepest ocean, for my love to find

But the sea is wide, and I can't swim over
And nor have I, the wings to fly
If I could find me, a handsome boatman
To ferry me over, to my love and die

My childhood days, bring back sad reflections
Of happy times spent, so long ago
My boyhood friends and my own relations
Have all passed on now, like the melting snow

But I'll spend my days, in endless roaming
Soft is the grass, my bed is free
Oh, to be back now, in Carrickfergus
On that long road down, to the salty sea

And in Kilkenny, it is reported
There's marble stones there, as black as ink
With gold and silver, I would support her
But I'll sing no more now, till I get a drink

I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober
A handsome rover, from town to town
Oh, but I'm sick now, and my days are numbered
So come all ye young men, and lay me down
So come all ye young men, and lay me down

10. The Black Velvet Band Traditional

Tony Christie · Vocal

Dónal Rogers · Vocal / Guitar / Banjo / Tambourine

Jean Kelly · Harp

Eliza Marshall · Flute / Bass Flute / Whistle / Vocal

Tad Sargent · Bodhrán / Bouzouki / Vocal

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprentice to trade I was bound
And many an hours sweet happiness
I've spent in that neat little town

A sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the Queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Come tripping along the highway

She was both fair and handsome
Her neck it was just like a swan
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman, passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him
By the look in her roguish black eye

A gold watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right into my hand
And the very first thing that I said was
Bad luck to the black velvet band

Before the judge and the jury
Next morning I had to appear
And the judge he says to me, "Young man
Your case it is proven clear"

We'll give you seven years penal servitude
To be spent far away from the land
Far away from your friends and companions
Betrayed by the black velvet band

So come all you jolly young fellows
A warning take by me
When you are out on the town me lads
Beware of those pretty Colleens

Oh they feed you with strong drink
Till you are unable to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know is
You've landed in Van Diemens land

Oh! the Summer time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will you go lassie go

And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will you go lassie go

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear crystal fountain
And on it, I will pile
All the flowers from the mountain
Will you go lassie go

If my true love, she were gone
I will surely find another
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will you go lassie go

11. Wild Mountain Thyme

Francis McPeake

Tony Christie - Vocal

Dónal Rogers - Guitar / Banjo / Vocal

Jean Kelly - Harp

Eliza Marshall - Flute / Bass Flute / Whistle / Vocal

Tad Sargent - Bodhrán / Bouzouki

12. The Parting Glass Traditional

Tony Christie · Vocal

Dónal Rogers · Guitar / Vocal

Eliza Marshall · Bansuri / Vocal

Tad Sargent · Bouzouki

Of all the money, that e'er I had
I've spent it in good company
And all the harm that I ever did
Alas it was to none but me

And all I've done, for want of wit
To memory now, I can't recall
So fill to me, the parting glass
Good night and joy, be with you all

If I had money, enough to spend
And leisure for to sit a while
There is a fair maid, in the town
That sorely has my heart beguiled

Her rosy cheeks, and ruby lips
I own she has, my heart in-thrall
So fill to me, the parting glass
Good night and joy, be with you all

Of all the comrades, that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts, that e'er I had
They'd wish me one more day to stay

But since it falls, unto my lot
That I should rise, and you should not
I'll gently rise, and softly call
Good night and joy, be with you all

Produced and recorded by **Günter Pauler**

SACD and CD-PreMastering
Recording Assistance

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Inés Breuer

Photography - Cover & Portraits
Photography - Melodeon

Shaun Bloodworth
Steve Wilson

Graphic Design / Photography - Recording

Percy Chan

Tony Christie **Vocal**

Ranagri { Dónal Rogers Guitar / Banjo / Shaker / Drum / Monochord / Tambourine / Vocal
Jean Kelly Harp / Electric Harp
Eiza Marshall Flute / Bass Flute / Whistle / Low Whistle / Bansuri / Harmonium / Vocal
Tad Sargent Bodhrán / Bouzouki / Vocal

Manfred Leuchter

Accordion

Jens Komnick

Pipes

Lucile Chaubard

Violoncello

Justin Stefan Ciuche

Viola

Lutz Möller

Harpsichord / Keyboard

Mary MacMaster

Backing Vocal

Eilidh Shaw

Backing Vocal

Mairearad Green

Backing Vocal / Accordion

Urs Fuchs

Bass

Hans-Jörg Maucksch

Bass



To **Günter, Evelyn** and all at **Stockfisch**, thank you for the faith and dedication you've shown in the making of this record.

Tony Christie: "I would like to dedicate this album to **Mom and Dad (Iris & Paddy)** and my brother **Cornelius**. I would also like to thank for all their continued help: **Emma & Kelvin Teal, Paul Spraggon & Chris Weller** at **SSB Solicitors**, **Jan Stephan, Damian Howell** at **Indigo River Creative**, and last but not least **Eliza, Jean, Dónal & Tad** for making the recording of this album the most enjoyable experience."

Ranagri would like to thank "**Chris and Sue Marshall, Ian and Barbara Sargent, Anthea Wilkinson (Planto) Evelyn and Gerry Kelly, Jorge Romero, Lena Rogers (Rathnagrew) Tora Bland, Joe Rogers, Tony Rogers** (for bringing home cassette tapes of rare old Irish songs for us to learn when we were nippers), and of course to **Tony Christie** for sending shivers down the spine during the recording sessions."

Special thanks to **One World Flutes, George Ormiston Whistles, Diarmaid O'Kane Bodhráns, Richard Osborne Guitar-Bouzouki**

All Musical Arrangements:

Tony Christie, Dónal Rogers, Jean Kelly, Eliza Marshall, Tad Sargent

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Artist Management: **Sean Fitzgerald - sean@fitzgeraldentertainment.com**

