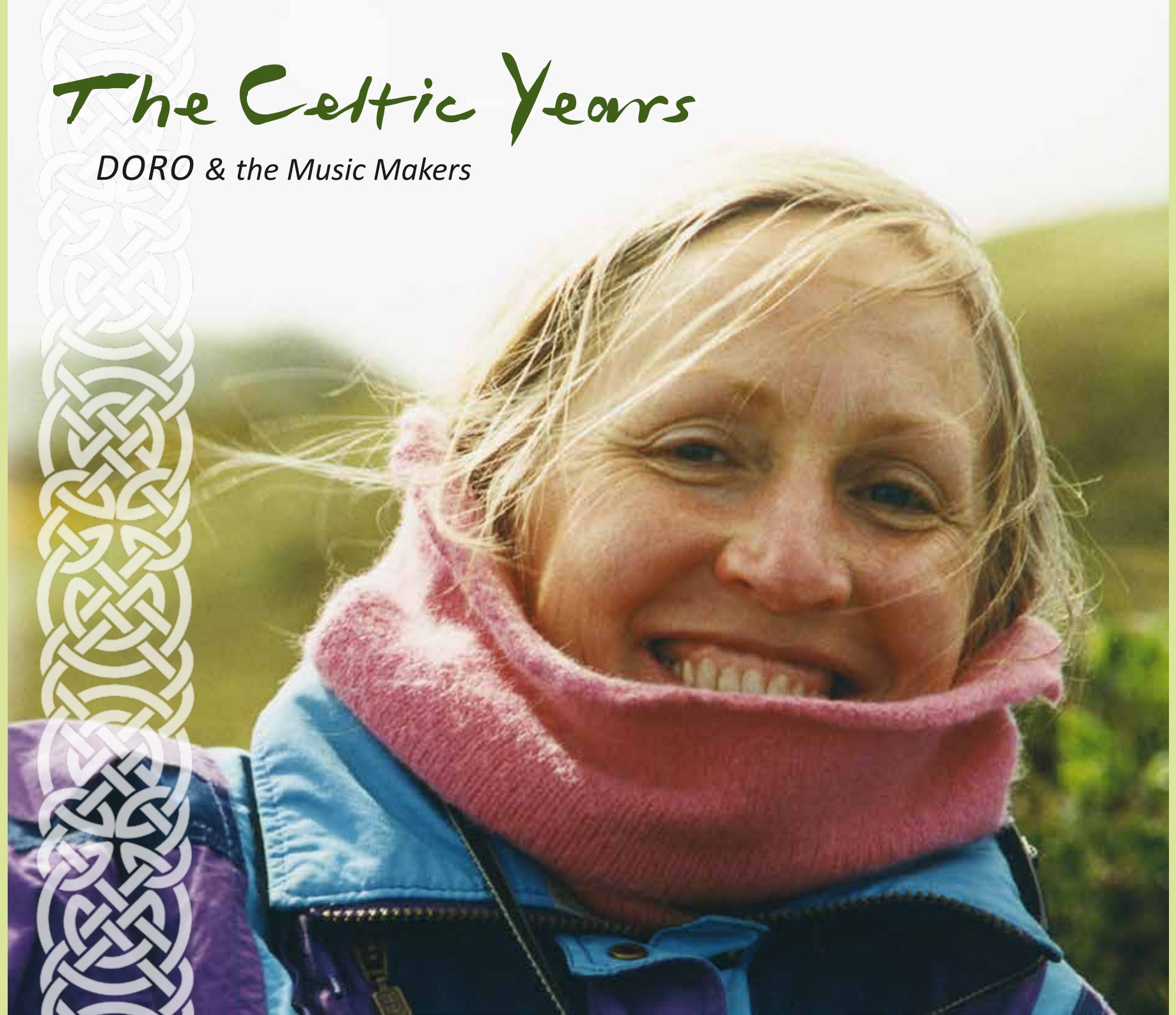


# *The Celtic Years*

*DORO & the Music Makers*



## 1 *We are the Music Makers*

lyrics: Arthur O'Shaughnessy (1844–1881)

music: Dorothea Greve, Hank Tegtmeier

We are the music makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers  
And sitting by desolate streams;—  
World-losers and world-forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams:  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world for ever, it seems.

We, in the ages lying,  
in the buried past of the Earth,  
built Nineveh with our sighing  
and Babel itself with our mirth.  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
to the old of the New World's worth.  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
or one that is coming to birth.

excerpt from 'Ode', in *Music and Moonlight* (1874)  
by Arthur O'Shaughnessy

Dorothea Greve vocals  
Hank Tegtmeier acoustic guitar  
Fred Hageneder Celtic harp

## 2 *To a Friend*

words & music: Dorothea Greve

Brother, can you hear me  
as I'm reaching out to you in song?  
Brother, I can see you  
growing gentle, firm and very strong  
Let me tell you how much your friendship is  
a gift of great value  
and assure you that I'm with you  
though four thousand miles seem mighty long

Brother, I do know you  
and your loving struggle for the cause  
There are times when you're so lonely  
when you dare not build on our support  
Yet you do trust that we are all one  
with pure, good intentions  
Loving struggle to agreement  
overcomes all opposites and flaws

Brother, I do love you  
Breeding joy in people when you share  
Brother, you can teach me  
who I am and how to be out there  
For my learning is what I taught you  
my student, my teacher  
You're a universal lover,  
Earth's trustee, forever taking care.

Dorothea vocals  
Fred Celtic harp



### 3 *Sure As the Wind*

*traditional Irish*

Sure as the wind, my sister  
Sure as the rain  
Sure as the sun does shine  
we will raise our song again.

Dorothea vocals  
Lela Delius vocals

### 4 *Lá Cuimhthíoch Fán dTuath* *Musical Priest* *Carolán's Farewell*

*traditional Irish*

Dorothea vocals, bodhrán  
Fred Celtic harps

### 5 *Here's a Health*

*traditional Irish*

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme  
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine  
Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain  
For we may and might never all meet here again

*Chorus:*

Here's a health to the company and one to my lass  
Let's drink and be merry, all out of one glass  
Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain  
For we may and might never all meet here again

Here's a health to the wee lass that I love so well  
For style and for beauty there's none can excel  
She smiles on my countenance as she sits on my knee  
Sure there is no one on Earth that is as happy as me

*(Chorus)*

Our ship lies at the harbour, she is ready to dock  
I wish her safe landing without any shock  
And if ever I meet you by land or by sea  
I will always remember your kindness to me

*(Chorus)*

Dorothea vocals  
Hank acoustic guitar, bass



## 6 *Summer Song*

*Fred Hageneder*

Fred Celtic harps  
Dorothea tin whistle

## 7 *Autumn Child*

*lyrics: Dorothea Greve*

*music: Hank Tegtmeier*

Autumn Child born into  
a season of decay  
with the purple and scarlet fall  
Leaving only light  
between the branches  
But the waters are dark  
and deep like your eyes  
Autumn Child, Autumn Child,  
Autumn Child

May you be born over and over  
and over and over again  
To mark the winter,  
to mark the winter  
But the waters are dark  
and deep like your eyes  
Autumn Child, may you be born again.

Dorothea vocals  
Hank acoustic guitar

## 8 *Téama Breachnaithe* *My Donald (Home of the Whales)*

*traditional Irish/traditional Scottish*

Oh my Donald he sails upon the sea  
On the waves that blow wild and free  
He splices the ropes and he sets the sails  
While southward he rolls to the home of the whale

And he ne'er thinks o' me far behind  
Nor the torments that rage in my mind  
He's mine for only part of the year  
And I'm left all alone with only my tears

Oh my Donald he sails upon the sea  
On the waves that blow wild and free  
He splices the ropes and sets the sails  
While southward he rolls to the home of the whale.

Dorothea vocals  
Fred Celtic harp



## 9 **Come, Open Up**

*lyrics: Dorothea Greve*

*music: Hank Tegtmeier*

Come, open up and trust in me  
come, what you're at and set your spirit free  
come, take my hand and be, be my friend, oh  
let's find out about this  
magic land, magic land  
come, let's find out about this land

Come, sing a song and dance with me  
come, rock my soul and set my music free  
come, be my pal and play, play your tune, oh  
let's be wild and circle round the moon  
circle round the moon  
come, let's be wild

The night is bright and the time is right  
for a mighty flight and it's  
fun to be  
with me in harmony  
you the lark and I a willow tree  
you the rose and I the bee  
you the wave and I the  
big salt sea, big salt sea  
you the wave and I the sea.

Dorothea vocals

Hank acoustic guitar, bass, percussion

## 10 **Lord Franklin**

*traditional*

I was homeward bound one night on the deep  
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep  
I dreamed a dream and I thought it 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 seamen do sometimes go

Through cruel hardships they mainly strove  
Their ship on mountains of ice was drove  
Only the Eskimo with his skin canoe  
Was the only one to ever come 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 lost Franklin I'd cross the main  
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give  
To say on Earth that my Franklin do live.

Dorothea vocals

Fred 12-string guitar



# 11 *The Trees They Grow High*

*traditional Irish*

The trees they grow high, the leaves they do grow green  
Many is the time my true love I've seen  
And many is the night that I have lain alone  
He's young, but he's daily growing

Father, dear father, you've done me great wrong  
You have married me to a boy who is too young  
I'm twice twelve and he is but fourteen  
He's young, but he's daily growing

Daughter, dear daughter, I've done you no wrong  
I have married you to a great lord's son  
He'll make a lord for you to wait upon  
He's young, but he's daily growing

Father, dear father, if you see fit  
We'll send him to college for another year yet  
I'll tie blue ribbons all around his head  
To let the maidens know that he's married

One day I was looking o'er my father's castle wall  
I spied all the boys a-playing with the ball  
My own true love was the flower of them all  
He's young, but he's daily growing

At the age of fourteen, he was a married man  
At the age of fifteen, the father of a son  
At the age of sixteen, the grass grew over him  
And death had put an end to his growing.

Dorothea vocals, tin whistle  
Fred Celtic harp



## 12 **Woodstock**

*Joni Mitchell*

I came upon a child of God  
He was walking along the road  
When I asked him, where are you going  
This he told me  
I'm going on down to Yasgur's farm  
I'm going to join a rock'n'roll band  
I'm going to camp out on the land  
Try an' get my soul free  
We are stardust  
We are golden  
And we've got to get ourselves  
Back to the garden

Then can I walk along with you  
I have come here to lose the smog  
And I feel to be a cog in something that's turning  
Maybe it's the time of year  
Or maybe it's the time of man  
And I don't know who I am  
But life is for learning  
We are stardust  
We are golden  
And we've got to get ourselves  
Back to the garden

By the time we got to Woodstock  
We were half a million strong  
And everywhere was song and a celebration  
I dreamed I saw the bombers  
Riding shotguns in the sky  
Turning into butterflies  
Above our nation  
We are stardust  
We are golden  
(And we are caught in the devil's bargain)  
And we've got to get ourselves  
Back to the garden.

Dorothea vocals  
Fred 12-string guitar  
Hank bass

## 13 **Heman Dubh**

*traditional Scottish*

Fred Celtic harp, octave guitar  
Dorothea bodhrán



## 14 *Raggle Taggle Gypsies*

*Scottish border ballad*

Three gypsies stood at the castle gate  
They sang so high, they sang so low  
The lady stood at the chamber so late  
Her heart it melted away as snow

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill  
that fast her tears began to flow  
and she took down her silken gown  
her golden rings and all her show

Then she took off her high heel shoes  
made of Spanish leather-o  
and she went in the street with her bare bare feet  
all along with the raggle taggle gypsies-o

“Oh saddle me up my milk-white steed  
Go and fetch me pony-o  
Then I may ride to seek me bride,  
who has gone with the raggle taggle gypsies-o”

Oh he rode high and he rode low  
He rode through fields and copses too  
until he came to a great open field  
And there he spied his lady-o.

“What makes you leave your house and land,  
your golden treasures for to go?  
What makes you leave your newly wedded lord  
and go off with the raggle taggle gypsies-o?”

“What care I for me house and land?  
What care I for me trasures-o?  
What care I for me newly wedded lord?  
I am off with the raggle taggle gypsies-o”

“Last night you slept on a goose feather bed  
with the sheets all done so bravely-o  
and tonight you sleep on the cold cold ground  
all along with the raggle taggle gypsies-o”

“Last night I slept on a goose feather bed  
with the sheet all done so bravely-o  
and tonight I sleep on the cold cold ground  
all along with the raggle taggle gypsies-o.”

Dorothea vocals  
Fred Celtic harp





## 15 *Ca' the Yowes*

*lyrics: Robert Burnes (1759–1796)*

*music: traditional Scottish*

*Chorus:*

Ca' the yowes tae the knowes  
Ca' them whaur the heather grows  
Ca' them whaur the burnie rowes  
My bonnie dearie

As I gaed doon the water side  
It's there I met my shepherd lad  
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid  
And he ca'd me his dearie

Will ye gang doon the water side  
To see the waves sae sweetly glide  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?  
The moon, it shines fu' clearly

*(Chorus)*

I was bred up at nae sic school  
My shepherd lad, to play the fool  
And all the day to sit in dool  
And naebody to see me

Ye shall get goons and ribbons meet  
Cauf-leather shune upon your feet  
And in my airms you'll lie and sleep  
And ye shall be my dearie

*(Chorus)*

If you'll but stand by what you've said  
I'll go wi' you, my shepherd lad  
And ye may row me in your plaid  
And I shall be your dearie

*(Chorus)*

Written by Robert Burns (1794)

Scots English:

yowes = ewes

knowes = knolls, hills

burnie = small stream

rowes = rolls along

Dorothea vocals, deep whistle

Fred Celtic harp (metal strings)



## 16 *Castle of Dromore*

*traditional Irish*

October winds lament around  
the castle of Dromore  
Yet peace is in her lofty halls  
My loving treasure store  
Though autumn leaves may droop and die  
a bud of spring are you  
Sing hush-a-by loola-loo la lan  
sing hush-a-by loo la loo

Bring no ill will to hinder us  
my helpless babe and me  
Dread spirits of the blackwater  
Clan Owen's wild banshee  
And Holy Mary pitying us  
in Heaven for grace doth sue  
Sing hush-a-by loola-loo la lan  
sing hush-a-by loo la loo

Take time to thrive, my ray of hope  
in the garden of Dromore  
Take heed young eaglet, till thy wings  
are feathered fit to soar  
A little rest and then the world  
is full of work to do  
Sing hush-a-by loola-loo la lan  
sing hush-a-by loo la loo.

Dorothea vocals, acoustic guitar  
Fred acoustic guitar

## 17 *Winter Song*

*Dorothea Greve*

Dorothea icicles, tin whistle, vocals  
Fred Celtic harp



  
earth heart music

*All songs from To a Friend, recorded in 1986,  
and from Tristan & Elisabeth, recorded in 1989.*

*Mixed by Doro and Fred 1986/1989.*

*Remastered 2017 by Gerrit Haasler at Blackstone Studios, Berlin.*

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