

1. In Aimsir Bhaint an Fhéir *(At Hay Cutting Time)*

Thíos ag cois na farraige bhí teach 'g mo mhuintir féin
Mo mhamaí 'gus mo dheadí 'gus mo chairde 'lig 'en tsaol

Refrain

*Guigi ar bhúr bpaidrin 'ach oich' ag gabhÁjil 'na leapa daoibh
I ndúil go mbeinn sa bhaile 'gaibh in aimsir bhaint an fhéir*

A chailíní is a chailíní, 'nach trua libh mo scéal
Mise gabháil thar farraige 's gan cead a philleadh 'e choich'

Rachaidh mé go h-Albain 's ni phillfidh me go h-éag
Toicfaidh mé 'na bhaile beidh mé bruite tinn.

Translation from Irish Gaelic to English

Down by the sea was my people's house
My Mommy and my Daddy and all of my friends

Refrain

*When you go to your bed every evening, say a prayer for me
That I will be home in time for the cutting of the hay*

All you girls, won't you take pity on my plight
Me, going over the sea without permission ever to return

I will go to Scotland, and I will never return
And when I do come home again, I will be crushed with pain

Music: Connie Dover and Phil Cunningham

Lyrics: traditional Irish

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2. Laddie Lie Near Me

Long have we parted been,
Laddie, my dearie,
Now we have met again,
Laddie, lie near me.

Long have I sought thee,
Thy face to cheer me,
Dear has it cost me,
Laddie, lie near me.

Chorus

*Near me, near me
Laddie, lie near me
Now we have met again
Laddie, lie near me*

Here in the firelight,
What joy to see thee
All the long winter night,
Laddie, lie near me

All that I have endured,
Laddie, my dearie,
Here in thy arms is cured,
Laddie, lie near me.

My heart will never stray,
Never deceive thee,
Delight shall drive care away,
Laddie, lie near me.

18th Century Scottish

Adapted by Connie Dover

From the CD, The Wishing Well, By Connie Dover © Taylor Park Music, Inc.

From The Scots Musical Museum, published in 1790, and the third of six volumes of native Scots songs that were collected, printed and sold by an Edinburgh engraver named James Johnson. I have lengthened a version of the song which Johnson entitled simply, "Old Words."

3. Hugh the Graeme

Our lords are all a-hunting gone
Over the hills and mountains fair
And they have taken Hugh the Graeme
For stealing of the bishop's mare

And they have bound him hand and foot
And led him up through Stirling town
The lads and lasses met him there
Cried Hugh the Graeme must be set down

Oh, loose my right hand free he said
And put my broadsword in the same
There's none in Stirling town this day
Dares tell this lie of Hughie Graeme

Then up bespoke the Lady Black
As she sat by the bishop's knee
One thousand pounds I'll give to thee
If Hugh the Graeme you will set free

Then out did speak the Lady White
And aye, a sorry woman was she
I'll give one hundred milk-white steeds
If you give Hugh the Graeme to me

Oh, hold your tongue you ladies fair
And you let all your pleading be
Though you would give ten thousand pounds
He should be hanged high for me

They brought him to the gallows hill
He looked on the gallows tree
Yet ne'er the color left his cheek
Nor tear did blind his eye

At length he looked round about
To see whatever he could see
And there he saw his old father
And he was weeping piteously

Oh, hold your tongue my father dear
And you let all your mourning be
Thy weeping's harder on my heart
Than all that they can do to me

And brother John take here my sword
With silver glittering all around
Come up the hill at twelve o'clock
To see your brother Hugh cut down.

And remember me to Maggie, my wife
Who does not hold my life so dear
And bid her come at eight o'clock
To see me pay for the bishop's mare

Bring the news to my lady wife
She is the cause that I am here
'Twas she who stole the bishop's mare
She is his wanton mistress fare

And hear me now, my kith and kin
I never did dishonor thee
And though they bereave me of my life
They cannot hold the heavens from me

Traditional Scottish

From the CD, The Wishing Well, by Connie Dover © Taylor Park Music

A Scottish ballad about a man who is framed by his wife for the theft of a horse. According to legend, the Bishop of Carlisle, sometime around 1560, seduced the wife of a Lowland chieftain named Hughie Graeme, who retaliated by carrying off a fine mare belonging to the Bishop.

4. Siúil a Rúin

I would I were on yonder hill
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill
And every tear would turn a mill
Is go dté tu, mo mhuirnín slán

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel
I'll sell my only spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel
Is go dté tu, mo mhuirnín slán

Chorus

***Siúil, Siúil, Siúil a Rúin
Siúil go socar agus Siúil go ciúin,
Siúil go doras agus éalaigh liom,
Is go dté tu, mo mhuirnín slán***

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red
And it's round the world I'll beg for bread
Until my parents would wish me dead
Is go dté tu, mo mhuirnín slán

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
I wish I had my heart again
And vainly think I'd not complain
Is go dté tu, mo mhuirnín slán

But now my love has gone to France
To try his fortune to advance
If he e'er comes back 'tis but a chance
Is go dté tu, mo mhuirnín slán

Translation from Irish Gaelic to English:

Go, go, go, Love Go smoothly and quietly Go to the door and escape with me And may you go safe, my darling

Traditional Irish

From the CD, *The Wishing Well*, by Connie Dover © Taylor Park Music

A young girl laments the departure of her lover, who has left Ireland to enlist in the French army as a member of the "Wild Geese" of the Irish Brigade. This regiment fought in the French army during the late 17th and early 18th Centuries in hopes of gaining French support in driving the English out of Ireland.

“The Wishing Well”

5. Weston – Instrumental

Original composition by Connie Dover.

*An Air named after the beautiful Missouri River town
which is home to many dear friends.*

6. Where Shall I Go? (A Cowboy's Hard Times)

Oh I once was a cowboy and i used to run wild
And I rodeoed and wrangled and rambled in style
But I'm too old for horses, too old for the show
And I'm too young for heaven now where shall I go?

Chorus

*Where shall I go? Where shall I go?
I am too young for heaven, now where shall I go?*

Oh I once had a true love and I made her my wife,
And I swear I loved her near most of my life
But the cold of the winter and wind laid her low
And she's gone on before me, now where shall I go?

Chorus

Oh, I never was a drunkard but this I will say
The taste of the whisky gets better each day
The bartender scowled you are drinking to slow
And we close in ten minutes, now where shall I go

Chorus

Now it's out in the evening with the stars burning bright
Nothing but memories to share with the night

Chorus

*Words & music by Bill Staines
From the CD, The Wishing Well, by Connie Dover © Taylor Park Music*

I first met Bill Staines when he visited the Wyoming cattle ranch where I work as a trail cook during ranch cattle drives and round-ups. Bill entertained us around the campfire with his repertoire of traditional and original ballads, including this song, which was inspired by his encounter with an old-time cowboy outside a saloon in Cutbank, Montana.

7. Ubi Caritas

Ubi caritas et amor Deus ibi est
Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor
Exsultemus et in ipso jucundemur
Et ex corde diligamus nos sincere

Ubi caritas et amor Deus ibi est
Simul ergo cum in unum congregamur
Ne nos mente dividamur caveamus
Cessent jurgia maligna, cessent lites
Et in medio nostri sit Christus Deus

Ubi caritas et amor Deus ibi est
Simul quoque cum beatis videamus
Glorianter vultum tuum, Christe Deus
Gaudium quod est immensum atque probum
Seacula per infinita saeculorum

Translation from Latin to English

Where love and loving-kindness are together, God is always there
Since Christ's love has gathered us all together in one company,
Let us rejoice and take delight in Him, now and forever,
Let us now without any reserve or deception love one another.

Where love and loving-kindness are together, God is always there,
Therefore, whenever we are together,
Let us not be divided from each other in our feelings;
Let spite, quarreling and strife cease among us, and may Christ, who is God, be in our midst.

Where love and loving-kindness are together, God is always there
Bring us, in the company of the blessed, to behold Your great beauty,
To see Your face in glory, Christ our God,
There to possess heaven's peace and joy, Your truth and love,
Happiness of immeasurable excellence,
Through unending ages of ages, world without end.

*Words: Anonymous, ca.9th Century
Music composed and arranged by Connie Dover
From the CD, The Wishing Well, by Connie Dover © Taylor Park Music*

The text of this song dates from the 9th Century, and may be found in [Graduale Sacrosanctae Romanae Ecclesiae de Tempore et de Sanctus](#), a collection of Gregorian chants for the Roman Catholic Mass.

8. Willie of Winsbury

'Tis of a lady in the West
She was clothed all in green
She looked o'er her father's castle wall
To see his ship sailing in

Daughter, oh Daughter, said the King
Why are you so pale and wan
I fear you have some sore sickness
Or else you have lain with a man

You're welcome, you're welcome, my father dear
You are welcome home to me
For I have been sick unto my heart
Since you've been so long on the sea

Then cast you off your berry-brown gown
You stand straight upon the stone
That I may know you by your shape
Whether you be a maiden or no

And she's cast off her berry-brown gown
She stood straight upon the stone
Her apron was low and her middle was round
Her face was pale and wan

Oh, is he a lord or is he a knight
Or a man of wealth and fame
Or might he be one of my serving men
I pray you tell me his name

Oh, he is not a lord nor is he a knight
Or a man of wealth and fame
But he is called Willie of Winsbury
I could bide no longer alone

And he king he has called on his merry men all
By thirty and by three
Go fetch me this Willie of Winsbury
For hanged he shall be

But when he was brought before the king
He was clad all in red silk
His hair was like the strands of gold
His skin was as white as milk

And it is no wonder, said the king
That my daughter's love you did win
For if I was a woman as I am a man
My bedfellow you would have been

Then will you marry my daughter dear
By the truth of your right hand
Oh, if you marry my daughter dear
I will make you the lord of my land

Yes I will marry your daughter dear
By the truth of my right hand
But I'll not have your gold and I'll not have your gear
And I'll not be the lord of your land

For I have houses and I have land
I have men at my command
And were it not for your daughter fair
I would not be your serving man

And he's set her upon a milk white steed
And himself on a dapple gray
He has made her the lady of as much land
As she can ride in a long summer's day

*Traditional ballad
From the CD, The Wishing Well,
by Connie Dover © Taylor Park Music*

9. The Colorado Trail

Eyes like the morning star, cheeks like a rose
Laura was a pretty girl, God Almighty knows

Refrain

*Weep on you falling rain, wail, winds, wail
All along, along, along the Colorado trail*

Stars fading up above, lark starts to sing
Sky is rosy in the east, what will this day bring?

Face like a prairie flower, laughing all the day
Laura was a pretty girl, now she's gone away

*Traditional American Cowboy Song
From the CD, The Wishing Well, by Connie Dover © Taylor Park Music*

10. The Wishing Well

When first I saw you, I saw beauty
And I blinded my eyes, for fear that I should weep

When first I heard you, I heard sweetness
And I turned away, for fear of my weakness

I blinded my eyes, my face I turned away
I hardened my heart for fear of my ruin

*Words & music: Connie Dover
From the CD, The Wishing Well, by Connie Dover © Taylor Park Music*

I adapted the lyrics to this song from a longer poem entitled "Renunciation" by Padraig Pearse. Pearse was an Irish poet, teacher and a passionate advocate of Irish independence. An eloquent orator, he became a spokesperson on behalf of Home Rule, and in May of 1916, he was executed by a British firing squad for his role in the Easter Rising.

11. Summer Before the War

All on a Saturday, bright as a bell
Early and just for the ride
We took a trip cycling down to the sea
You and your lady and I
And oh, what a summer, and oh, what a sun
Bright to the blue sky it clung
One day at Whitsun, the sea and the shore
The summer before the war

Warm summer places where you could taste the country air
Chasing our shadows we'd fly
Down through the narrow lanes, racing the slow trains
And the last of an age going by
And we had a good time, and we had some fun
There was time then when we were all young
One day at Whitsun, the sea and the shore
The summer before the war

Young hearts and young souls, young minds to unfold
Knowing the untold somehow
One day at Whitsun, the sea and the shore
The summer before the war

We found a small cove by the sand and the water
The salt air was brushing your skin
With your hand in her hand there was nothing to say
Just watch the sea rushing in,
But oh, what a moment, and oh, what a day
We held it and it never slipped away
One day at Whitsun, the sea and the shore
The summer before the war

One day at Whitsun, the sea and the shore
The summer before the war

*Words & music by Huw Williams (PRS)
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