

Fhuair Mi Pòg

Halling fra Elverum (Trad.) / Fagan's Fjords (Marit Fält)/ Fhuair Mi Pòg (Trad.)

Arranged Fält/Wilkie

Fhuair mi pòg, is pòg, is pòg,
Fhuair mi pòg à làimh an rìgh.

I received a kiss, and a kiss, and a kiss,
I received a kiss from the king's hand.

Fhuair mi pòg, is pòg, is pòg,
Fhuair mi pòg à làimh an rìgh;
Is cha d' chuir gaoth an craiceann caorach
Neach a fhuair an fhaoilt ach mi.

I received a kiss, and a kiss, and a kiss,
I received a kiss from the king's hand;
And no-one who has put wind in a sheepskin bag
Has had such a salutation but me.

Tobar, Tobar

Tobar, Tobar, Sìolaidh (Trad.) / A' Cur nan Gobhar às a' Chreig (Trad.) / Martin Fen (Tuomas Logrén)

Arranged by Marit Fält and Rona Wilkie

Tobar, tobar, sìolaidh;
Nighean rìgh ag òl dibhe
'S na gobhair ag èigheach.

Well, o well, flow with water;
The king's daughter drinking wine
And the goats are bleating.

A' cur nan gobhar às a' chreig, 's e 'n t-fhèile
beag bu docha leam;
A' cur nan gobhar às a' chreig, 's e 'n t-fhèile
beag a b' fheàrr leam.

When herding the goats from the rock, it's the
kilt I like;
When herding the goats from the rock, it's the
kilt I'd prefer.

Na robh roghainn agam, gur e 'n t-fhèile beag bu
docha leam;
Na robh roghainn agam, gur e 'n t-fhèile beag a
b' fheàrr leam.

If I had a choice, it is the kilt that I like;
If I had a choice, it is the kilt that I prefer.

Kilmartin Glen Campsite

Ebba Brahe Polska (Trad.)/ Kilmartin Glen Campsite (Rona Wilkie)

Arranged Fält/Wilkie

Bodach

När som Flickorna (trad.)/ Bodach Innse Chrò

Arranged Fält/Wilkie

När som flickorna de gifta sig då får de annat till
att tänka på,
Ta sin lilla vän, svänga om igen,
Aldrig någonsin övergiva den,
Förrän döden dem åtskilja.

When the girls marry they get other things to
think about,
Take her little friend, turn around,
Never ever forsake him,
Until death do them part.

Bodach Innse Chrò,
Bodach Inbhir Seile;
Bodach Innse Chrò,
Bodach Inbhir Seile.

The old man from Inchcro,
The old man from Inversheil;
The old man from Inchcro,
The old man from Inversheil.

Thuir an dàrna bodach
Ris a' bhodach eile,
"Cuiridh mi do cheann
Ann an lag an teine!"

The second old man said
To the first old man,
"I will stick your head
In the hearth!"

The Reels

**Quebecois Reel – La Gigue à M. Lasanté/ Midnight Crusie to Inverie (Patsy Reid)/ Ghoid Iad Mo
Bhean Uam An Rèir (*They Stole My Wife From Me Last Night*) (Trad.)**

Arranged Fält/Macdonald/Wilkie

Psalm 107

Arranged Fält/Wilkie

Iadsan a thèid sìos do'n fhairge air longaibh
A nì obair air uisgeachaibh mòra;

They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;

Chì iadsan gnìomhaire an Tighearna,
Agus a bhearta ionganta sa'n dòimhne.

These see the works of the Lord,
And his wonders in the deep.

An sin glaoidh iadsan an Tighearna nan àird,
Agus as an teanntachdaibh bheir E iad.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.

Cuiridh e na donnan air fèith, O a Thighearna,
Agus bithidh nan tonnan nan tàmh.

He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.

Rory's Dinosaur Jumper

Rory's Dinosaur Jumper (Rona Wilkie)/ Auchendoun Castle (trad.)

Arranged Fält/Wilkie

Seo a' Bhliadhna

Seo a' Bhliadhna a dh'Fhàg mi Dubhach (trad.)

Arranged Fält/Wilkie

Seo a' bhliadhn' a dh'fhàg mi dubhach,
Hurabhi Hurabhi, hì ho ro ho
Chaill mi mo bhràthair, 's mo phiuthair;
Hi ho ro hi, air faireal il ò
'S chan e sin a tha mi cumha,
Ach òigear òg an òir-fhuilte bhuidhe,
'S a' chiste chaoil ri taobh a' bhaile,
Saor gu dùnadh, 's ùird ga barradh.

This is the year that has left me sorrowful,
Hurabhi hurabhi, hì ho ro ho
I lost my brother, and my sister;
Hi ho ro hi, air faireal il ò
And that is not what I am lamenting,
Rather the young youth with golden-yellow hair,
In the coffin beside the wall,
The carpenter closing it, and the hammer sealing
it.

New England Fireman Set

The Bold New England Fireman (Paul Anderson)/ Rodel Church (Paul Anderson)/ Yes! (Rona Wilkie)

Arranged Fält/Macdonald/Wilkie

Tha Bò Dhubh Agam (trad./Rona Wilkie)

Arranged Fält/Wilkie

Tha bò dhubh agam, tha bò dhubh bhuam,
Tha trì bà agam air an leacainn ud shuas.

I have a black cow, a black cow is what I need,
I have three cows on the hill up there.

Tha each bàn agam, tha each bàn bhuam,
Tha trì eich agam air an leacainn ud shuas.

I have a white horse, a white horse is what I need,
I have three white horses on the hill up there

Tha nineag agam, is i tha grinn
'S i na cadal ann an sìth.

I have a wee girl and she is sweet
And she is asleep in peace.

Musicians:

Marit Fält: Låtmandola, Cittern, Voice, Piano Hitter, Gong, Cymbol, Drum, Thunderbox

Rona Wilkie: Fiddle, Voice, Viola, Hardanger Fiddle

Allan Òg MacDonald: Percussion, Bòdhran

Cantilena Quartet

Violin I: Angus Ramsay

Violin II: Heather MacLeod

Viola: Stephen Shakeshaft

Cello: Sarah Harrington

Mary Ann Kennedy: Backing Vocals, Piano-hitting Assistant

Nick Turner: Dyson Wind

Marit plays Låtmandola and Cittern by luthier Christer Ådin

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