



na

Filã 3



FILE UNDER FOLK  
IRISH TRADITIONAL

# na Filí 3



Tomás Ó Canainn



Tom Barry

Matt Cranitch



"The harpers of Ireland are long dead and gone, although, happily, poets are still in abundance. NA FILÍ is the Irish for the poets. They are well named, for what they do in terms of Irish music is poetic."

Bill Meek — Folk Review.

"NA FILÍ are accomplished traditional artists with a wide repertoire, much of which consists of items of such localised original provenance that but for this group we should probably never have heard them: they are obviously catering for the serious student of this music as well as the uncomplicated enjoyer."

G.D.H. — Irish Times critic.

"NA FILÍ TOMÁS Ó CANAINN (Pipes, Accordion, Songs), MATT CRANITCH (Fiddle) and TOM BARRY (Whistle). This Cork group has made a tremendous impact both at home and abroad, particularly with their previous L.P.s, Farewell to Connacht (Outlet SOLP 1010) and An Ghaoth Aniar: The West Wind (Mercier IRL 9). Na Filí create the same magic for audiences in the intimate atmosphere of a club in their native Cork, as well as in a show in London or New York.

Tomás Ó Canainn  
Tom Barry

Outlet

SOLP 1017 Stereo

## SIDE A

1. Gander in the Pratie Hole  
Humours of Donnybrook.  
Why So. Jigs 3.16
2. Ar Eirinn ní Neosfainn Cé Hí. Air 3.15
3. Béal Atha h-Amhnais Song and Reel 3.03
4. De Bharr na gCnoc. Air 2.48
5. The Foggy Dew Reel and Air 4.00
6. Dia do Bheatha Hymn 3.26

## SIDE B

1. Caítlín Triall Air 3.26
2. Cis Liatháin  
Is Maith le Nóra. Single Jigs 2.24
3. Caoineadh na dTrí Muire Lament 4.52
4. Leitrim Fancy.  
The Blackbird. Hornpipes 3.01
5. Don Oíche Úd imBeithil Carol 2.13
6. Dalaigh's  
Captain Byng. Polkas 2.42

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With Cranitch

### Caoineadh na dTrí Muire.

"Maise, 'Pheadair a Aspail, an bhfaca tú mo ghrá bán?"  
"Chonaic mé ar ball é dhá chéasadh ag an ngárda"  
"Cé hé an fear breá sin ar chrann na Páise?"  
"An é nach n-aithníonn tú do mhac a mháithrín?"  
"Is an é sin an maicín a d'iompair mé trí ráithe,  
Nó an é sin an maicín a rugadh ins a'stábla"  
Cuireadh táirní maola trína chosa 'gus a lámha  
Cuireadh an tsleá ina bhrollach áluinn.

### Béal Atha h-Amhnais

Ar a dhul na chuain domh is mé bhí go h-uaihbreach,  
Tinn lag buartha im intinn  
Bhí mé féachaint uaim ar a spéir aduaidh  
S'ag éalú uaim ina trealltaí.  
Ach faraor gear gear, smé an ceann gan chéill,  
Níor ghlac mé comhairle mo mháithrín féin  
Is gur dhúirt sí liom tríd chomhra grinn  
Go Béal a h-Amhnais ná triall ann.

Ba mhór a thug mé grá do mo chúilfhionn bán  
An lá breá ar chúil á gharraí  
Sdo do bhéilín láith mar chubhar na trá  
Sdo do ghrua comh dearg leis na caorthainn  
Chuir mé lamh ar an chuan 'sbhí mo chroí lán gruaim  
Ag ceiliúr caoín na n-éanlaith  
Snach trua gan mise ag éalú leat  
Faoi rópaí is seoltaí séidte.

Oró 'chuid sa rúin nach ngluaisféa ar siúl  
Go tír na long as Eirinn  
Níl tuirse croí na tinneas cinn  
Nach leigheasfaí ann gan amhras  
Nó ba tú mo rogha inniu is inné  
Agus coinnigh agat féin ón bhás mé  
Nó gan grásta Dé ní mhairfidh mé  
Ar a tsraid seo i mBéal Atha h-Amhnais.

Tá againn anseo cuid den cheol is áille dá bhfuil i dtraidisiún na h-Eireann- idir fuinn mhall, iomnaí, cearúl, ceol rince agus amhráin-seinnte go h-ealaíonta ag NA FILÍ. Níl grúpa ar bith is fearr a thuigeann anam agus spiorad an cheoil seo.

The record opens with three double jigs, the third (quizzically named WHY SO), composed in traditional vein by Tomás Ó Canainn. AR EIRINN NÍ NEOSFAINN CÉ HÍ (For Ireland I wouldn't tell her name) is reputed to have come from Tweedside but it has certainly been transformed and completely absorbed into the Irish tradition. BEAL ATHA H-AMHNAIS (Ballyhaunis) despite its Mayo name is, in this version at least, a Donegal song. NA FILÍ have combined with it a fine reel SLÁN LE H-EIRINN (Farewell to Ireland). Significantly, the song text also deals with leaving Ireland. One of our best known Jacobite songs is DE BHARR NA GCNOC (Over the hills). The version played here by NA FILÍ is particularly moving. THE FOGGY DEW is a fusion of the reel FEAR A TI (man of the house), introduced by Matt, and the well-known Foggy Dew air. This unusual arrangement developed spontaneously during rehearsal for a T.V. show and is now a great favourite when NA FILÍ play in folk clubs. DIA DO BHEATHA, an Irish salutation, is the name of two hymn tunes which bring the first side of the record to a serene finish.

CAITLÍN TRIALL, introduced on the whistle by Tom, is one of the best known airs from Bunting's 1796 Collection and has since been used as the basis for many a good ballad. The rhythmic variation introduced here by NA FILÍ lends a new dimension to it. Single Jigs deserve a greater popularity, as one of the liveliest of the dance genre and CIS LIATHÁIN and IS MAITH LE NÓRA are two good examples. CAOINEADH NA DTRÍ MUIRE (The Lament of the Three Marys) is arguably the best known Irish Lament, a stark dialogue between Mary and the apostle Peter during the Crucifixion. This version, sung here by Tomás, owes a lot to both Seosamh o hEanaí and Cór Chúil Aodha, to whom NA FILÍ dedicate it. Two hornpipes lead into the beautifully simple carol DON OÍCHE ÚD I MBEITHIL (That night in Bethlehem). The record is brought to a close by three polkas, the first of which, DALAIGH'S, is from the playing of that well-known Dún Chaoin musician.

### Translation (Caoineadh na dTrí Muire).

"Peter, Apostle, did you see my white love?"  
"I saw him just now crucified by the soldiers."  
"Who is that fine man high on the cross?"  
"Surely you recognise your son, dear mother?"  
"Is that the son I bore three seasons?"  
"Or is that the son who was born in the stable?"  
Blunt nails were driven through his hands and feet  
And the sword was put into his beautiful breast.

### Translation (Béal Atha h-Amhnais)

Going down to the harbour I was sad and weary,  
looking at the Northern sky receding from me.  
Am I not the foolish man who did not take my  
mother's advice when she told me wisely not  
to go to Ballyhaunis.

What love I gave you that day in the garden,  
your beautiful mouth pure as sea-foam, and your  
cheek like the rowan berry. I put my hand on the  
quay, my heart full of sorrow, listening to the  
bird song-what a pity you and I are not speeding  
away full-sail together.

Come away darling to the land of ships, away  
from Ireland. There is no pain of heart or head  
that won't be cured there. My own love, keep  
me from death—without God's grace there is  
no life for me here in Ballyhaunis.