

Giaccaria & Son



Irish Towns and...

1. *Irish Ways and Irish Laws* (John Gibbs) 2:50
2. *Scorn Not his Simplicity* (Phil Coulter) 2:25
3. REELS: *The Maids of Mitchelstown* / *St. Kilda* Wedding / *Return to Milltown* (traditionals) 3:33
4. *Black is the Colour* (traditional) 2:29
5. *Dirty Old Town* (Ewan McColl) 3:20
6. HORNPIPES: *Ballinacollig in the Morning* / *The Humors of Enniskean* (traditionals) 4:07
7. *Streets of London* (Ralph McTell) 3:51
8. *This Love Will Carry* (Dougie McLean) 4:26
9. (JIG) & POLKA: *The Scartaglen Polka* (traditional) 2:32
10. *High Flying Seagull* (Dougie McLean) 3:10
11. JIGS: *The Boys of the Town* / *The Road to Sligo* or *The Humors of Bantry* (traditionals) 2:02
12. *The Town I Loved so Well* (Phil Coulter) 6:29

[TOTAL TIME 41:15]

DAVIDE GIACCARIA: vocal and guitar

MARCO GIACCARIA: flute, whistles, violin, recorders, mandola, bouzouki and keyboards

featuring:

CLAUDIA FASSINA: bodhrán and snare drum

1. *Irish Ways and Irish Laws* (John Gibbs)

Once upon a time there was
Irish ways and Irish laws,
Villages of Irish blood
Waking to the morning,
Waking to the morning.

Then the Vikings came around,
Turned us up and turned us down,
Started building boats and towns,
And tried to change our living,
They tried to change our living.

Cromwell and his soldiers came,
Started centuries of shame,
But they could not make us turn,
We are a river flowing,
We are a river flowing.

Again, again the soldiers came,
Burnt our houses, stole our grain.
Shot the farmers in the fields
Working for a living,
Working for a living.

800 years we have been down,
The secret of the water sound
Has kept the spirit of a man
Above the pain descending,
Above the pain descending.

Today the struggle carries on,
I wonder will I live so long
To see the gates been opened up
To people and their freedom,
To people and their freedom.

Davide: vocal, guitar; Marco: tin whistle in C, mandola; Claudia: snare drum.



2. *Scorn Not his Simplicity* (Phil Coulter)

See the child with the golden hair but eyes that show the emptiness inside
Do we know can we understand just how he feels or have we really tried
See him now as he stands alone and watches children play a children's game
Simple child he looks almost like the others yet they know he's not the same.

Scorn not his simplicity but rather try to love him all the more
Scorn not his simplicity oh no, oh no.

See him stare not recognizing that kind face that only yesterday he loved
The loving face of a mother who can't understand what she's been guilty of
How she cried tears of happiness the day the doctor told her its a boy
Now she cries tears of helplessness and thinks of all the things he can't enjoy.

Scorn not his simplicity but rather try to love him all the more
Scorn not his simplicity oh no, oh no.

Only he knows how to face the future hopelessly surrounded by despair.
He won't ask for your pity or your sympathy but surely you should care.

Scorn not his simplicity but rather try to love him all the more
Scorn not his simplicity oh no, oh no, oh no.

Davide: vocal, guitar; Marco: flute, keyboards.

3. REELS: *The Maids of Mitchelstown / St. Kilda Wedding / Return to Milltown* (traditionals)

[instrumental]

Davide: guitar; Marco: violin; Claudia: bodhrán.

4. *Black is the Colour* (traditional)

Black is the colour, of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some roses fair,
She has the sweetest smile, and the gentlest hand,
And I love the ground whereon she stands.

I love my love, and well she knows,
I love the ground whereon she goes,
I wish the day would sooner come,
When she and I could be as one.

I go to the Clyde and moan and weep,
For satisfied I ne'r can be,
I write her a letter, just a few short lines,
And I suffer death a thousand times.

Black is the colour, of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some roses fair,
She has the sweetest smile, and the gentlest hand,
And I love the ground whereon she stands.

Davide: vocal, guitar; Marco: low whistle in D.

5. *Dirty Old Town* (Ewan McColl)

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed a girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

Clouds a drifting across the moon
Cats a prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl in the street at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smokey wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I'm gonna make a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

And I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed a girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

Davide: vocal, guitar; Marco: tin & low whistles in D, bouzouki, backing vocal; Claudia: bodhrán.

6. *HORNIPIPES: Ballincollig in the Morning / The Humors of Enniskean* (traditionals)

[instrumental]

Davide: guitar; Marco: flute; Claudia: bodhrán.



7. Streets of London (Ralph McTell)

Have you seen the old man, in the closed down market
picking up the papers, with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride, and held loosely by his side
yesterday's papers, telling yesterday's news.

CHORUS:

So how can you tell me, you're lonely
and say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand, and lead you through the streets of London
I'll show you something, to make you change your mind.

Have you seen the old gal, who walks the streets of London
dirt in her hair, and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home, in two carrier bags.

Repeat Chorus

And in the all-night café, at a quarter past eleven
same old man sitting there, on his own
Looking at the world, over the rim of his tea cup
Each tea lasts an hour, then he wanders home alone.

Repeat Chorus

And have you seen the old man, outside the seaman's mission?
Memory's fading, with those medal ribbons that he wears
And in our winter city, the rain cries little pity
For one more forgotten hero, and a world that doesn't care.

Repeat Chorus

Davide: vocal, guitar; Marco: flute.

8. This Love Will Carry (Dougie MacLean)

It's a thin line that leads us, and keeps a man from shame
And dark clouds quickly gather along the way he came
There's fear out on the mountain and death out on the plain
There's heartbreak and heartache in the shadow of the flame.

CHORUS:

But this love will carry, this love will carry me
I know this love will carry me.

The strongest web will tangle, the sweetest bloom will fall
And somewhere in the distance we try and catch it all
Success lasts for a moment and failure's always near
And you look down at your blistered hands as turns another year.

Repeat Chorus

These days are golden, they must not waste away
For our time is like that flower and soon it will decay
And though by storms we're weakened, uncertainty is sure
And like the coming of the dawn it's ours forever more.

Repeat Chorus

Davide: vocal, guitar; Marco: violins, recorders consort.

9. (JIG) & POLKA: *The Scartaglen Polka* (traditional)

[instrumental]

Davide: guitar; Marco: violin, tin whistle in D; Claudia: bodhrán.

10. *High Flying Seagull* (Dougie McLean)

In these tired and troubled times
It's easy to feel afraid
And the angry young man
And the castles that he's made
In these long and empty days
It's easy to feel the fool
And the angry young man
He'll break every rule.

She comes to me
Like a high flying seagull
She comes to me
Like an eagle, she comes like a swan.

In these tired and troubled times
It's easy to feel alone
The angry young man
Does not know where he's going
In these long and empty days
He'll pull the curtain down
And the angry young man
Well, he spins round and round.

She comes to me
Like a high flying seagull
She comes to me
Like an eagle, she comes like a swan.

In these tired and troubled times
It's easy to feel confused
The angry young man
No, he will not be abused
In these long and empty days
He's going to get it right
And the angry young man
Well, he's learned how to fight.

She comes to me
Like a high flying seagull
She comes to me
Like an eagle, she comes like a swan.

Davide: vocal, guitar.

11. JIGS: *The Boys of the Town / The Road to Sligo or The Humors of Bantry* (traditionals)

[instrumental]

Marco: tin whistle in Bb; Claudia: bodhrán.

12. *The Town I Loved so Well* (Phil Coulter)

In my memory I will always see
The town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall
And we laughed through the smoke and the smell
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane
Past the jail and down behind the fountain
Those were happy days in so many many ways
In the town I loved so well.

In the early morning the shirt factory horn
Called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog
While the men on the dole played a mother's role
Fed the children and then trained the dog
And when times got tough, there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
In the town I loved so well.

There was music there in the Derry air
Like a language that we all could understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
as I played in a small pickup band
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I'd learned about life and I'd found a wife
In the town I loved so well.

But when I returned, oh my eyes, how they had burned
To see how a town could be brought to it's knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze
Now the army's installed by that old gasyard wall
And the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and guns, oh my God, what have they done
To the town I loved so well.

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
Oh, they'll not forget still their hearts are set
On tomorrow and peace once again
Now what's done is done and what's won is won
And what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright brand new day
In the town I loved so well.

Davide: vocal, guitar; Marco: tin whistle in C, violin, mandola, bouzouki, backing vocal; Claudia: bodhrán, snare drum.

All songs recorded by Marco Giaccaria, mixed by Davide e Marco Giaccaria between May and September 2020 in Grugliasco and Cumiana.

Music arranged by Marco Giaccaria.

Cover and booklet by L'Indomito Amanuense.

Produced by Marco Giaccaria for Musica Mancina.