

Emerald

the great divide

Cornelius Bode *Guitar, Bass, Backing Vocals*

Gabi Bretscher *Flute, Whistle*

Astrid Heldmaier *Bodhrán, Percussions (5)*

Reiner Köhler *Bouzouki, Guitar (5,7)*

Michael Möllers *Fiddle, Lead Vocals, Guitar (1,3,9,11,14), Backing Vocals*

Sue Sheehan *Lead Vocals, Percussions, Backing Vocals*

"Die Welt ist rund." (Gertrude Stein)

Emerald. Mit dem Farb- und Lichtspiel des Smaragds wird in vielen Liedern Irland, die grüne Insel verglichen.

Aus Irland stammten Sues Urgroßeltern, die nach Amerika auswanderten. Sue lebt seit vielen Jahren in Deutschland (Coppenbrügge - Dörpe).

Sue und Michael traten schon in Zeiten des Folk-Club am Ith, Salzhemmendorf (gegr. 1987) als Duo „Emerald“ auf.

Michael und Reiner (Hannover) beschäftigen sich seit Jahrzehnten mit irischer Musik. (*DeReelium, Ceolta*).

Anfang 2006 vervollständigten Gabi, Cornelius und Astrid (Hannover) das Trio zum Sextett.

Die Welt ist rund.



Dank / Credits:

Recordings and Studio: Stefan „Enrico“ Heinrich, SubterraSound Tonstudio, Hildesheim

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Sleeve notes: Michael Möllers and Sue Sheehan

Irish language consulting: Bríd MacLaverty, Hannover

Attentive ear & eye: Cornelius Bode

Big support: all at the Irish Harp, McGowan's Irish Pub and the Kuriosum in Hannover!

Thanks to: all our families & friends for patience, support and love.

To Rudi, the session dog: Thanks for your singing. And please take a bath. :-)

Ride On

You ride the finest horse I've ever seen,
standing 16 one or two with eyes wild and green.
You ride the horse so well, hands light to the touch
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to.

Chorus

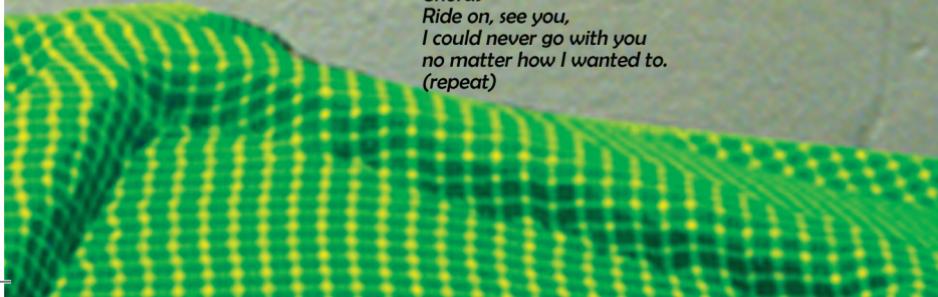
Ride on, see you,
I could never go with you
no matter how I wanted to.
(repeat)



When you ride into the night with no trace left behind,
you run your hand along my gut, one last time.
I turned to face an empty space where you used to lie,
and looked for the sparks that light the night
with a teardrop in me eye.

Chorus

Ride on, see you,
I could never go with you
no matter how I wanted to.
(repeat)



Emerald – Since Sue and Michael have played as a duo for many years, the name has become more or less a project label. Songs, especially American ones, dominate the program. As Sue's voice alone could captivate an evening performance - born and brought up all over the USA - her ancestors hail from south-west Ireland.

In the late 90's multi-instrumentalist Reiner was a frequent support. Tunes, mainly Irish ones, grew and gathered more space in the program.

The source of this raising influence of Irish music was vivid in the Hanover scene from which – in total or in parts – fine German-Irish bands have emerged: *DeReelium, More Maids, Ceolta, NorthBound, Steampacket* and *Cara*.

All these people (and some more of course) are the ones who have kept the three *Hanover Sessions* running and ringing.

This is where *Gabi, Cornelius* and *Astrid* were drawn into the Emerald circle.
A gradual and yet natural process!

Hence, Emerald has got two focuses: cherishing the old grand song writing tradition as much as carrying the spirit of the session on stage and on our CD.

Enjoy listening!

Looking Back at You (*Kate Wolf*)

I never wrote a song for you that touched me like you do.
We're in this together now, now we're finally through.
You always wanted me to feel that way and you gave it all your heart.
But I didn't know my mind, and it kept us far apart.

Chorus

Now I see in your eyes, the love I always knew,
for the first time in a long time it's in me,
looking back at you.

When you let me go, like I said I wanted to,
the farther I went away, the closer I felt to you.
Now we both sit here crying like we never could do before.
And the best part of it all is not lying to you anymore.

Chorus

Wipe away the tears, it's funny how loves done.
Just when you let it go it comes back on the run.
And if I could give you anything to take along with you,
it's all the love I've found, looking back at you.

Heartbreak Game (*Tim O'Brien*)

It's not as if I didn't know better,
her innocent look and a scented letter
It looked like love but it felt like a memory
Sometimes a young girl wants a ticket out
and a gambler on a roll looks good no doubt
But if you think you're winnin'
you don't even know the game you're in

Chorus

It's read 'em and weep, it's a sad old song
You take your chances just the same
Don't it serve me right how it all went wrong
Bettin' on a hard luck heart in a heartbreak game
Bettin' on a hard luck heart in a heartbreak game

But now alas the tide has changed
My love she has gone from me
Winter frost has touched my heart
And put a blight upon me

Creeping fog is on the river,
Flow sweet river, flow
Sun and moon and stars gone with her,
Sweet Thames flow softly

Swift the Thames flows to the sea,
Flow sweet river, flow
Bearing ships and part of me,
Sweet Thames flow softly

Sailing Alone (*Si Kahn*)

I once saw a ship that drew so tall and it stood on a mountainside
And I was drawn to this tall, tall ship and I sailed with the morning tide
I was wrecked on a foreign shore where the people lived wild and free
With the ones that leaned their backs so strong left out on an empty sea.

Chorus

Sailin' alone on the ocean of life, tossed on a foreign shore
Roll me home safe into my harbor lights I'll never go sailin' no more

The wind blows hard and the canvas fills, the captain turns the wheel
There's a wind that blows from the left hand side and it's dark and stormy I feel
I longed so hard for the lights of home but the wind blows the waters black
I'm tryin' to run three sheets to the wind knowin' I'll never get back.

Sailin' alone on the ocean of life tossed on a foreign shore
Roll me home safe into my harbor lights, I'll never go sailin' no more

Repeat chorus

...I'll never go sailin' no more

Across the Great Divide (Kate Wolf)

I've been walking in my sleep
counting troubles, 'stead of counting sheep.
Where the years went, I can't say;
I just turned around and they've gone away.

Chorus
Gone away and yesterday,
and I find myself on the mountainside,
where the rivers change direction
across the great divide.

I've been sifting through the layers
of dusty books and faded papers.
They tell a story I used to know;
one that happened so long ago.

Chorus

Well I heard the owl calling
softly as the night was falling.
With a question, and I replied
well he's gone across the borderline.

Chorus

The finest hour I have seen
is the one that comes between
the edge of night and the break of day,
when the darkness rolls away.

Sweet Thames Flow Softly (Ewan MacColl, based on the Planxty-recording)

I met my love near Woolwich Pier
Beneath the big cranes standing
And oh, the love I felt for her
It passed all understanding

Took her sailing on the river
Flow sweet river, flow
London town was mine to give her
Sweet Thames flow softly

Made the Thames into a crown
Flow sweet river, flow
Made a brooch of Silver town
Sweet Thames flow softly

From Shadwell Dock to Nine Elms Reach
We cheek to cheek were dancing
Her necklace made of London Bridge
Her beauty was enhancing

Kissed her once again at Wapping,
Flow sweet river, flow
After that there was no stopping,
Sweet Thames flow softly

Gave at Richmond Park a twist
Flow sweet river, flow
Into a bracelet for her wrist,
Sweet Thames flow softly

It's not as if she never loved me,
but times get rough and the rooms get lonely
And a girl learns fast that there's a lot of different things
called love
I got burned bad but I'm still in this game
It's a dirty deal but nobody's to blame
The odds are good lady luck will be back again

Chorus
Bridge:
Sometimes you gotta bet your aces low
Sometimes you gotta let a good hand go

Chorus 2x
Bettin' on a hard luck heart in a heartbreak game

Brighid's Kiss

Gabhair molta Bríde
Ionmhain í le hÉirinn
Ionmhain le gach tir í
Molaimis go léir í

Lóchrann geal na Laighneach
A' soilsiú feadh na tire
Cean ar ógáibh Éireann
Ceann na mban ar míne

Tig an geimhreadh dian dubh
A' gearradh lena ghéire
Ach ar Lá 'le Bríde
Gar dúinn earrach Éireann

Brighid of the sunrise
Rising in the morning
Rising with the Springtime
Greening all the land

See you in the soft cloud
See you in the raindrop
See you in the winds of change
Blowing through the land

You the red eared white cow
Nourishing the people
Nourish now the hunger
Souls longing in our land

Bird that is unfolding
Now the time's upon us
Only have we eyes to see
Your Epiphany

You the red eared white cow
Nourishing the people
Nourish now the hunger
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Bird that is unfolding
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Gabhair molta Bríde
Ionmhain í le hÉirinn
Ionmhain le gach tir í
Molaimis go léir í

1. Reiner Tisch, klare Luft, wieder gewonnener Respekt und Aufrichtigkeit nach einer Beziehung, die ihren Sinn verloren hat, sind die Kerngedanken in *Kate Wolfs* bewegendem Song.

2. *On the Wings* stammt von der Shetland-Band *Fiddlers' Bid* bzw. von deren Geiger *Michael Ferrie*. Ein Kätzchen, das auf den Rücken einer Möve springt und eine Lufatreise von etlichen Metern machen darf, bevor es – rechtzeitig – abspringt, gab das inspirierende Bild.

3. Ein schönes Wortspiel bildet die letzte Refrainzeile in *Tim O'Briens* Song. Vielleicht frei: auf Herzensdinge sollte man lieber keine Wetten abschließen.

4. *Covering Ground* ist eine Komposition vom Calico-Piper *Diarmaid Moynihan*. Fallende Schneeflocken auf der einen – aufbrandende Wellen auf der anderen Seite dieses Sets.

5. Den alten Mythos einer Fruchtbarkeitsgöttin haben die frühen irischen Christen der hl. Brighid übertragen: Ihr feuchter Kuss (Regen und Tau) bringt Leben und Wachsen hervor. Sues Quelle ist die unvergessene Aufnahme von *Lá Lugh*.

6. Ungebremst und frisch wie in der Session kommen diese drei Trads daher.

7. Noch ein Nach-Beziehungslied von *Kate Wolf*. Hier ist die „Great Divide“, die große Wasserscheide der Rockys, Symbol für zwei neue Lebensrichtungen.

8. Die erste kühle Windböe, ein paar schon gelbe Blätter und ein untrügerisches Gefühl: Das war's nun mit dem Sommer. Unter diesem Eindruck entstand „*The Summer's Gone*“., „*Wonderful Wark*“? Das wird wohl das Dörfchen am River Tyne, unweit von Newcastle (Nordengland) sein. Schließlich kommt *Karen Tweed* ja aus der Gegend.

9. Jung, kein Geld und über beide Ohren verliebt. So lässt *Ewan McColl* hier einen Kerl seiner Liebsten die ganze Stadt London zu Füßen legen. Ein an der altenglischen Tradition orientiertes Lied des großen Songschreibers.

10. *Dr. Gilbert* war eins der Bravourstücke von *Andy McCann*, dem legendären iro-amerikanischen Geiger und geht wohl auf den nicht minder legendären *Michael Coleman* zurück. *The King* spielen wir in einer Version, die Gabi vom Concertina-Spieler *Claus Kessler* hat. Der wunderbare Tune mit dem rätselhaften Namen *M and M* stammt von *Brian Rooney*; Gabi hat ihn von den Flute- und Fiddle-Geschwistern *Anna* und *Michelle Rabova* aus Prag.

11. In den 70er Jahren lernte Michael die Songs von *Si Kahn* über die amerikanische Gruppe *Trapezoid* kennen. Weltverlorenheit und Fremdheit: Dieses Hippie-Zeitgefühl hatte der Amerikaner gerade mit diesem Song präzise getroffen.

12. Drei Slip-Jigs, die es schon bei *DeReelium* (Reiners und Michas Ex-Band) fast auf die CD geschafft hätten.

13. Zwei feine Trads und ein Reel von *D. Moynihan*. Zufall, dass sich gleich zwei Melodien aus seiner Feder in unser Programm gedrängelt haben? *Eamon Coyne's* hat Micha von *Claus Steinort*.

14. In der Reihe der großen Singer/Songwriter darf ein Name nicht fehlen: *Jimmy McCarthy*. *Ride On* ist vielleicht unter seinen Songs der mit der vielfältigsten Wirkungsgeschichte.

15. Den *Silver Waltz* hat Gabi von *Brian McNeill*. Vom zweiten fehlte uns lange der Titel. Micha hat den Walzer vor ein paar Jahren in Bun Beagh, Donegal in der Session gehört. Die jungen Schottinnen, die ihn spielten, meinten, er sei von *Johnny Cunningham* komponiert, und das stimmt: *Leaving Brittany* geht allerdings im Original ein klein wenig anders, wie wir inzwischen herausgefunden haben.

1. Moving lines written by the late *Kate Wolf* – her intimate and yet clear writing style proves what song writing used to be like in the 70's.

2. A true story: A kitten jumped onto a seagulls back, (Shetlandish: "skorie") in a courtyard. The seagull flew a few hundred yards, until the kitten wisely jumped off, landing onto safe and solid ground. *Michael Ferrie* of the Shetland Band *Fiddlers' Bid* watched the scene and composed this fitting "movie-score"...

3. A gorgeous pun in *Tim O'Brien's* chorus line! Michael learned this song during his old-time/blue-grass experiments in the 70's with *Gerd Schlüter's Chicken Skin Stringband* (Münster, Germany).

4. Michael was deeply impressed by a *Calico* concert in Neustadt, Germany in 1999. *Diarmaid Moynihan's* tunes have got a magic of their own. We combined *Covering Ground* with the *Hungry Rock* from *Dervish* and let our fantasy flow...

5. Brighid – pagan goddess and Christian saint, she stands for growth and fertility. Sue was enhanced by the *Lá Lugh* recording.

6. No one can stop Reiner: Choke out, and we'll pay our tribute to the session!

7. Love is growth, new paths arrive – an experience focused in this *Kate Wolf* song. A message as hard as simple: cheer up, make up your mind and go ahead.

8. The first cool breeze, leaves, yellow, brown and swirling in the air, with a distinct feeling: That's it. Autumn is taking over – summer's gone. This was Michael's inspiration for the first jig. *Karen Tweed's wonderful Wark* lies close to Newcastle upon Tyne.

9. Michael heard this song sung first by *Christy Moore* and has had it in his program since.

10. *Dr. Gilbert* goes back to the playing of the great *Michael Coleman*. *Our King* is based on a version coming from the German concertina player *Claus Kessler*.

11. In the 70's Michael heard this grand *Si Kahn* song performed by *Trapezoid*, an American group renown for their hammered dulcimer sound.

12. Three traditional slip jigs that were played in *DeReelium's* program (Reiners's and Michael's former band), but were never recorded.

13. Another *Moynihan* tune – and a lovely one as well! *Eamon Coyne's* was frequently played by a Hanover flute player, *Claus Steinort*.

14. There are songs with an air of overuse, and *Ride on* is definitely one of them. Sue gives it another chance – and brand new horse shoes!

15. Two Scottish waltzes: *Brian McNeill* wrote the *Silver Waltz*. The second was played years ago in a session in Bun Beagh, Donegal. *Leaving Brittany* is the title, no one but *John Cunningham* is the composer. What a couple!