

Raifteirí san Underground

(Mac Dhonnagáin)

Ag siúl tríd an *Underground*
Cúig chéad troigh faoi *London town*
Siúd é, a thóin le balla
Ag seinnm ceoil do phócaí folmha
Féile Bhríde caite le ráithe
Is tá Raifteirí fós i bhfad ó bhaile.

Walking through the Undeground
Five hundred feet beneath London Town
There he is, back to the wall,
Playing music, pockets empty,
Bridget's day was tree months ago
But Raifteirí is still far from home.

Ní aireofá an tEarrach i do thimpeall
Thíos anseo san *Underground*
Ní aireofá an lá ag gabháil chun síneadh
Thíos anseo san *Underground*
Súile gan solas taobh thiar de spéaclaí gréine
Scilling eile caite isteach sa mbosca.

You don't feel Spring in the air
Down here in the Underground
You don't notice the stretch in the evening
Down here in the Underground
Eyes without light behind dark sunglasses
Another coin thrown in the fiddle case.

Curfá:

Cill Aodáin, Coillte Mach is Clár Chlainne Mhuiris
Ceolann Raifteirí a liodán dóchais

Cill Aodáin, Coillte Mach and Clár Chlainne Mhuiris
Raifteirí sings his litany of hope

Cill Aodáin an baile a bhfásann gach ní ann
An neantóg go fairsing
Is buachallán buí, buachallán buí ann.

Cill Aodáin the place where everything grows
Nettles everywhere and noxious weeds

Ag siúl tríd an *Underground*
Cúig chéad troigh faoi *London town*

Siúd é, a thóin le balla
Ag seinnm ceoil do phócaí folmha
Féile Bhríde á caitheamh leis na blianta
Is tá Raifteirí fós i bhfad ó bhaile.

*Walking through the Underground
Five hundred feet beneath London Town
There he is, back to the wall,
Playing music, pockets empty,
Bridget's day has been going by for years
But Raifteirí is still far from home.*

Curfá:

Guth/Vocal: Tadhg

Giotár/Guitar: Paul Tiernan

Veidhlín/Fiddle: Máire Breatnach

Dord, Guth Comhcheoil/Bass, Harmony Vocal: Garvan Gallagher

Drumaí, Cnaguirilísí/Drums, Percussion: Lloyd Byrne

Orgán Hammond/Hammond Organ: John Ryan

Guthanna Comhcheoil/Harmony Vocals: Eleanor McEvoy, Hailey Murphy

Written in 1988, a very bleak period in Ireland. Of the seven kids reared in our family, five were at that point in time living in London. This song refers to the early 19th century songwriter, Raifteirí an file, a native of my own part of East Mayo, whose work is still very much alive in the Conamara song tradition. Banished from his native place at an early age, the blind Raifteirí spent most of his life in East Galway, writing songs and playing music for a living. In the summer of 1988, I went to visit my siblings in London. Walking through the underground, I heard the sound of mediocre Irish fiddle music wafting through the tunnel air. Raifteirí was a passable fiddle player and I imagined the music I heard was played by a contemporary Raifteirí, busking in London, dreaming of going home to East Mayo, but never getting there.

Ag breathnú ar an ngrianghraf ar chlúdach an albaim seo, (pictiúr a thóg an grianghrafadóir iontach Feirsteach Gearóid Mac Carráin ag gig i gCumann Chluain Aird, Iarthar Bhéal Feirste, i ndeireadh na n-ochtóidí) tá mé ionann is cinnte gurb é an t-amhrán atá á cheol agam ann ná “Raifteirí san Underground”.