

# Celtic Roots

A Celebration of Irish & Celtic Music

**RBC Theatre**



Presented by:



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## PERFORMANCE NOTES

6:45 p.m.: Theatre doors open

7:30 p.m.: Show time

Act 1 (45 minutes)

Intermission (20 minutes)

Act 2 (45 minutes)

*\*times are approximate*

Photos and videos are permitted but please do not use flash.

Merchandise will be available in the atrium/lobby.

Late arrivals will be seated between numbers.

Lobby bar will be open from 5:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

Note: There may be filming, photography and/or recordings at most events. By entering and by your presence, you consent to be photographed, filmed, and/or otherwise recorded. Please contact the box office or an usher if you do not wish to be photographed or recorded.



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## A Celebration of Irish & Celtic Music

River North, featuring Award-Winning singer/songwriters Matt Zaddy and Heather Christine are present their 7th Annual Celebration of Irish and Scottish Music “Celtic Roots”.

With a mix of song, storytelling, dance and audience participation, Celtic Roots is a family friendly performance celebrating all things Irish and Celtic. Matt and Heather both have Irish and Scottish heritage, and weave stories of family coming to Canada in with traditional and modern Celtic classics and the stories behind the songs. The show features moving vocal harmonies and acoustic guitar, fiddle, Irish percussion and championship Irish Dance. This event makes for an unforgettable evening of entertainment for all to enjoy.

The concert will showcase River North along with celebrated artists including fiddler Brigit O'Regan, with Percussionist/Bodhrán Player Jacob McCauley and Mississauga's Award-Winning Irish Dancer Molly Collins from the Michaela Hinds Academy.

### ABOUT RIVER NORTH

With more than 100,000+ streams on Spotify combined, multi-award winning Mississauga artists Heather Christine and Matt Zaddy have connected their life partnership into a formal musical duo. Their music combines soaring vocal harmonies and acoustic guitar. River North have toured nationally, been featured on CBC Radio 2, and are co-writers of the City of Mississauga's official anthem for #Canada150, “We Are The North.” In 2020 they released their debut single, “This Too Shall Pass”.



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### ABOUT VIOLINIST BRIGIT O'REGAN

Brigit O'Regan is a violinist/fiddler with 25 years of practice and 16 years of professional, freelance performance under her belt. After being strictly classical for many years, she rebelled at a young age and now is most known for her Top 40 Pop, Rock, Hip-Hop, Fiddle and Bollywood. She is also known as "Violin Girl" by over 20 Million people due to the success of her FanExpo and ComicCon videos; filmed, edited and produced by professional videographer, Merissa Tse.



### ABOUT PERCUSSIONIST JACOB MCCAULEY

Jacob McCauley is an award-winning Bodhrán player (Toronto Fleadh Music Competition, March 2008), Detroit Midwest Fleadh May 2008, 2009) and most recently winning first place in the Chicago Midwest Fleadh (2010). Based in Toronto, he is an active recording musician, performer and touring artist, having played with many different groups of multiple genres around the world.



- Lobby bar will be open at 5:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.
- Special St. Patrick's Day Menu:
  - Full bar rail and Guinness will be available
  - Bangers and mash with braised cabbage, \$15
  - Shepard's pie, \$15
  - Corned beef sandwich on rye, \$9



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# PATRON INFORMATION

## GIFT CERTIFICATES

The perfect gift. Certificates are available in any denomination and can be redeemed for tickets to Living Arts Centre events.

Call 905-306-6000

## THEATRE POLICIES

### Food & Beverages:

Food and beverages are available prior to most shows and during intermission. Beverages, but not food, will be permitted inside the theatre. All beverages must be in a plastic cup/bottle. No outside food or beverages are permitted.

### Babes In Arms:

Every person must have a ticket in order to be admitted to a performance. This policy applies to everyone, including children and infants.

### Latecomers:

Will be seated at a suitable break in the performance. On-stage performances are shown on lobby monitors for the convenience of those waiting.

### Cameras, Recording & Communication Devices:

Are prohibited inside the theatres for most shows. Professional equipment requires media approval. Cellular phones and electronic devices must be turned off.

There may be filming, photography and/or recordings at most events. By entering and by your presence, you consent to be photographed, filmed, and/or otherwise recorded. Please contact the Box Office or an Usher if you do not wish to be photographed or recorded.

### Scent Advisory:

Please be considerate of those in the audience who have allergies and refrain from wearing cologne and perfume.

## PATRON SERVICES

### Booster Seats:

There are limited number of booster seats available for use and can be requested from an usher as you enter the theatre. Please note that these are in high demand during family shows, and are subject to availability.

### Assistive Devices:

Hearing enhancement devices and wheelchairs are available. See Box Office or Usher staff.

### Service Animals:

Service animals are welcome to enter the Living Arts Centre to accompany patrons with disabilities.



[livingartscentre.ca](http://livingartscentre.ca)

4141 Living Arts Drive  
Mississauga, Ontario  
L5B 4B8  
Box Office: 905-306-6000





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We welcome singing along during the show and have provided song lyrics in this package.  
The crowd is asked to sing the lyrics in **bold**.



### Barrett's Privateers (Stan Rogers)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

Oh, the year was 1778, **HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!**  
A letter of marque came from the king,  
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

God d\*mn them all!  
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier  
The last of Barrett's Privateers.  
[Repeat with every verse]

### Rocky Road to Dublin (D.K. Gavan)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

A real tongue-twister! Sing along to the Chorus:  
....on the rocky road to Dublin.

One, two, three four, five,  
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road  
all the way to Dublin, Whack follol de rah !

## Whiskey in the Jar (Irish folk song)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

As I was going over the far fam'd Kerry Mountains,  
I met with Captain Farrel, and his money he was countin',  
I first produced my pistol, and I than produced my rapier,  
Sayin': "Stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver".

[Chorus]

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,  
**Whack for the daddy ol',**  
**Whack for the daddy ol',**  
**There's whiskey in the jar.**

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,  
I put it in my pocket, and I took it home to Jenny,  
She sighed, and she swore that she never would deceive me,  
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

[Chorus]

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber,  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,  
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them out with water,  
Then sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter.

[Chorus]

'Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel,  
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrel,  
I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier,  
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

[Chorus] x2

If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army,  
If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney,  
And if he'll go with me we'll go roving in Kilkenny,  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my old a-sporting Jenny.

[Chorus] x2

## Galway Girl (Steve Earle)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk  
Of a day -l-ay-l-ay  
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk  
Of a fine soft day -l-ay-l-ay

And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do  
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
And I knew right then I'd be takin' a whirl  
'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

We were halfway there when the rain came down  
Of a day -l-ay-l-ay  
And she asked me up to her flat downtown  
Of a fine soft day -l-ay-l-ay

And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do  
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl  
And I lost my heart to a Galway girl

When I woke up I was all alone  
With a broken heart and a ticket home

And I ask you now, tell me what would you do  
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
I've traveled around I've been all over this world  
Boys I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

## Fields Of Athenry (Pete St. John)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

By the lonely prison wall, i heard a young girl cal-ling  
Micheal they have taken you away  
For you stole trevelins corn so the young might see the morn  
A prison ship lies waiting in the bay

[Chorus]

**Low Lie The fields of athenry**  
**where once we watched the small free birds fly**  
**our love was the wing**  
**We had dreams and songs to sing**  
**and so lonely round the fields of athenry**

By the lonely prison wall, i heard a young man cal-ling  
Nothing matters mary when your free  
against the famine and the crown, i fought they cut me down  
now you must raise our child with dignity

[Chorus]

By the lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star fa-ll  
as the prison ship sailed out against the sky  
for she lived to hope and pray for her love in botany bay  
and it's so lonely round the fields of athenry

[Chorus] x 2



## Rattlin Bog (Irish Folk Song)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

[Chorus]

Rare Bog, the Rattlin Bog, the Bog down in the valley-o  
Rare Bog, the Rattlin Bog, the Bog down in the (valley-o)

[Repeat chorus after each verse]

Well in that bog there was a hole, a rare hole, a rattlin hole, A hole in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o

Verse sequence:

- |     |         |                      |
|-----|---------|----------------------|
| 0)  | BOG     | down in the VALLEY-O |
| 1)  | HOLE    | in the BOG           |
| 2)  | TREE    | in the HOLE          |
| 3)  | LIMB    | on the TREE          |
| 4)  | BRANCH  | on the LIMB          |
| 5)  | TWIG    | on the BRANCH        |
| 6)  | NEST    | on the TWIG          |
| 7)  | EGG     | on the NEST          |
| 8)  | BIRD    | on the EGG           |
| 9)  | FEATHER | on the BIRD          |
| 10) | FLEA    | on the FEATHER       |

## Mull of Kintyre (Paul McCartney, in the style of Susan Boyle)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

[Chorus]

Mull of kintyre  
Oh mist rolling in from the sea  
My **desire is always to be here**  
Oh mull of kintyre

Far have I traveled and much have I seen  
Dark distant mountains with valleys of green  
Past painted deserts the sunset's on fire  
As he carries me home to the mull of kintyre

[Chorus]

Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen  
Carry me back to the days I knew then  
Nights where we sang like a heavenly choir  
Of the life and the time of the mull of kintyre

[Chorus] x3

# Wild Mountain Thyme (Will Ye Go Lassie Go) (Scottish Folk Song)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

Oh the summertime is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
**Will ye go, Lassie go?**

[Chorus]

**And we'll all go together**  
**To pluck wild mountain thyme**  
**All around the blooming heather**  
**Will ye go, Lassie go?**

I will build my love a tower  
Near yon' pure crystal fountain  
And on it I will build  
All the flowers of the mountain  
**Will ye go, Lassie go?**

[Chorus]

If my true love she were gone  
I would surely find another  
Where wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
**Will ye go, Lassie go?**

[Chorus] x2

# Mairi's Wedding (John Roderick Bannerman)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

[Chorus]

**Step we gaily, on we go**  
**Heel for heel and toe for toe**  
**Arm in arm and row on row**  
**All for Marie's wedding**

[Chorus]

Over hillways up and down  
Myrtle green and bracken brown  
Past the shielings through the town  
All for sake of Marie

[Chorus]

Oh plenty herring, plenty meal  
Plenty peat to fill her creel  
Plenty bonny bairns as well  
That's the toast for Marie

[Chorus]

Red her cheeks as rowans are  
Bright her eyes as any star  
Fairest of them all by far  
Is our darling Marie

Over hillways up and down  
Myrtle green and bracken brown  
Past the shielings through the town  
All for sake of Marie

[Chorus] x2

Arm in arm and row on row  
All for Marie's wedding

# I'm Gonna Be / 500 Miles (The Proclaimers)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

When I wake up, well I know I'm gonna be,  
I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you  
When I go out, yeah I know I'm gonna be  
I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you

When I get drunk, well I know I'm gonna be  
I'm gonna be the man who gets drunk next to you  
And when I haver, hey I know I'm gonna be  
I'm gonna be the man who's havoring to you

[Chorus]

**And I would walk 500 miles**  
**And I would walk 500 more**  
**Just to be the man who walked a thousand miles**  
**To fall down at your door**

When I'm working, yes I know I'm gonna be  
I'm gonna be the man who's working hard for you  
And when the money, comes in for the work I do  
I'll pass almost every penny on to you

When I come home(When I come home), well I know I'm gonna be  
I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you  
And when I grow old, well I know I'm gonna be  
I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you

[Chorus]

When I'm lonely, well I know I'm gonna be  
I'm gonna be the man who's lonely without you  
And when I'm dreaming, well I know I'm gonna dream  
I'm gonna Dream about the time when I'm with you

When I go out(When I go out), well I know I'm gonna be  
I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you  
And when I come home(When I come home), yes I know I'm gonna be  
I'm gonna be the man who comes back home with you  
I'm gonna be the man who's coming home with you

[Chorus] x3

# The Wild Rover (Irish folk song)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

I've been a wild rover for many's the year  
And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store  
And I never will play the wild rover no more

[Chorus]

And it's no, nay, never  
No, nay never no more  
Will I play the wild rover  
No never no more

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent  
I told the landlady my money was spent  
I ask her for credit, she answered me nay  
Such a custom as yours I can have any day

[Chorus]

I brought from me pocket ten sovereigns bright  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight  
She said: 'I have whiskeys and wines of the best  
And the words that you told me were only in jest'

[Chorus]

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done  
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son  
And when they've caressed me, as oft times before  
I never will play the wild rover no more

[Chorus] x2

# The Black Velvet Band (Irish Folk Song)

[crowd sings text in **bold**]

In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprentice to a trade I was bound  
And many's an hour's sweet happiness  
Have I spent in this neat little town.

A sad misfortune came over me  
Which caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations  
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

[Chorus]

**Her eyes they shone like diamonds**  
**I thought her the queen of the land**  
**And her hair hung over her shoulders**  
**Tied up with a black velvet band.**

I took a stroll down Broadway  
Meaning not long for to stay  
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid  
Came a traipsing along the highway

She was both fair and handsome  
Her neck it was just like a swans'  
And her hair is hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band.

[Chorus]

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid  
And the gentleman passing us by  
Well I knew she meant the doing of him  
By the look in her roguish black eye

A gold watch she took from his pocket  
And placed it right into my hand  
And the very first thing I said was  
Bad luck to the black velvet band.



**[Chorus]**

Before the judge and the jury  
Next morning I had to appear  
And the judge he said to me 'Young man  
Your case is proven clear'  
We'll give you seven years penal servitude  
To be spent far away from the land  
Far away from your friends and companions  
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

**[Chorus] x2**

## Danny Boy (Irish folk song)

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.  
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,  
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,  
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,  
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,  
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,  
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!