

Rose McCan's formations/projects

Ros Rain

- | Dialect pop
- | Only original compositions
- | Debut album: 13.2.2026
- | No gigs planned

Rose McCan

- | Irish folk
- | Own compos. in Irish folk style, Covers (trad./edits), Classics in Swiss German
- | Debut album: 17.4.2026
- | Gig highlight: «Stelldichein» with Timothy Jaromir

SaitWind (Duo)

- | Irish folk
- | Trad. Irish tunes, covers und songs/tunes by Rose McCan
- | Debut EP planed for autumn 2026
- | Gig highlight: Mutzstock Festival (Stäfa)

Trousers of Kilkenny (quartet)

- | Irish folk, tunes only (trad./covers)
- | Gig highlights: Club Hey (Zurich-Oerlikon) Eidg. Volksmusikfest (Aarau) Vertanzt (Emmental)

Irish Sessions

- | Built up/ cultivate of the «Celtic» Concert accompanying sessions in the Alte Kaserne Winterthur
- | Built up/ cultivate of the first slow session in Winterthur
- | Organisation of individual sessions

Konzertreihe «Stelldichein»

Singer-songwriter meet / co-concerts in the bistro Alte Kaserne Winterthur

Programme 2025:

- | Mats Scharrer 22.02.
- | Barbara Koenig / Sada Dyk 16.04.
- | Miina & Me 04.06.

More Highlights

Podcast

- | 10/24: The Folk Musik Hour (NZ) Episode: Mixtape 17 («Rainy Day»)

Zeitungsartikel

- | 05/24: Landbote, Winterthurer Ztg.

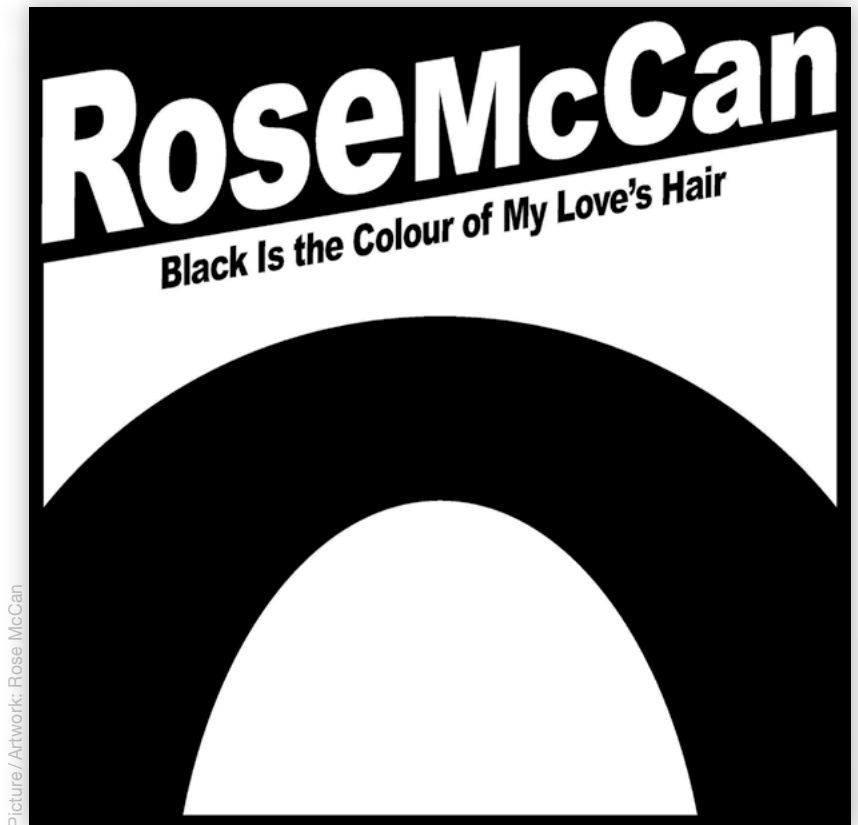
1st airplays

- | Switzerland: Winterzeit, Rainy Day
- | Schottland: Schatz/Verliebt/Thinking Back/Rumtriiberin/Goodbye, My Child
- | rest unclear

mx3-Airplay

- | Goodbye, My Child (RNV)

Irish Folk Release 20.5.2025



Text / Music	Rose McCan (2021)
Instrument / Vocals	Rose McCan: Guitar, Vocals
Produc. / Mastering	Deean Andreas Utzinger: mm-productions studios (Dübendorf ZH)

My cover version of this very well-known Irish folk song from the 19th century (trad./scot/composer unknown.), is from a woman's point of view. Because of the newly integrated chorus, I have also marginally changed the melody.

① *Winter's past and the leaves are green
The time has past where we have seen
But still I hope the time will come
When he and I shall be as one*

*Black is the colour of my love's hair
His lips are like some roses fair
The sweetest smile. The gentlest hands.
I love the ground whereon he stands*

② *I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes.
I wish the day it soon will come
when he and I will be as one*

③ *I'm going home for to mourn and
weep But satisfied I never can be
I'll write to him just a few short lines
and I'll suffer death a thousand times*